

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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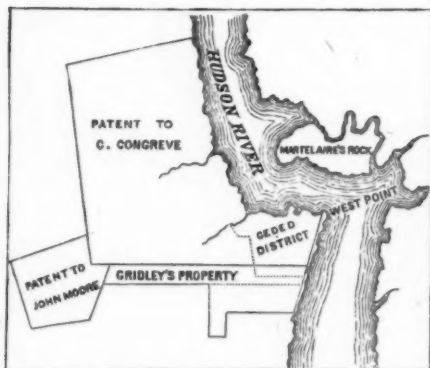
No. 3.

## WEST POINT.



WEST POINT AND COLD SPRING, FROM GARRISON'S LANDING.

"In time of Peace prepare for War" is a | wide application in the affairs of the world  
wholesome maxim, and one susceptible of | It is specially so in the strict and limited



SURVEY OF GOVERNMENT LANDS AT WEST POINT IN 1839.

sense of its utterance. "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving the peace. . . .

The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms, with which the history of every nation abounds. . . . If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it. If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are, at all times, ready for war."

So Washington formulated the maxim in his fifth Annual Message to Congress, for experience and observation had taught him its precepts most impressively during the old War for Independence.

Upon the principles of this maxim the National Legislature acted, when it passed a law for the establishment of a Military Academy at West Point in the bosom of the Highlands of the Hudson River.

Before further noticing this act and its consequences, let us take a brief view of the antecedent history of West Point and its vicinity, that we may better comprehend the motives for the establishment of a military academy there.

The mountain region in which the Academy is situated was once a part of a tract of land thirty by forty miles square granted by Governor Fletcher, of New York, to his favorite, Captain John Evans, of the Royal Artillery, and known as the "Evans Patent." Evans was one of a corrupt ring, of

which Fletcher was the center, and by which he robbed the government and oppressed the people—if we may believe his successor, the Earl of Bellomont, who, with King William and Captain Wm. Kyd were partners in the business of "privateering" as they called it, though Kyd, their scape-goat, was hanged for piracy. Perhaps we had better not look too closely into the conduct of these old governors, or we may discover that New York was no better ruled 200 years ago, in the boasted "good old times" than now, and so we will pass on.

Evans's patent was vacated by an act of the Provincial legislature in 1699, and new proprietors came into possession in course of time.

From these, partly by purchase, and partly by a grant from the State of New York, in 1826, the present domain of 2,105 acres belonging to the Military Academy, became the property of the Republic. A resurvey was made in 1839, and the boundaries of the tract permanently settled.

Down to the period of the War for Independence, there appears to have been no dwelling or settler here excepting such as were necessary to secure the patent, by a compliance with its terms. It is a region of primary stratified rock heavily covered with drift-boulders of from a few pounds to many tons in weight. Like the rest of the land immediately around, it was mostly unsusceptible of cultivation.

The American reader need not be told in detail the history of this locality during that old war, and I will only draw a simple outline of the more prominent events which have rendered the whole region classic ground.

From the earliest period of the Revolution, the British government sought to obtain possession of the Hudson River, through military occupation of its entire valley and



REMAINS OF FORT CONSTITUTION.



REMAINS OF BIG CHAIN AND MORTARS.

that of Lake Champlain, in order, by means of a cordon of posts extending north and south from the St. Lawrence to the sea, to separate the Eastern from the other States, and so weaken the confederacy of revolted provinces.

The importance of controlling the Hudson was as evident to the colonists, especially those of New York, as to the British ministry, and to that end great exertions were put forth by the former. In a report to the Provincial Congress of New York early in 1775, it was declared that securing possession of the river must necessarily be a capital part of the plan of the British government for subduing the colonists. So thought the Continental Congress, and accordingly it resolved, on the 25th of May, 1775, to establish a military post in the Highlands. The Provincial Congress of New York took immediate action in that direction, and, in August following, ordered fortifications to be built "on the banks of the Hudson River, in the Highlands," immediately.

These fortifications were commenced upon Martelaer's Rock Island, immediately opposite West Point, under the direction of Colonel Bernard Romans, as engineer, who arrived there in August, 1775, with Commissioners Bedloe, Grenell, and Bayard, appointed by the Provincial Congress of New York, and an escort of twenty-four men.

They built Fort Constitution, of which some remains are still left; and from that time the island (called after a French family named Martelaire) has been known as Constitution Island. They also built redoubts on the lofty hills east of West Point, and Forts Clinton and Montgomery below.

When, in the autumn of 1775, a committee, appointed by the Continental Congress to inspect the works in the Highlands, performed that duty, they discovered that Fort Constitution was on lower ground than West Point opposite, not well located to command the reach in the river southward, and might be made untenable by an enemy gaining possession of the adjacent shore. That committee recommended the occupation of West Point by a fortified camp, and the establishment of batteries on the east side of the river, near the present Garrison's Landing and railway station. This was the first official recommendation for fortifying West Point. They also advised the planting of batteries at

Poplopens Kill about six miles below, and there forts Clinton and Montgomery were soon afterwards erected.

In compliance with a resolution of Congress, the Committee of Safety of New York sent Colonel Nicoll to take command of these fortifications in the Highlands. That was the first establishment of a garrison there.

Romans, the engineer, who was working expensively but not very scientifically, was dismissed, and another was put in his place. Under the directions of a Secret Committee of the Provincial Convention of New York, a boom composed of heavy logs and a heavy



ROAD UP FROM THE LANDING.

iron chain was stretched across the river at Fort Montgomery. The currents of the stream swept it away. The work was more effectually done the following spring, and a body of troops under General Putnam was placed in the vicinity of the Highlands to defend their passes. An invasion of this region, from both the north and the south, was attempted during the campaign of 1777. But Burgoyne was checked and captured at Saratoga; and Sir Henry Clinton, after some successes on the lower Hudson, captured Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and, destroying the boom and chain, hastened back to New York, having been completely foiled in the accomplishment of his main purpose.

The failure of these works awakened the most intense anxiety in the mind of Washington, and prompt measures were taken to strengthen the defences of the Highlands. It was determined to abandon Forts Clinton and Montgomery, and place a chain and boom obstruction at West Point, where the river was 300 feet narrower, and the position a better one, being at a turn in the stream where sailing vessels ascending it usually lose their headway.

During the winter a fort was built on West Point by a Connecticut brigade under the supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Radière, a French engineer. This was called Fort Arnold till after the treason of that officer, when the name was changed to Fort Clinton. Extensive water batteries were also erected, and a chain, 500 yards long, of the best Sterling iron, each link two and a quarter inches square, and about two feet in length, was soon afterward,



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.

with the boom, stretched across the river at West Point, under cover of the guns of Fort Constitution and a water battery opposite. A portion of this chain may now be seen among the trophies on the northern verge of the plain at West Point, surrounding the brass mortars taken from Burgoyne at Saratoga.

In the spring of 1778, General McDougall succeeded General Putnam in command of the troops in the Highlands; and Radière who, like Romans, was determined to build too extensively and expensively, and could not be restrained, was superseded as engineer by Colonel Thaddeus Kosciuszko. Under his guidance, the works went on judiciously. His suavity of manner endeared him to all, and he was a favorite everywhere. He completed Fort Arnold (now Fort Clinton); and among the mounds which composed its ruins the cadets, in 1828, erected a beautiful white marble cenotaph, in memory of that noble friend of the Americans during their struggle for independence.

Kosciuszko was soon joined by Colonel Rufus Putnam, a practical engineer, and they speedily constructed a strong fortification on lofty Mount Independence. The work was done by Putnam's own regiment, and McDougall named it Fort Putnam in honor of the engineer. Forts Willys and Webb, on lower eminences in the rear of the Point, were also constructed at this time.



ENTRANCE TO FORT PUTNAM.



Fort Putnam, now in ruins, was the most important of all the fortifications in the Highlands, and attests the acumen of its constructor in the choice of its site. It was upon lower ground than Snook Hill in the rear, but Mount Independence had an advantage over the higher hill, in being so steep that it could not be escalated. By making the parapet on that side cannon-proof, the work was rendered tenable at all points. It commanded the plain of West Point, where the Academy buildings are now, and the river up and down for several miles, over which plunging shot could sweep its waters with destructive effect.

The gray ruins of Fort Putnam, embosomed among evergreens on the summit of Mount Independence, 500 feet above the river, can easily be seen by the traveler by boat or on the cars which run parallel to



THE BARRACKS.

the river, for the space of several miles while passing West Point. Remains of casemates in which the patriots lodged, and the dilapidated stone steps at the sally-port, or main entrance to the fort, are alone now left to us as mementos of this once impregnable stronghold.

West Point and its dependencies were thoroughly garrisoned throughout the remainder of the war, and commanded, at different times, by McDougall, Heath, Howe, Arnold, and Knox. It was the scene of Arnold's treason, he having requested the command of this important post with the purpose of betraying it into the hands of the enemy, for his treasonable plans had already been matured. But the story of that transaction need not be repeated here. It is the most familiar chapter in the history of West Point to the American reader. The only mementos of that treason left are the Beverly Robinson House, on the east side of the river, which was his headquarters, and the rock at Beverly Dock, below Garrison's, from which he stepped into his barge, when he fled to the *Vulture*. The house retains the same general aspect within and without which it bore when Arnold left it.\*



INTERIOR OF A CADET'S ROOM.

\* The reader who may wish to peruse the details of the proceedings in the trial of Major André, and also the more minute particulars about this Highland region and the school there, may be gratified by consulting the excellent *History of West Point* (D. Van Nostrand, publisher) by Major Edward C. Boynton, late Adjutant of the Post.



LIBRARY AND OBSERVATORY.

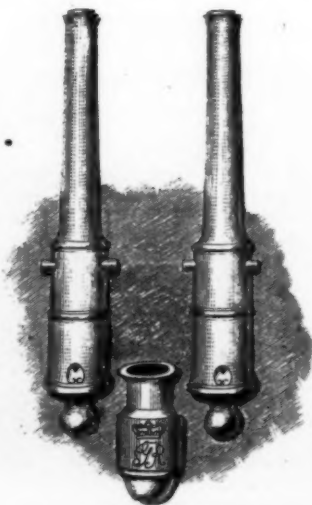
Only one more incident of much general interest occurred at West Point in connection with its military occupation. It was a grand *fête* in honor of the birth of the Dauphin (heir to the throne) of France, given by Washington in the latter part of May, 1782, under an order from Congress. France was then the ally of the United States, and one of its armies, which had helped to overthrow Cornwallis, was yet in this country.

In preparation for the *fête*, Major Villefranche, a French Engineer, constructed an immense arbor formed of trunks of trees and covered over with branches. This was beautifully decorated, and illuminated at night with scores of candles. A ball was held in the evening, which Washington attended, having for his partner the beautiful Mrs. General Knox, with whom, according to an eye-witness, "he carried down the dance of twenty couple in the arbor on the green grass." The *fête* wound up about midnight with a *feu de joie* from muskets and cannon, followed by a grand display of fireworks.

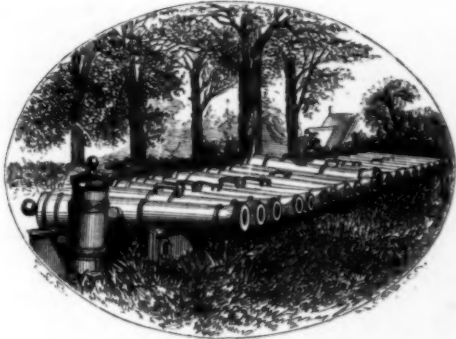
General Knox remained in command of a small garrison at West Point to protect government property there until 1785, when he was appointed Secretary of War. It was in honor of him, as commander of artillery during that war, that a small fortification built, a few years ago, by the cadets for practice was named Battery Knox. It stands

on the bank at the eastern edge of the Plain, and commands an extensive view of the river and the mountain scenery around. In 1787 and 1788 the redoubts were dismantled; the iron chain (most of it lying at the bottom of the river), and the buildings on Constitution Island were sold, and thus ended the occupation of West Point as a garrisoned post.

The importance of a training school for officers of the army was felt at an early period of the Revolution, and so early as in the autumn of 1776 Congress considered the subject and appointed a committee to "prepare and bring in a plan of a Military Academy." General Knox furnished some valuable hints upon the subject; but no further action appears to have been taken until the spring of 1783, after a cessation of hostilities was declared. Then Alexander Hamilton, as chairman of a committee of Congress appointed to consider proper arrangements with reference to a peace establishment, requested Washington to give him his views on institutions of every kind for the defense of the States. He desired the general officers of the army to send him



ENGLISH TROPHY GUNS.



MEXICAN TROPHY CANNON.

their opinions on the subject in writing. They did so, some briefly and some in detail, and these were collated by Washington and embodied in a long letter to the committee, covering twenty-five folio pages, which, in accordance with the suggestions of General Huntington and Timothy Pickering, recommended the establishment of a Military Academy at West Point.

The subject was revived occasionally, but it virtually slumbered until 1790, when General Knox, in his report as Secretary of War, urged the importance of establishing a Military Academy. Again the scheme slumbered for three years, when Washington awakened it in his fifth annual message in 1793. That portion of his message was discussed at a cabinet meeting, when Jefferson, the Secretary of State, opposed it as unconstitutional. Washington was so well convinced of the necessity of such an institution that he cautiously suggested it in that message, and left Congress to decide the constitutional question.

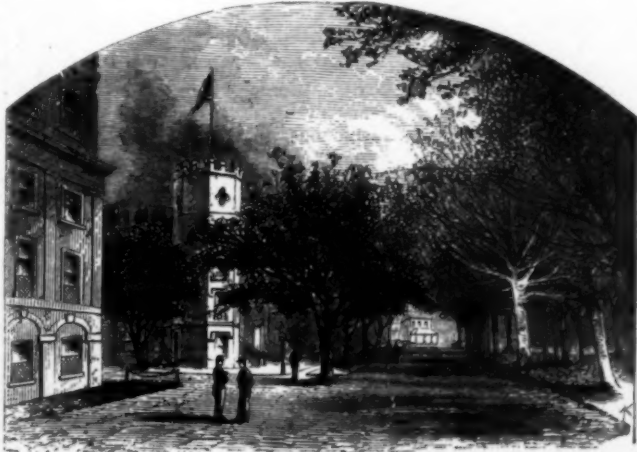
This led to Congressional action in the spring of 1794. By an act passed on the 7th of May, provision was made for a corps of Artillerists and Engineers, to which a few cadets or learners of the military art were to be attached, the corps, furnished with proper books and apparatus by the Secretary of War, to be stationed at West

Point. Under this act Washington established a school there the same year. Major Jonathan Williams was the first commander of the corps, and held the relative position of Superintendent of the post. The school occupied a stone building known as the "Old Provost," situated on the northeast side of "Ice House Hollow." The building was burned in 1796, and the school was broken up. In his annual message of that year, Washington again urged the necessity for establishing a Military Academy upon a firm foundation.

Two years passed on without anything further being done. Then Congress authorized an increase in the corps of Artillerists and Engineers, and the number of the cadets, and gave the President authority to appoint four teachers of the arts and sciences necessary for the proper military instruction of this corps. The enlightened Secretary of War, Mr. McHenry, in a report early in 1799 very strongly urged the importance of a permanent and well endowed Military Academy, and gave conclusive arguments in favor of such an institution; and President Adams, in his brief message accompanying the report, spoke of it as containing "matter in which the honor and safety of the country are deeply interested."



BENEDICT ARNOLD'S TABLET.



ROAD IN FRONT OF CADET BARRACKS.



THE POST-OFFICE.

But Congress was still slow to act on the subject. There were no serious war-clouds on the horizon of the Republic; the necessity for skillful military men was not so apparent as it had been; and so it was not until the early spring of 1802, when Congress passed an act for determining the peace establishment, that a Military Academy proper was provided for, to be located at West Point. President Jefferson had, previous to this, revived the military school there under the old acts of Congress; but it was directed by an incompetent private citizen, and was, consequently, a failure.

In February, 1803, Congress empowered the President to appoint a teacher of the French language, and also a teacher of drawing, for the Academy. These were important additions to the educational force of the institution, and drawing has ever since, until recently, held a conspicuous place among the studies there. By new regulations that attention to this branch of instruction, which its great importance demands, has been—unwisely, I think—somewhat withdrawn.

Soon after the passage of the act for establishing the Military Academy at West Point, Major Jonathan Williams, who was *ex-officio* chief-engineer, with Captains Mansfield and W. A. Barron, took charge of the Academy. The Major occasionally read lectures on fortifications, gave practical lessons in the field, and taught the use of instruments generally to the little class of cadets, while the two captains taught mathematics. So late as 1808 Major Williams, in

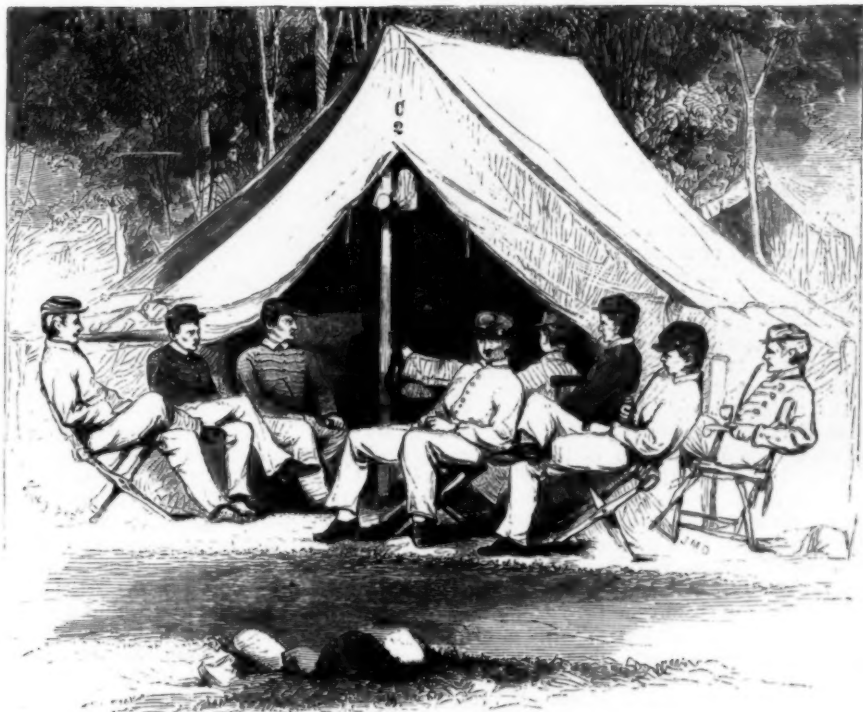
his report on the condition of the Academy, spoke of it as being then "like a foundling, barely existing among the mountains, and nurtured at a distance out of sight, and almost unknown to its legitimate parents." He deprecated the apathy concerning it which then prevailed among members of Congress and the people.

The Academy continued to have a sickly existence until the close of the war of 1812-'15, when its importance was too conspicuously manifest to allow it to be longer neglected. Presidents Jefferson and Madison had urged the necessity of making it what it should be, but there was a wide-spread belief that such an institution

would encourage a warlike spirit among a people whose best guarantees for prosperity and happiness were to be found in the cultivation of the arts of peace. Finally, a few weeks before war was declared against Great Britain, in 1812, Congress passed an act which authorized the establishment of the Academy at West Point upon its present broad foundations. It was made a purely military institution, whose officers and professors are subject to the same Rules and Articles of War as govern the land forces of the United States.



GENERALS' QUARTERS.



CADETS IN SUMMER UNIFORM.

Although at the peace in 1815 no speck of war appeared anywhere upon our borders, the military skill of the Republic had been vindicated, the power of the hostile Indian tribes was much diminished, and the army reduced to 10,000 men, President Madison recommended the enlargement of the Military Academy, for enlightened men felt the necessity of preparing for war in time of peace. At about that time the office of Superintendent of the Academy was established. To this officer, under the direction of the Secretary of War, was given exclusive control of the Institution and those connected with it. Captain Alden Partridge, who, as Senior Engineer, had been at the head of the Academy since 1808, became its first Superintendent. The Academy building, at that time, containing also the quarters of the Superintendent, was a two-storied wooden structure which stood on the site of the present spacious house occupied by that officer.

The erection of Academic buildings was now begun. For this purpose the act of

1812 appropriated \$25,000, an amount that was to cover, also, all other expenses, such as a library, implements, etc. This appears like a small sum, but we must consider that it was for a small school. Although provision had been made for a large number of cadets, few had been appointed; and during the ten years of its existence, only seventy had been graduated. In fact there had been no accommodations for the number authorized.

Up to this time, and until the year 1818, orders, rules, and regulations had been promulgated, but to very little purpose, for they were much unheeded. Cadets were taken without examination; were not considered answerable to martial law; no rank was established; and numbers were admitted without regard to age or qualifications required by the law of 1812. The consequence was that many were totally unfit for the position, and were compelled to leave the institution without completing their education. Even general orders prescribing the uniform of the cadets were very little attended to until



1816, when the uniform of the students as now worn—excepting that the hat and cockade have been superseded by a dress and fatigue caps—was adopted, and the orders therefor were strictly enforced. This uniform varies with the season, being of gray cloth in winter, trimmed with black braid; and for summer, of white drilling.

In the course of a conversation with the late General Scott in the library of the Military Academy at West Point, in the summer of 1862, the veteran gave to the writer the following account of the origin of the "Cadet gray," as the color of the cadets is called:

While stationed at Buffalo in the summer of 1814, General Scott wrote to the Quartermaster for a supply of new clothing for the regulars. Word soon came back that blue cloth, such as was used in the army, could not be obtained, owing to the stringency of the blockade and the embargo, and the lack of manufactures in the country, but that there was a sufficient quantity of gray cloth (now known as "Cadet's Gray") in Philadelphia. Scott ordered it to be made up for his soldiers, and in these new gray



STREET IN FRONT OF OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

suits they marched down the Niagara River, on the Canada side, in the direction of Chippewa. It was just before the battle known by that name, which occurred early in July. General Riall, the British commander, looked upon them with contempt when preparing for battle on the morning of the 5th, for the Marquis of Tweeddale, who, with the British advance, had skirmished with them all the day before, had reported that they were only "Buffalo militia," and accounted for their fighting so well and driving him to his intrenchments north of the Chippewa River, by the fact that it was the anniversary of American Independence that stimulated them. On account of the victory won at Chippewa on that day, chiefly by these soldiers in gray, and in honor of Scott and his troops, that style of cloth was adopted at the Military Academy at West Point as the uniform of the cadets.

Previous to 1815, the cadets had been quartered in the "Long Barracks" of the Revolution that stood near the site of the hotel, until the building known as the South Barracks was completed in that year. It stood, with the old Mess-hall and Academy, upon an east and west line directly in front of the present beautiful pile which composes the Cadets' Barracks, a front view of which is here given. This is on the south side of the plateau or plain, and is the most imposing structure in the group of academic buildings. It is constructed of stone, with rooms fire-proof. Its external appearance is elegant, being castellated, and corniced with red sandstone in the style of the later Tudors. The building is 60 feet wide by 360 feet long, with a wing extending in rear of the western



INSPECTION AFTER TAPS.

tower 60 × 100 feet. In the basement are bathing-rooms, heating apparatus for the whole building, and quarters for the servants. The building contains 176 rooms, of which 136 are cadets' quarters, each 14 × 22 feet square, arranged in eight divisions. These are all so alike that a description of one will answer for all. It is furnished with an iron bedstead and table, and a few simple articles of necessity, all in a very plain and convenient manner for the use of the cadets at night and when off duty, each room accommodating two. Until the "Administrative Building" was erected, the west tower of this imposing structure and the adjacent division were used as officers' quarters. In front of this building is a broad and finely kept street, shaded by lofty, wide-spreading trees, where the cadets are often seen on parade in fine weather.

The Academy building, which was constructed of stone in 1815, and was destroyed by fire in February, 1838, stood at the west of the South Barracks. A new stone building was immediately erected, directly west of the Chapel, three stories in height, 75 feet deep, and with a front of 275 feet, having red sandstone pilasters, and a clock-



INTERIOR OF PROF. WEIR'S STUDIO.

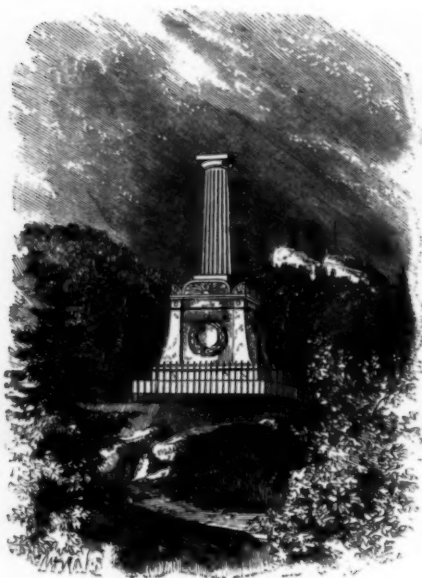
tower at the northwest angle. In the south end of the first story are the Chemical Department, lecture-room, a room for electrical experiments, and a work-room, all spacious. In the central part of the story is a large gymnasium, with a room for official meetings; and at the north end of the story is the Fencing Room, 38 × 75 feet square. In the second story is an excellent cabinet of minerals and fossils, directly above the chemical department; and the engineering rooms are just over the fencing rooms. To these are attached two engineering model rooms; and on the same floor are seven spacious recitation rooms. In the third story are the Artillery Model Room; Mineralogical Recitation Room; Geographical Room; Mathematical Model Room; and the Drawing Academy. To the latter are attached the Picture Gallery, and Gallery of Sculpture, each large rooms; and on the same floor are three recitation rooms.

Directly south of the Academy, and, like it, fronting the east, is the Mess-Hall, another building of beautiful proportions, one hundred and seventy feet in length and sixty-two feet in depth. The mess-room is a central hall forty-six by ninety-six feet; and, connected with it, are the Purveyor's quarters, mess-room for officers attached to the Academy, and kitchen and bakery.

The Observatory and Library building stands at the south-east corner of the plain. This was erected in 1841, and is castellated, and corniced with red sandstone in the style of the Cadets' Barracks. It is constructed



CADETS' MONUMENT.



KOSCIUSZKO'S CENOTAPH.

of stone, one hundred and sixty feet front and seventy-eight in depth. In the second story is a lecture-hall; also the apparatus used in the Philosophical Department, including a telescope under a dome twenty-seven feet in diameter. A transit instru-



GEN. SCOTT'S SARCOPHAGUS.

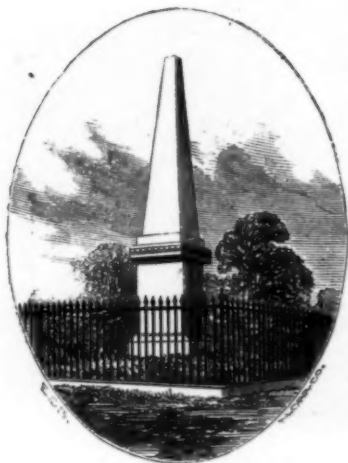
ment and mural circle are in the towers.

The Library is in a spacious room, forty-six feet square and thirty-one feet in height. It contains nearly 24,000 volumes, and receives from Congress an appropriation of \$2,000 a year. In it hang the portraits of several of the celebrities connected with West Point. Among these is the full-length likeness of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer painted by Professor Weir. The Colonel was Superintendent of the Academy from 1817 to 1833. To the admirable organizing and executive abilities of Col. Thayer the Academy owes its high character and success as a seminary of learning. He arranged the cadets upon an army plan; divided the classes into sections; methodized the whole course of instruction and discipline, and introduced most of the general regulations for preserving order which now govern the Academy. He infused such new life into the institution, that he earned the honor of being called the father of it.

West of the library building is the Chapel, a neat structure of stone, erected in 1836. It contains a fine painting over the chancel by Professor Weir; and trophies taken from the British and Mexicans, composed of colors and great guns, adorn its walls. There are the two brass cannon, taken from the British, which Congress voted to General Nathaniel Greene, and which were in 1823, by permission of his family, deposited in the Military Academy. They are about five feet in length, and each contains the inscription on the opposite page. Between the guns is a small brass mortar.

Upon the walls of the chapel are several black marble tablets bearing the names, in gilt letters, of the Generals of the Revolution, with the exception of one near the front of the west end of the gallery, which has on it only these words: "MAJOR-GENERAL - - - - - BORN 1740," with furrows cut into the stone, as if a part of the inscription containing a name had been scooped out. This is the significant memorial of Benedict Arnold.

One of the finest of the structures at West Point, and which was recently finished, stands south of the chapel, and is called the "Administrative Building." It is devoted to the use



WOOD'S MONUMENT.

of the various officers of the institution, such as the Superintendent, the Treasurer, the Adjutant, *et cetera*. It is built of stone and is fire-proof.

Southeast of the library, upon a lower terrace, are the cavalry stables, extending parallel with the Hudson river 301 feet, with an extensive wing, containing stalls for one hundred horses. South of these a few yards is the Riding School, 78 x 218 feet. It was built of stone in 1855, and is spanned by a single curved roof. It is said to be the

“ TAKEN  
FROM THE BRITISH ARMY,  
AND PRESENTED BY ORDER OF  
THE UNITED STATES IN CONGRESS AS-  
SEMBLED,  
TO MAJOR-GENERAL GREENE  
AS A MONUMENT OF  
THEIR HIGH SENSE OF  
THE WISDOM, FORTITUDE, AND MILITARY  
TALENTS  
WHICH DISTINGUISHED HIS COMMAND  
IN THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT,  
AND OF  
THE EMINENT SERVICES  
WHICH,  
AMIDST COMPLICATED DANGERS AND DIFFI-  
CULTIES,  
HE PERFORMED FOR  
HIS COUNTRY.  
OCTOBER YE 18, 1783.”

INSCRIPTION ON CANNON.

largest building in this country used for equestrian exercises. These buildings stand at the head of the road leading up from the landing, and are conspicuous objects from the river.

On the northwest slope of the plain are the cavalry, artillery, and engineer barracks, two stories in height, built of brick in 1857 and 1858. In front of these buildings at the edge of the river, is a long brick structure occupied by army pontoon trains. In the rear of the Engineers' barracks is the fire-proof powder magazine; and near the cavalry barracks is the hospital for soldiers, of whom a few are always stationed at West Point. The hospital for the cadets is a stone building of two stories and a basement; and the band barracks is a long wooden structure where the families of the musicians reside. South of all these, on the northern slope of the plain, is the Ordnance and Artillery Laboratory, inclosed within a stone-fenced yard, where the fabrication of ammunition and repairing is carried on.



GEN. SEDGWICK'S STATUE.

Very near this Laboratory, on a terrace upon the steep, northern portion of the plain, is a neat gothic cottage where, for many years, the Post-office has been kept by the widow of Chaudius Berard who was the first Professor of the French language in the Academy after the passage of the act of 1840, creating such professorship. She was made post-mistress in 1848, and on the 4th of July, 1871, the President appointed her accomplished daughter, Miss Blanche Berard, to the same office.

In addition to the buildings just mentioned, are nine spacious brick houses on the western side of the plain, and three double stone dwellings on its northern verge, for the accommodation of the Superintendent and Professors, and their families; also more than twenty smaller ones, a soldiers' church, six guard-houses, workshops, *et cetera*, and a hotel. These compose the structures of the military post at West Point. We may add to the list one of the old quarters for officers, which stood until this last spring, on the extreme northwestern part of the plain. It was a small but pleasant wooden structure in which several of the generals of the army had their dwellings when connected with the Academic staff. Among them were Generals Robert Anderson, C. F. Smith, O. O. Howard, Gibbon,

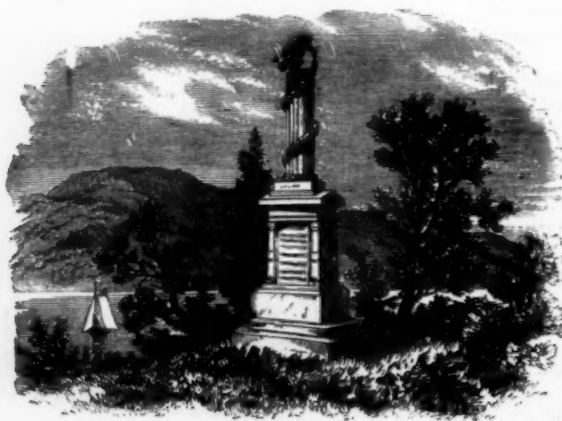


BATTERY KNOX.

Vogdes, and Rosecranz. The late Professor Mahan occupied it at one time.

The officers' quarters are beautifully located at the foot of the mountain, surrounded by gardens and embowered in shrubbery; and in front is a broad street, shaded by noble trees, and a wide stone sidewalk which makes a pleasant place for an evening's promenade.

According to the revised regulations for the Military Academy, adopted in 1866, the organization consists of a Superintendent, Commandant of Cadets, and Professors and Instructors; the latter, who have held their commissions as such for over ten years, being assimilated in rank to lieutenant-colonels, and all others to majors. The members of the Academic Staff rank as follows: (1) Superintendent; (2) the Commandant of Cadets; (3) all Professors and officers of the army, according to their assimilated or lineal rank in the service. The Academic Board consists of the Superintendent, Commandant of Cadets, Professors, and the Instructors of practical Military Engineering, and of Ordnance and Gunnery. Three members form a quorum to examine candidates for admission. An officer of the army is detailed as Adjutant of the Academy, who has charge



DADE'S MONUMENT.



of all the records and papers of the same, and acts as Secretary to the Academic Board. An officer of the army is also detailed as Treasurer of the Academy.

In the appointment of cadets, each Congressional and Territorial District, and the District of Columbia, is entitled to one and no more. The candidate is usually nominated to the Secretary of War, by the representative in Congress from the district in which he and the applicant reside, yet it may be done by the candidate himself or his friends. The Secretary of War then makes the appointments. The President of the United States is authorized to appoint every year ten cadets in addition to those just named, according to his own will and pleasure, who are called "Cadets at large."

No candidate for cadetship may be admitted, under seventeen or over twenty-one years of age, or who is less than five feet in height, or who is deformed, or by disease made physically unfit for military duty, or who at the time of presenting himself shall be afflicted with any infectious or immoral disorder. All are subjected to the examination of a medical board composed of three experienced medical officers. The physical disqualifications are enumerated in detail in



FLIRTATION WALK.



KOSCIUSCKO'S GARDEN.

a printed circular which may be had by application to the Superintendent. It also contains full information concerning the method of applying for admission, qualifications, and the course of study.

Any person who served honorably and faithfully not less than one year, either as a volunteer or in the regular service, in the late war, shall be eligible for appointment up to the age of twenty-four years. No married person shall be admitted as a cadet; or if a cadet shall marry before graduation, such an act shall be considered equivalent to a resignation. Each candidate must be able to read and write the English language correctly, and to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of arithmetic, of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions; and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography, particularly of the United States of America, and of the history of the United States. Those selected by the War Department as candidates are ordered to report to the Superintendent, for examination, between the first and the twentieth of June, but



## THE ACADEMIC BOARD.

Prof. Albert E. Church.  
Rev. John Forsyth, D.D.

Prof. Peter S. Michie.

Patrice De Janon.

Col. Thomas H. Ruger.  
Prof. Robert W. West.

Capt. Oswald H. Ernst.

Prof. Junius B. Wheeler.

Lt. Col. Emory Upton.  
Prof. Henry L. Kendrick.

Prof. George L. Andrews.

they cannot receive their warrants and be admitted to full cadetship until after the January examination next ensuing their admission. The candidate must, upon being admitted, sign an agreement that he will serve in the Army of the United States for eight years unless sooner discharged by competent authority, and take the following oath: "I solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and bear true allegiance to the National Government; that I will maintain the sovereignty of the United States paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty, or fealty I may owe to any State, county, or country whatsoever; and that I will at all times obey the legal orders of my superior officers and the rules and articles governing the Armies of the United States."

The usual term of the cadet begins with the first of July and continues four years. During this time the Government allows him about \$500 a year in money, with the addition of one ration a day, commuted at thirty cents. Four dollars a month is retained, however, for the cadet, until his graduation, as an equipment fund. No money is allowed in the hands of a cadet, let his condition in life be what it may. His expenses are all paid by the treasurer, and charged to him.

The permanent charges against a cadet are: For board, twenty dollars a month; washing, two dollars and fifty cents; postage, various; barber and shoe-blackening, sixty-five cents; baths (two a week), thirty-nine cents; making fires and police in barracks, sixty cents; printing, twelve cents; and gas fund, fifty cents. All damages are charged extra. There is a Commissary of Cadets appointed by the Superintendent, who furnishes all articles needed, at or about their cost.

The life of a cadet is not a monotonous one by any means, for he has a daily round of changing duties and recreations, spiced with adventures after "taps," when it is officially assumed that every student is in bed. He is aroused from a sound sleep at five o'clock by the morning gun, and the reveillé summoning him to early roll-call. He must be in the ranks a few minutes later. At half-past five he must have his room in order. He is not allowed a waiter, horse, or dog, and must perform all the sweeping, folding of bedding, dusting, and work of that kind himself. This done, he proceeds to study until the drum taps for breakfast roll-call at seven o'clock. Then he marches with a platoon to the mess-hall,



BENNY HAVENS, OH!

where he is allowed to remain twenty-five minutes. Then he has half an hour for recreation during guard-mounting, when at eight o'clock the bugle calls "to quarters," which means five hours of recitations, class-parades, *et cetera*. From one to two o'clock is the time allowed for dinner and recreation. At four o'clock the work of the Academy is over. Drill occupies an hour and a half, when a season of recreation follows, and the pleasant dress-parade takes place at sunset. Supper over, he has thirty minutes for recreation, when the bugle calls him to quarters and study. Tattoo beats at half-past nine, and taps at ten, when the lights are extinguished. This comprises the usual daily routine of a cadet's life.

The Academic term, as we have observed, consists of four years, and the student passes gradually from the fourth to the first class. During the first year his studies are confined to mathematics, the French language, tactics of artillery and infantry, and the use of small arms. The second year he is instructed in mathematics, the French and Spanish languages, drawing, and infantry and cavalry tactics. In the third year natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, drawing, artillery, cavalry and infantry tactics, and practical military engineering are

taught him. The fourth year is occupied with the study of military and civil engineering and the science of war, mineralogy and geology, ethics and law, artillery, cavalry, and infantry tactics, ordnance and gunnery, and practical military engineering.

It will be perceived that the number of studies are few, as compared with collegiate institutions, and the consequence is that the mind is not overburdened, and everything is learned well. The methods of instruction are so thorough and rigid, that a cadet is generally qualified, at the end of each year, to pass the ordeal of the Examining Board, without which he may not ascend into the next higher class. The discipline is so exact, and rules for the promotion of order and personal cleanliness and neatness are so strict, that the cadet acquires habits that are extremely useful to him during the remainder of his existence. The use, occupation and care of his accouterments, bedstead and bedding, clothes-press, and the furniture, floors, walls, and wood-work, heating apparatus, screen and top, in his room in the barracks, are all subjected to prescribed regulations. By the Conduct-Roll his standing is daily determined; and to the Code of Regulations, which is severely rigid, he must be obedient to the letter, or be the subject of damaging demerit marks, or punishments.

The delinquencies for which demerit marks are given might seem trifling to the casual observer, but they form a part of a necessary whole. For example: "collar not neatly put on; shoes not properly blacked; coat unbuttoned; hair too long at inspection; pipe in possession at 8½ A.M.; wash-bowl not inverted at morning inspection;

not neatly shaved at inspection." If a cadet receives more than one hundred of these demerit marks in the course of six months, he is dismissed. Leniency is shown to the younger class of students because of their inexperience, and at the end of each six months of the first year one-third of the demerit marks are stricken off, and the remainder stand as a permanent record.

Thoughtlessness, carelessness, and inattention are not tolerated. For every, even the least, offense, the cadet is reported to the Commandant, and, after being allowed to explain, is punished or acquitted as the circumstances may warrant. He is continually under the eye of a superior, who, like his shadow, is always with him, whether on military duty, at his meals, in his room, or at recitation, and whose business it is to report every departure from the requirements of the Rules. This, in the slang vocabulary of the Academy, is called "skinning." A cadet so "persecuted" wrote thus concerning his "shadow":—

He sought me out at early dawn  
Whilst weary nature slept,  
And *skinned* me for my "bedding down,"  
Because "I had not swept,"  
Because my "bowl was not upturned,"  
For "dirt in fire-place;"  
Then, with his horny finger, on  
My mantel tried to trace  
His ugly name, and with a sneer  
Said—"dusty! Mr. Case!"

The winter recreations of the cadets are more limited than those of summer, and consist chiefly of social gatherings in their rooms, or with the families residing at the Post, on Saturday evenings, when studies are always omitted; also of occasional private theatricals and literary entertainments. In a lively volume, entitled *The West Point Scrap-Book*, by Lieutenant O. E. Wood,\* which contains a collection of stories, songs, and legends of the Military Academy, are many clever pictures of cadet-life there, from which I have culled "bits" for the embellishment of this paper, among others a vivid sketch of the incidents of a theatrical performance there, late in 1866. The play was "The Melancholy Drama of 'Lend me Five Shillings,' during the performance of which no levity will be allowed in the audience," said the play-bill. It was also announced in a *nota bene* that "Those of the audience who wish to weep may draw handkerchiefs, provided they are out of debt. During the intermission between the Second



CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

\* Published by D. Van Nostrand.

and Third Parts, officers will be allowed to go down to the 'mess,' provided they do not take any undue advantage of the permit. Members of the Corps not on pledge [temperance] may partake of pea-nuts during this intermission. Persons not able to procure seats can have the privilege of bowling ten pins in the Gymnasium."

The first part introduced impecunious characters, among them a young artist. The second was composed of music and dancing. The third was a farce, in which appeared an "irrepressible contraband;" a "benign old gentlemen;" a "French barber in love with Mrs. Morton," who was "a widow and the mother of twins;" and "a model nurse."

There was trouble in "casting" the play. One cadet couldn't take the part of the Artist because his hair didn't curl, and all young artists were supposed to have curly hair. One was too tall and another was too short for respective characters; and another was too painfully thin to take the part of the "widow, and mother of twins," and so on. But the cast was finally made. "The Point" was ransacked for costume. The ladies there lent dresses and jewelry, "switches" and "chignons," but it was difficult to find the "twins." They went to "the Dutchman's" to borrow them, but the good *frau* was afraid "dose caddets would hurt dem," and so they had to be content with artificial ones. The theater was in the Fencing Academy, and the "green room" was an apartment of the size of a cadet's quarters in the Barracks. The whole affair was grandly successful.

Occasionally, amusements were indulged in of a less creditable character, involving the violation of some regulation. The most harmless of these was "The Hash,"—a midnight feast at the quarters of one of the cadets. After "taps," all the lights being out, the participants would steal in one after the other, when, the outer and the transom windows having been darkened by blankets, the gas was again lighted. Then from under the bodies and capes, and out of the sleeves of overcoats came bread and butter, and meat and potatoes, pepper and salt, knives, forks, dishes and spoons, which those who were invited to the "hash" had "hived" from the mess-hall at dinner time; and up the chimney, away from the eyes of prying officers, a gas cooking-stove had been hid. The wash-bowl served for mixing the viands in before putting them in a cooking pan, while the "guests" prepared the bread and butter for the feast. The



INTERIOR OF RIDING HALL.

supper over, they would take "a good square smoke," if not caught by the vigilant Officer-in-charge.

The lightest foot-fall on the stairs would scatter the feasters. Out would go the lights, and out would go the "guests" in stockened feet, helter-skelter to their rooms, leaving the "host" and his room-mate to dispose of the remains of the "hash," the crockery and tobacco-smoke as best they might. The officer, with bull's-eye lantern in hand, always found these innocent ones in bed, soundly sleeping—hard to wake—ignorant of all that had happened. But they were pretty sure to hear their names read out at the evening parade in connection with "Cooking in quarters after Taps," and "Tobacco-smoke in quarters after Taps." Descriptive of detection, one of these young sinners once wrote, in imitation of Poe:—

"You've been having cooking!  
That is what has greased your floor!  
'Only this and nothing more.'"

"Yes," said Forest, "I can smell it,  
'Tis so plain that one can tell it  
By the odor of the cooking,  
And the grease upon the floor."  
And he said to "Jay—Key"—"Skin him!  
Skin him for the smell of cooking!  
Skin him for a greasy floor!"  
"Yes," said Jay, "and something more."

Some of the amusements of the cadets were much more reprehensible. I need not speak of the barbarous system of "hazing"



the "Plebes," which is now discontinued. Another, more prevalent formerly than now, was the enjoyment of convivial hours outside the government grounds without permission. "Benny Havens" was the great master of ceremonies on these occasions. His name is as familiar to the ears of a West Point graduate as that of his *alma mater*. Benny for a long time kept a shop for the sale of "refreshments" within the government domain. There, "on the sly," he furnished cadets with flip and buckwheat cakes, and beverages even more exhilarating, until at length the Academic Board, or some other authority, voted him a nuisance and drove him from the grounds.

"Benny Havens" was not a man to be disheartened. He set up a shop on the old plan among the rocks upon the brink of the river a mile or more below the famous South Gate, for straying without permission out of which a cadet would receive many demerit marks. Benny soon found that what seemed a misfortune was a blessing in disguise. More cadets now came to his shop than before, for the madcaps of the Academy found more exciting adventure in the double sinning of leaving the grounds and "refreshing" at Benny's after taps on Saturday nights, than in going slyly to his den on the Point. So Benny flourished and became the theme of romance and song.

Assistant-Surgeon O'Brien was commissioned a lieutenant in the army, but before joining his regiment he visited a friend at West Point. They made many excursions to Benny's together, and O'Brien and others composed a song, set to the tune of "Wearing of the Green," called "Benny Havens, oh!" which soon became very popular in the army and among the cadets. I quote a few stanzas to show its temper:—

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,

To sing sentimentally, we're going for to go;  
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,  
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—Oh! Benny Havens, oh!  
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!



"RIGHT CUT ON THE GROUND."

Now Roe's Hotel's a perfect "fess," and Cozzen's all the go,  
And officers, as thick as hops, infest "The Falls" below;

But we'll slip them all so quietly, as once a week we go,  
To toast the lovely flowers that bloom at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—etc.

Let us toast our foster-father, the Republic, as you know,  
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;

And the maidens of our native land, whose cheeks like roses glow,  
They're oft remembered in our cups at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—etc.

Of the lovely maids, with virgin lips like roses dipped in dew,  
Who are to be our better halves, we'd like to take a view;

But sufficient to the bridal day is the ill of it, you know;  
So we'll cheer our hearts with chorusing at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh!—etc.

O'Brien died in Florida, and the following stanza commemorates him:—

There comes a voice from Florida, from Tampa's lonely shore,

It is the wail of gallant men: "O'Brien is no more!"  
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,

No more to sing *petite coquille* at Benny Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!

Afterwards about a dozen verses were added by successive classes, closing with:—

When this life's troubled sea is o'er, and our last  
battle through,  
If God permits us mortals then his bless'd domain to  
view,  
Then shall we see, with glory crown'd, in proud celest-  
tial row,  
The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny  
Havens, oh!  
Oh! Benny Havens, oh!

The summer-time is more fruitful in varied recreations for the cadets. They go into camp from the 20th to the 25th of June, in full summer uniform. When the annual examination is ended, the Board of Visitors dispersed, the First Class graduated, the Third Class have gone on furlough to enjoy the pleasures of home, and the other classes are duly promoted, then comes the bustle of moving from barracks to camp. The tents are pitched in order near the northeast end of the plain, and at a specified hour there is a general movement of chairs, tables, pails, mattresses, trunks, and other contents of the quarters in the barracks to the new quarters under canvas. Then comes order and repose, and the beginning of the routine of camp life, pleasant to most of them, but onerous to those on guard or sentinel duty, especially in stormy weather. This and regular military exercises, with a dress parade at sunset,—always a pleasing spectacle,—constitute the only business of the cadet until his return to the barracks at hear the close of August.

During the summer-time the cadets see and enjoy much of the outside social life. Then parents, brothers, and sisters of those not entitled to a furlough come to visit them, and the hotels are crowded with curious, transient visitors, who come and go like flitting birds of passage.

Some remain at the Point and vicinity all summer, and often form a pleasant society into which the well-bred cadet is ever welcomed. During the summer he is permitted, under proper restrictions, to visit the hotels and engage in the numerous "hops," as plain dances are called, where oftentimes acquaintanceship begun in flirtation results in matri-

mony. But not seldom here, as in the "wide world over," these flirtations end in flirtations only, and many a maiden and "spooney" cadet have felt a mutual disappointment when vows ratified by gifts of memorial bell-buttons and locks of hair have turned out to be nothing more substantial than sighing zephyrs. A disappointed fair one wrote:—

So, "sets of bell-buttons" for dresses,  
Are exchanged for a lock of your hair;  
Were the barracks searched after encampment,  
It would make up a Vanity Fair!

Next year you find to your sorrow,  
He's proved but a faithless Cadet;  
And you go to a "blue-coat" the morrow,  
And find you've some heart to give yet.

Then the "blue-coat" will grow sentimental,  
Convince you he's deeply in love;  
But never, by word or committal,  
That you anywhere after could prove.

To this a "West-Pointer," more indignant than gallant, replied in many stanzas, the pith of which is combined in these lines:—

How you smile away sets of brass buttons,  
Which you wear as your "trophies of war;"  
Then say, when you're asked where they came  
from,  
"Oh, from 'Stupid'—a terrible bore!"

Four o'clock is the magic hour in the whole cadet life, for then he is released from hard duty, and goes out for recreation with his own and the gentler sex, who are pleasantly called "The Four o'Clocks." So



"FIRING AT THE HEAD."

wrote a gentle, though a little cynical, critic:—

'Tis four o'clock—the bugle blows,  
And whether now it rains or snows,  
Or fierce winds whistle all about,  
Be sure the girls will all be out.  
What is the strange, mysterious power  
That thus attends this mystic hour?  
Why does it call the lasses all  
(No matter whether great or small)  
To pace the side-walk to and fro?  
Is it that each one wants a beau,  
And, eager for some dear Cadet,  
Defies the snow, the wind, the wet?  
It must be so; for ere that note  
Has on the echoes ceased to float,  
They come in haste,—a motley crew, —  
In pink, in red, in black, and blue,  
And, joining each a gallant "Grey,"  
Soon while a pleasant hour away.  
Each day they come, unfailing come,  
And stay until the signal drum,  
Which all their fondest wishes mocks,  
And scatters all the "Four o'Clocks."

The "hop" affords the crowning excitement in the recreations of a cadet's life, and he has frequent opportunities to enjoy it during the season of the encampment. In a poem read before the Dialectic Society of the Academy in 1859 it is humorously described. After speaking of the cadet in the Third Class, who considers himself a man and thinks he must be gallant to the ladies, the writer says:—

You go to hops, those charming hops, where all is so exciting,  
Sashes red and buttons bright, black eyes that shoot forth lightning;  
As thus you pass your life away, of death you've not a fear,  
Find *hops* will make you look with favor on the *bier*.  
You give a girl your buttons,—lace,—at last you throw your heart in,  
You little think what *flames* will rise when first you go out *sparkin'*.  
An angel dressed in crinoline you to her side now beck;  
As she must still remain "unknown," we'll have to call her "X."  
She occupies one-half the room,—the space is more than fair;  
If radius we call large R, the area's  $\pi R$ .  
The rustle of her dress alone would charm ten thousand troops,  
Much pleasanter the sound than that of wild Comanche whoops.  
You blush whenever "X" looks at you from out that mass of lace,  
Which proves that "X" must enter the "ex-pression" of your face.  
The music starts; you gently take her in your arms—what bliss!—  
You now can say you have your "X" in a parenthesis!  
"Faster still!" she whispers, though you're giddy and half-sick;



ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING.

Your heart which once kept "common time" now moves at "double quick,"  
Faster yet you're going round—ten "X's" now you see;  
She hugs you with her sleeveless arms, till you cry "Bare with me!"  
To get yourself from her embrace you'd now give fifty farms!  
Says she: "Since you're a soldier, you shall have, sir, *two bare arms*" (to bear arms).  
Your head's becoming dizzier, you stagger a good deal,  
And what was started as a *waltz* is ending in a *reel*.

But there are more intellectual amusements than these for the cadets, such as forming some distant camp, making geological and botanical excursions, and the enjoyment of the refined society always to be found in the homes of the officers and professors of the post. From the beginning to the end of cadet life, a youth is continually subjected to salutary, restraining, and developing influences; and his must be a most unimpressible nature that does not yield to the moulding of these influences.

West Point and its surroundings present the most delightful aspects to summer visitors. It is in the midst of mountain scenery picturesque but not magnificent, with one of the most notable and thoroughly traveled rivers in the world flowing through the hills in a channel so tortuous that it seems from many points of view to be cut up into little lakes. West Point presents to the American many objects of special interest, some of which have been already mentioned in this paper. It may be easily reached by water in summer, and by the Hudson River Railway at all seasons of the year. Its railway station is "Garrison's," from near which a steam ferry-boat carries passengers across to the Government Dock at West Point. At Garrison's a fine general view of West Point

and its structures may be obtained, such as is given at the head of this paper.

One of my earliest visits to this classic ground was in the summer-time more than twenty years ago, when the Hudson River Railway was being built, and before the wharf and the gentle roadway leading up to the plain were constructed. My last visit was late in the autumn of 1871, during a furious storm of wind and rain, which began after my arrival there. It was made for the purpose of gathering materials for this paper. In that task I was most kindly aided by Professor John Forsyth, D.D., the chaplain of the post, Professor R. W. Weir, Adjutant Robert H. Hall, and others of the Academic staff, who gave me every facility for acquiring a knowledge of the Institution. The Academic Board at that time (November, 1871) was composed of the Superintendent, Commandant of Cadets, Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery, Instructor of Practical Engineering, and eight Professors.

Colonel Thomas H. Ruger, the Superintendent, is a native of Lima, N. Y. He was appointed to that office on the 1st of September, 1871. He graduated at the Military Academy in 1854, and was promoted to be second lieutenant of engineers at the same time. He left the army in 1855, and practiced law at Janesville, Wisconsin, until the late civil war broke out, when he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 3d Wisconsin Volunteers. He was one of the most active and useful officers in the service during the entire conflict, and came out with great honor, bearing the commission of a major-general. He was made a brevet brigadier-general of the Regular army in 1867, and holds the rank of colonel of the 33d Infantry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Emory Upton is the Commandant of Cadets, and Instructor of Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry Tactics. He is a native of New York, and graduated at the Military Academy in 1861. He entered the army in the field immediately, and was first engaged in conflict at the battle of Bull's Run. He was a very active officer in the Army of the Potomac, as colonel of the 121st New York Volunteers and in higher stations. He also did good service in Georgia and Alabama. In 1864 he was made a brevet brigadier-general, and in 1865 he was created a brevet major-general in the United States army for "gallant and meritorious service during the Rebellion." He is the author of the system of infantry tactics now used by all the military throughout the United States.



THE WEST POINT HOTEL (FORMERLY ROE'S).

Junius B. Wheeler succeeded the late Professor Mahan in September, 1871, as Professor of Military and Civil Engineering. Professor Wheeler is a native of North Carolina, and graduated at the Military Academy in the summer of 1855. He entered the corps of Topographical Engineers in 1856, and was employed on military roads in Washington and Oregon Territories. He was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy in 1859. During the late war he served in the Academy and in the field, and was made brevet colonel and lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious service.

The Professor of Mathematics is Albert E. Church, I.L.D., a native of Salisbury, Connecticut, who graduated in 1828, and in 1831 was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy. After some service in the artillery on the frontier, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy in the autumn of 1838, which position he has held ever since. He received the honorary degree of I.L.D. from Yale College in 1852. Professor Church is the author of several mathematical works, and is a member of several scientific societies.

Robert W. Weir has been at the head of the Department of Drawing in the Military Academy since May, 1834. Previous to that time he was for three years Professor of Perspective in the National Academy of Design. He is a native of New Rochelle, New York, and at the age of sixteen years was a merchant's chief clerk. At nineteen he began seriously to paint, visited Italy, and there studied art for three years. He succeeded C. R. Leslie in the Art Department at West Point; and in 1846 was made Professor of Drawing there. His paintings

are not numerous, but are all of a high order. His "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," which fills a panel in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington; is by far the best picture of the eight, as a work of art, and one of the best of his productions.

The Chaplain of the post is Rev. John Forsyth, D.D., who is also Professor of Ethics and Law. Dr. Forsyth has been for many years a leading clergyman in the Reformed Church, and a resident of Newburgh, New York. He is an accomplished scholar, winning in his deportment, enlightened by travel and wide social experience, and beloved by all who come in intimate contact with him.

At the head of the Department of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology is Professor Henry L. Kendrick, I.L.D., who has occupied that position since 1857. He is a native of New Hampshire, and graduated at West Point in July, 1835. In September following he was appointed Assistant Professor of Chemistry. For gallant services in the war with Mexico he was made brevet Captain and Major. He was in active service, military and scientific, especially as commander of an escort of Topographical Engineers, until he was appointed to his present professorship in the Military Academy, in 1857. In 1859 he was made one of the Board of Assay Commissioners of the United States Mint at Philadelphia.

Professor Patrice de Janon, who is at the head of the Department of the Spanish Language, is a native of South America. He was appointed Sword-master at the Military Academy in 1846, and remained in that office until 1857, when he was made Professor of the Spanish Language. He was absent from the Academy from 1863 to Febru-

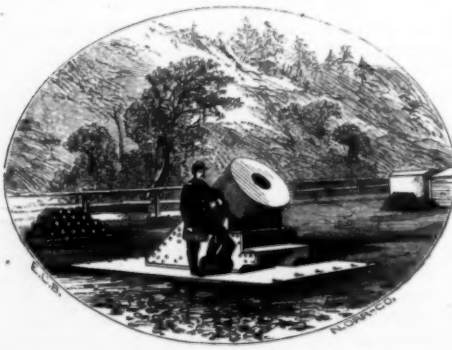
ary, 1865, when he was reinstated in that professorship.

Peter S. Michie is the Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy. He was born in Scotland, graduated at the Academy in 1863, and joined the corps of Engineers. He was the assistant engineer in the operations against Charleston in 1863 and 1864, and was made chief-engineer of a portion of the Department of the South and of Florida. Afterwards he was chief-engineer of the Army of the James, and superintended the construction of the Dutch Gap Canal. He was a very active and efficient officer throughout the war, and was with the army that captured Lee. He was made brevet lieutenant-colonel in the spring of 1865 for gallant and meritorious services, and was appointed to his present position in the Military Academy in February, 1871, succeeding Professor Bartlett.

George L. Andrews, a native of Massachusetts, is the Professor of the French Language. He graduated at the Military Academy in July, 1851, and became Assistant Professor of Engineers in 1854. He resigned in 1855, and remained in civil life as engineer until the late civil war broke out, when he entered the service as lieutenant-colonel of Massachusetts volunteers in May, 1861. He was very active in various parts of the Union during the war, ranking as high as brigadier-general, and was made a brevet major-general of volunteers for faithful and meritorious services during the campaign against Mobile and its defences. He was appointed to his professorship in April, 1871.

Thomas C. Bradford, who died on the 12th of January, 1872, was the Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery. He was born in Rhode Island, and graduated at the Military Academy in 1861. He served in the Ordnance department during the late war, and was made a brevet major in the spring of 1865 for faithful and meritorious service. At Washington City he was disabled by the bursting of a cannon in July, 1863. He was appointed Master of Ordnance and Gunnery at the Military Academy in January, 1871.

The Instructor of Practical Engineering is Oswald H. Ernst, who was born in Ohio, and graduated at the Military Academy in 1864. He served in the field as Assistant Engineer of the Army of the Tennessee in the Georgia campaign, was engaged in various battles, and was active in the siege of Atlanta.



THIRTEEN-INCH MORTAR.



He was made brevet captain in the spring of 1865, and at the close of the year was promoted to be Captain of Engineers.

It will be seen by the foregoing sketches that, of the twelve officers who compose the Academic Board at West Point, nine are graduates of the Academy. The exceptions are Professors Weir, Forsyth, and Jannon.

I have already mentioned much of what may be seen within the buildings, and but little remains to be said. Dr. H. L. Kendrick, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, kindly took me to each department of the Academy building, where everything under his charge was in perfect order. The mineralogical and geological cabinets are admirably arranged, and present many rare specimens of minerals and curious fossils. In the Ordnance and Artillery Museum the walls are draped with trophy flags and the colors of regiments distinguished in the war with Mexico. There may also be seen a great variety of models of military implements; and in the center of the room is a model of the silver mine of Valenciana, in Mexico, which was made for the Pope at a cost of \$3,000, and displays much skill in its execution. When the American army occupied the city of Mexico in 1847, this model was purchased by a subscription of the officers for the Military Academy.

The Picture Gallery contains more than two hundred specimens, mostly of pen, pencil, and water-color sketches, executed by the cadets, which, in some instances, show remarkable proficiency when we consider the too limited time devoted to drawing—only one or two hours each day during a portion of the third and fourth years of the term. From September to January the pupil is kept at pencil drawing, and from January to June practices with color. That is all; and yet the public expect every cadet, whether he have genius or not, to be made an artist by this process in nine months. The Department of Art is one of the most important of the Academy; and instead of abridging the time now spent in art instruction, or abolishing it altogether, as some



GARRISON'S.

have foolishly proposed, the amount of time devoted to the study ought to be very much increased. Professor Weir has done noble service in that department for almost forty years, and would have done more had proper opportunity been given him.

Adjutant Hall showed me through the Administrative Buildings and the library, and kindly furnished me with various statistics of the Academy; and with Lieutenant E. H. Totten, Professor Weir's Assistant, son of the late chief engineer, I went to the riding hall, where I witnessed some expert equestrian movements, such as riding, leaping of bars, and cavalry sword and pistol exercises by two of the classes. Here the cadet finds his most exciting and dangerous drilling, for sometimes untrained and even vicious horses are to be ridden, often without a saddle. The novice has a hard time in the days of his earlier experience in the riding hall.

In the studio of Professor Weir I spent an hour pleasantly and profitably with the veteran painter, and genial, kind-hearted man. He is one of the three survivors of the earlier members of the National Academy of Design established forty-six years ago. His remaining associates are Asher B. Durand and Thomas S. Cummings. Professor Weir's studio is a square room with a high ceiling and a single window on the north side. In it may be seen models of various kinds, pieces of ancient armor and weapons, stags' horns, antique and modern heads in plaster and on canvas, and portfolios of drawings; and upon his easel was a beautiful picture by himself, en-

titled "The Guardian Angels," — angels watching a sleeping babe. There was also a picture of the old quarters of generals already mentioned, which he had lately painted. There, also, may be seen a curious antique cabinet made of oak, eight feet in height, and covered with carvings of figures and arabesque designs. It is a specimen of the furniture of the time of Louis XI. of France, and was sent to Professor Weir many years ago by a Parisian gentleman.

I must recur to notes of a former visit in more auspicious weather, for a description of outside objects to be seen at West Point. Let us start with Fort Putnam. I stood upon the ruined ramparts of that old fortress one summer morning before sunrise, and saw the mist-vail lifted from the Hudson into upper air, revealing the marvelous vision below.

Around me were strewn mementoes of the great struggle for Independence. Eastward, behind which were glowing the increasing splendors of approaching day, stretched a range of broken hills on which the patriots planted batteries and built their watch-fires; and on the pinnacle of one of these Timothy Dwight, then a chaplain of a Connecticut regiment, wrote his stirring poem, commencing—

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The Queen of the World and the Child of the Skies."

At its foot was seen the "Robinson House," from which Arnold fled when his treason was made known; and not far distant the Beverly Dock, where he embarked in his boat when he started for the British sloop of war *Vulture*. On the left hand, over and beyond Constitution Island, was seen the black smoke of the furnaces of the famous Cold Spring Foundry, where so many Parrott guns were made by the inventor during the late Civil War; and a little nearer, the hospitable mansion of the venerable Gouverneur Kemble, the life-long, intimate friend of Washington Irving. Still further to the left, beneath the crags of Bull Hill, gleamed the white mansion of "Undercliff," the residence of the late General Morris, the lyric writer. At my feet lay the plain of West Point with its many structures, and to the northward of it were seen the white stones in the cemetery, among clumps of shrubbery.

Descending from Fort Putnam by the winding mountain road just as the echoes of the sunrise gun melted into silence, I turned to

the left along the high bank of the Hudson, and visited the cemetery, a shaded, quiet, beautiful retreat, where the most prominent object that meets the eye is the monument erected by his brother cadets to the memory of Vincent M. Lowe, of New York, who was accidentally killed by the discharge of a cannon in 1817. The names of several other deceased officers and cadets are inscribed upon it. There, too, is the tomb of General Winfield Scott, in the form of a massive sarcophagus which has been recently erected.

To that beautiful "God's Acre" the remains of General Robert Anderson were conveyed on the third of April last, by an officer and twelve men from the Military Academy, after special and imposing military honors had been bestowed upon them in the city of New York. They were conveyed to West Point in a steamer employed for the purpose, accompanied by the bearers, and were buried near the grave of Brigadier-General Bowers, over which stands a beautiful white marble monument.

Passing along the shaded walk on the northern verge of the plain, we come to a fine bronze statue of General Sedgwick, erected not far from the turn in the road in front of the Officers' Quarters. It is supported by a granite pedestal, on which, upon a bronze tablet, is the following inscription:

"MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK,  
U. S. VOLUNTEERS,  
COLONEL 4TH CAVALRY, U. S. ARMY,  
BORN SEPT. 13, 1813,  
KILLED IN BATTLE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA,  
MAY 9, 1864,  
WHILE IN COMMAND OF THE 6TH CORPS,  
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC."

"THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS,  
IN LOVING ADMIRATION OF ITS COMMANDER,  
DEDICATE  
THIS STATUE TO HIS MEMORY."

Not far from this statue is the obelisk, upon a grassy knoll surrounded by evergreens, erected to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Wood, of the Corps of Engineers, by Major-General Jacob Brown. He fell while leading the sortie from Fort Erie in Canada, in September, 1814. The relics upon Trophy Point passed by, we come to the Hotel, now kept by Theodore Cozzens, on the northeastern point of the plain, from the north piazza of which one may look through the open gate of the upper Highlands to Newburgh and the beautiful

country beyond. Eastward of the Hotel, another graveled walk leads us to old Fort Clinton, on the margin of the plain, 180 feet above the river. This fort has recently been perfectly restored by the skill and labor of the cadets, and, with the groups of evergreens growing within it, presents a most pleasing aspect.

From near Kosciuszko's cenotaph, and running along the river bank southward, is a secluded graveled path, overhung by trees and shrubbery, known as the "Chain Battery" or "Flirtation" walk. This forms a favorite promenade for cadets and maidens who love to saunter along its cool and shady path on summer afternoons, or in the quiet evening twilight. A love-sick swain once reminded his sweetheart that she had said there, at parting:—

"We will sit together on 'Flirtation'  
Another, brighter summer day.  
The river will always murmur its song,  
And the soft wind whisper the boughs among,  
And I will be true as they;"

and he added:—

"So I am waiting upon 'Flirtation'  
For you to come some summer day.  
The river does murmur the same sweet tune,  
The trees are kissed by the breezes of June,  
Will you be less true than they?"

This walk leads by Battery Knox out upon the plain near a beautiful white marble monument, erected in commemoration of the gallant conduct and sufferings of a detachment of United States troops under Major Francis L. Dade, in a battle with the Seminole Indians in Florida, in December, 1835. Of the 108 men of that command, all but three were massacred by the savages. The monument is composed of a fluted column surmounted by an eagle, and standing upon a pedestal of temple form with a cannon at each corner.

A few feet from this monument a narrow path leads down some stone steps through a rocky passage to a small, secluded terrace on the verge of the steep bank of the river, known as Kosciuszko's Garden. In it is

a fountain bubbling up into a marble basin; and upon the rocks back of it, overhung with trees and shrubbery, the name of Kosciuszko has been broadly carved. Tradition tells us that here that eminent Polander, when performing engineering service at West Point, used to retire for reading and contemplation. That he constructed a pretty little fountain there, is certain; its remains were found in 1802. From the Garden, the path leads up to the plain on the south, not far from the Observatory.

We have now completed the circuit of our visit to notable places and things within the government domain of West Point; let us pass out at the southern gate and stroll down to Buttermilk Fall, the *Boter Melck Val* of the Dutch skippers, to whom its broad sheet of milk-white foam spread over the rocks suggested that name. The fall and its cascades formed by the little stream above, as it rushes over and among the embowered rocks and spanned by rustic bridges, presents one of the most picturesque views in the vicinity of West Point. On our way we are attracted by a neat cruciform church built of stone in the early English style, in a secluded spot near the foot of the mountains. Its history is an interesting one. Many years ago the building of a church edifice outside the government tract was contemplated. Professor Weir, moved by the loss of a child, offered to contribute a very liberal sum for the purpose.



CROW NEST, LOOKING SOUTH.

The foundation was soon laid, and the Professor bore a greater part of the expense of building it, that it might be a memorial of the beloved one. It was finished, paid for before it was consecrated, and was named "The Church of the Holy Innocents." So it was that a place of worship, after the order of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, was established, and has ever since been maintained largely through the liberal piety of its chief founder. He, also, with a little aid from others, built a rectory and school-house near it; and then the whole property was transferred to the care of Trinity Church in New York, with the expectation (never realized) that it would give aid in the support of a ministry there.

Upon the high rocky point above Butter-milk Fall, the late Mr. William B. Cozzens built a notable summer hotel after his first one, further north, had been burned about ten years ago. It is now kept by Sylvanus T. Cozzens; and on the verge of the Fall, below, is the "Parry," a summer boarding-house kept by Charles Hendricks. These, with the hotel on the Point, may afford accommodations for about 600 summer visitors.

At the foot of the Fall we will probably find a water-man, who will take us across the river to the Beverly dock, where; following a swale, we may go up to the Beverly Robinson House, Arnold's headquarters, owned by the Arden family, who have had the good taste to keep it in the condition in which it was when the traitor left it. There we may see the spacious breakfast-room where he was seated at table when news came of the arrest of André, and the broad staircase down which the recreant General descended in haste on the morning of his flight, after kissing his wife and infant child at parting.

If you are nimble of foot, and not too weary, you may go northward from "Beverly" to Indian Brook, a clear mountain stream that makes its way in rapids and cascades through a wild ravine into the deep marshy bay between Garrison's and Cold Spring. It is a most romantic spot, and has been the theme of many productions of art and song. A score of other equally picturesque and romantic places in this vicinity, clustered with stirring historic associations, might be visited in the course of a long summer day's ramble.

It is not in the education of military leaders alone that the usefulness of West Point training is seen. The education received there, it may be said without fear of sustained contradiction, is more thorough than

in any other college in our land, and the graduated Cadets go out from that institution thoroughly trained engineers, to engage in after life in the important duties pertaining to the internal improvements of the country, the development of its resources, and as laborers in the higher educational institutions. In this view of the matter, who can estimate by figures or parallels the value of that national Academy?

Has it been very expensive? According to official reports, the entire expense of the Military Academy, including the cost of buildings, since its inception in 1802 until the present time—a period of seventy years—has been less than \$8,000,000; while the number of thoroughly educated young men who have been graduated there is more than 2,000, and the whole number who have been admitted to the institution is nearly 5,000. The largest annual appropriation ever made has been by Congress for this year—\$350,000.

Is it a nursery of aristocrats and promoter of a warlike spirit? In the higher sense of the term it does produce aristocrats,—the better men of society. We may confidently turn to the records of the army in support of this assertion as a general truth. Has the army ever been the scene of personal rencoures, brawls, and riotings? Has it furnished criminals for the prisons, or notable examples of defalcations in the management of the public funds? Has it not always borne the aspect of a well-ordered, quiet, and most respectable community? The very nature of the system of education employed at West Point is impressed upon the deportment of the graduates, by four years of rigid discipline at the formative period of character, and naturally promotes the exercise of gentlemanly courtesy, morality, kindness, forbearance, and the better characteristics of the Christian gentleman. Of course in this, as in all other phases of human society, there are exceptions. The education at the Academy does not tend to the cultivation of aristocracy in the lower sense of haughty pride.

But I apprehend there is little necessity now for advocating the maintenance of the Military Academy at West Point, admitted to be one of the best, if not the very best, institution of the kind in the world. Its value is so apparent, that we are not likely to hear propositions for its abolition, or a diminution of a fostering care for it by our Government, during this generation, for we have seen how absolutely wise it is to act upon the maxim, "In time of peace prepare for war."

"WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?"

CIBBER makes Richard say:—

"I've lately had two spiders  
Crawling upon my startled hopes;  
Now, tho' thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from  
me,  
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;  
I would have some kind friend to tread upon them."

It is the old story. The world goes on treading upon spiders, never thinking what skillful architects, geometricians, aeronauts, divers, swimmers, spinners, weavers, hunters, and trappers they are ruthlessly destroying.

Then, too, the spider's maternal instincts and affection are so strong as to lead her to guard her nest of eggs or of young, even to the sacrifice of her own life. The nest—a little globular silken bag—contains from sixty to several hundred of her progeny, which, after they have left it in some cases, are carried about by the mother on her body until they are old enough to provide for their own safety—about fifteen days from the time they are hatched. There is generally one brood in a year. The embryos are developed after the deposition of the eggs, which are spheroidal, and are hatched sometimes in a few weeks, and at others not until the following spring.

"How," you ask, "is the little sac filled to its utmost capacity and at the same time sealed?" In this wise: the spider weaves from silk one-half of her nest, fashioning it with her body, as a hen forms hers; she then lays her eggs in this cup, not until it is full only but until it is twice full, or heaped as high above the rim as the depth of the cup; finally she weaves a web over this accumulation and seals it up. When the brood is hatched she pierces a single hole in the top of the nest, and the spider-chicks take shelter upon her body, as they emerge, and are carried about by her until large enough to provide for themselves.

The spider was an earlier student in pneumatics than Galileo, and actually demonstrated the principles of the barometer long before Torricelli. And while men were laboring to work out the barometer from Torricelli's discovery of an almost perfect vacuum our little philosopher was quietly and confidently practicing the same principle in the construction of her web—making the threads which support the net invariably short when the weather was about to be wet and stormy, and invariably long if fine days were coming. Hence the name, Barometrical Spiders.

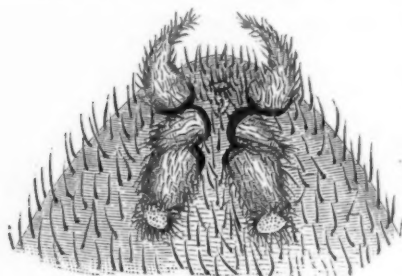
The males and females live separately, the latter being the larger and the most frequently seen. They are generally ready to attack and feed upon the males, even in the reproducing season. Both sexes are fond of fighting, the vanquished always being devoured by the conqueror. They are all predaceous in their nature and cannibals in their practice, as the structure of their jaws (Fig. 4) would indicate. In the mortal and historic combat between the spider and the fly, the spider pierces her antagonist with these large fangs, which are movable at the base. Giving a final, firmer grip, she at the same time shuts down the fangs into the grooves (where they are lodged when at rest), pressing the fly against the teeth situated on the eminences at each side of the grooves, and thus causing the fluids of the fly to flow into her mouth.

After draining her prey in this manner, she leaves its carcass and goes in quest of a fresh subject, or bears it off in the fangs for an after-purpose. Each fang is hollow, and generates at its base a subtle, venomous fluid, which is injected into the puncture when made by the fang, and is invariably fatal in its effects. There are few spiders, however, that are poisonous to man; and, in fact, they seldom attack him.

Ever since those "mythic times when Arachne contended with Minerva for supremacy in needle-work, and was changed for her pains into a spider," spiders have been famous for their matchless achievements in thread. Their tiny factories are set up everywhere,—in our windows, in our cellars, on our walls, in our gardens, in waste and desert places, even under water. Spiders have been classified in reference to their different methods of spinning. But the classification based upon their habits alone arranges them in *five* principal groups: the Hunting, the Wandering, the Prowling, the Sedentary, and the Aquatic Spiders. All water spiders are amphibious, having the same pulmonary organization as their terrestrial brethren. One of the most interesting inmates of an aquarium is the common water spider of Britain. It is brown, and densely covered with hairs, which are of great importance in its economy. Its unique abode, constructed at the bottom of the water, is made by first spinning loose threads in various directions, attached to leaves and stems of aquatic plants (to which her eggs are also fixed), as a framework. Over this

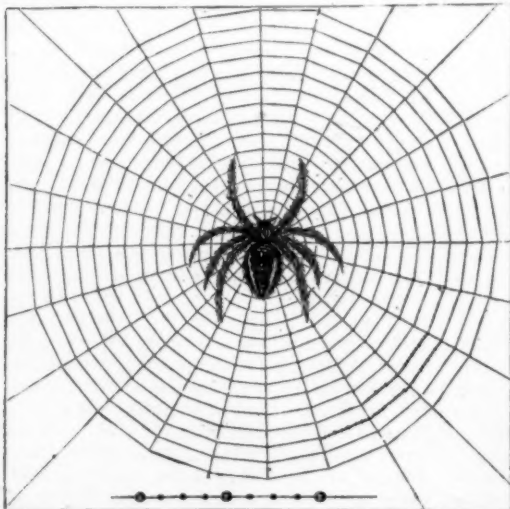


is spread a transparent varnish resembling liquid glass, which issues from the middle of the spinners, and which is capable of



SPINNERS (FIG. 1).

so great expansion and contraction that if a hole be made in it, it immediately closes again. She next spreads over her belly a pellicle of the same material, and ascends to the surface. By some muscular action she draws the air into this artificial sac, the hairs of her body assisting to keep it distended; then clothed with this aerial mantle, which to the observer seems sparkling quicksilver, she plunges to the bottom, and, with as much dexterity as a chemist, introduces her bubble of air beneath the dome prepared for its reception. This is repeated ten or twelve



WEB OF GARDEN SPIDER (FIG. 2).

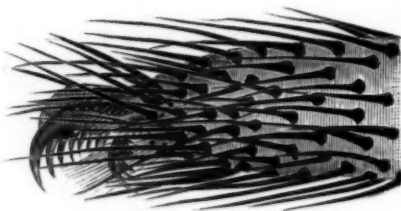
times, and in the space of fifteen minutes she has transported air enough to expand her apartment to its intended limit. In this

tiny submarine palace, the entrance to which is on the under side, she devours her prey; and here, also, she rears her young.

The silken secretion of spiders is used not only in the construction of a dwelling, and of a trap for prey, but as a means of defense in warfare with an opposing enemy. They bind the limbs of their enemies with it; it forms a ladder by which they climb aloft to airy heights or descend into deep places; it becomes the tackle of the aquatic spider by which to relieve itself from the sloughing exuvium; and it makes the nest for the eggs and the young brood. The silk is a thick, viscid, transparent liquid, resembling a solution of gum arabic, which hardens quickly on exposure to the air, but can meanwhile be drawn into thread. The apparatus which secretes it and that by which it is spun are far more complex than those of the silkworm or any other spinning insect. The secreting glands are in the midst of the abdominal viscerae, and in those spiders that make large webs—as the female *Epeira* (one of the Garden spiders)—they occupy about one-fourth of the whole abdomen. The external organs consist of two or three pairs of spinnerets (Fig. 1), through which the threads are produced, and which are always situated at the posterior extremity of the body. They vary somewhat in number and

position in the different species, as well as in the kind and quality of the threads. In *Clubiona* there are three pairs clustered close together. The anterior pair are flat at the free end, like the head of a barrel, and just within the margin, or rim, is a circle of very close-set, stiff bristles, which arch inward. The whole flat surface of the "head" inside this circle of bristles is beset with very minute, horny tubes, standing erect, the outlets of the silk-ducts that belong to this pair. The middle pair, nearly concealed from their shortness, terminate in a minute wart, which is prolonged into a horny tube. The whole tract is set with similar small tubes, a little longer and larger than those of the first pair. The third pair contain but few tubes. The surface of all is covered with stiff black hairs. These minute tubes are perforated with orifices of excessive tenuity, through which the liquid exudes at the will of the insect, and from each tube proceeds a thread of inconceivable fineness, which, immediately after issuing,

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HIND FOOT OF GARDEN SPIDER (FIG. 3).

is united with all the other threads into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread, of four or six strands, which, at the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinners, unite and form the line which we are accustomed to see the spider use in constructing her web. Thus a spider's thread, even when spun by the smallest species and so fine as to be almost imperceptible to our senses, is not a single strand, but a cable composed of at least 4,000 strands. The whole number of tubes in *Clubiona* is about 300, but in the Garden spider they exceed 1,000. The spider is gifted with the power of closing the orifices of the spinners at pleasure, and can thus, in dropping from a height by her line, stop her progress at any point of her descent. The geometric webs of the Garden spider (formed by radii and circles, and by cables which stretch from object to object to form the scaffolding, and are lax or taut according to the condition of the atmosphere) are composed of two distinct sorts of silk. The cables and radii are perfectly adhesive, while the concentric circles are extremely viscid. *a* (Fig. 2) represents a simple radiating thread, and *b* one of the concentric circles studded with viscid globules, which give to these threads their peculiar adhesive character. These viscid threads are of uniform thickness when first spun, but soon undulations appear in them, and the viscid matter then accumulates in globules at regular intervals, which may be made apparent by throwing dust upon a new or recently repaired net. This difference in the threads is traced to the spinnerets, and it undoubtedly exists in the secreting organs, so that each pair of spinnerets produces its own peculiar thread. The diversity is greatest in those spiders that spin geometric nets.

To understand how this "little architect" traverses her rope, whether vertical, inclined, or horizontal, with facility, rapidity, and safety beyond those of the sailor or rope-dancer, we must study the mechanism of the

spider's foot. The foot of *Epeira* (Fig. 3) is conical in shape. Every part of its surface is studded with stiff, horny bristles, which, springing from the side, arch inward toward the point. This array of spines effectually prevents a false step: for if any part of the leg merely strikes the thread, the latter is certain to slip in between the bristles, and thus catch hold. But the delicacy of touch with which the hinder feet are often made to guide the thread as it issues from the spinnerets, and the lightning-like rapidity with which the larger net-weavers will, with the assistance of these feet, roll a dense web around a buzzing fly, swaddling it up in a moment like a mummy in its many folds of cloth, show that other organs are necessary to meet the varied wants of the insect: so we find at the extreme tip of this foot two stout hooked claws, of dark, horny texture, proceeding from it side by side, having their under surface set with teeth very regularly cut, like those of a comb. These combed claws are supposed to be sensitive organs of touch, feeling and catching the thread, while they also act as combs to clean her legs and webs from particles of dust and other extraneous matter. In ascending the line by which she drops herself from an eminence, she winds up the superfluous cord into a ball. In performing this the combed claws would not have been suitable, and she is furnished with a third claw between the other two and on a lower level.

Another interesting phenomenon is the ascension of certain spiders to great heights



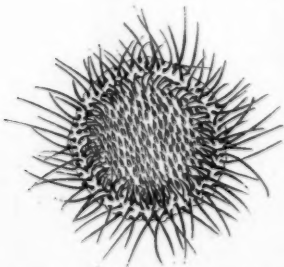
MANDIBLES (FIG. 4).

in the air, giving the appearance of flying without wings. The writer has held one of these insects upon the hand and seen it dart suddenly off into the air, taking its flight rapidly upward for some distance; and then

as suddenly veer to the right or left, and with the same ease and velocity advance until it landed upon some adjacent object, or was lost to view in the distance. Dr. Lister states that "one day in autumn, when the air was full of webs, he mounted to the top of York *Minster*, from whence he could discern the floating webs still very high above." This faculty is common to several species, though only in their half-grown state;—probably when full grown their bodies are too heavy to be thus conveyed. At one time they will eject a single thread, at another dart out several, like the jet of a fountain or the brush of a comet.

The usual manner of spinning and mounting appears to be this: "The spider first extends its thighs, shanks, and feet in a right line, and then, elevating its abdomen until it becomes vertical, shoots its thread into the air and flies off from its station." A Geometric spider was observed to rise upon its cable in this wise: having dropped by its thread about six inches from the object on which it was running, it immediately emitted a pretty long line at a right angle with that by which it was suspended. This thread quickly changed from the horizontal to the vertical, carrying the spider along with it. When she had ascended as far above the object as she had dropped below it, she let out the thread by which she had been attached to it, and continued flying smoothly upward until she alighted upon the wall of the room.

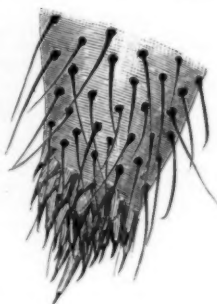
The rapidity with which spiders rise and vanish from sight upon these occasions has suggested the following queries: Can the length of the web which they dart forth counterpoise the weight of their bodies? Or have they an organ analogous to the swimming bladders of fishes, which contribute at their will to render them buoyant in the



TIP OF ANTERIOR SPINNERET (FIG. 5).

air? Or do they ascend their threads rapidly, as described above, and gather them up, until, having collected them into a mass of sufficient magnitude, they give themselves

to the air to be carried here and there in these chariots or balloons? The latter theory would seem to be supported by the fact that in early autumn flocks of gossamer fall in showers in some parts of the country to such an extent as to be noticeable; and in Germany these flights of gossamer



TIP OF POSTERIOR SPINNERET (FIG. 6).

appear so constantly in autumn as to be there metaphorically called "*Der fliegender Sommer*" (the flying or departing summer); and writers speak of the web as often hanging in flakes like wool on every hedge and bush throughout extensive districts. The cause of this singular phenomenon is probably this: that immense numbers of spiders rise to great heights in the air, and taking in their webs until their accumulated mass becomes too heavy to be sustained, either descend with them, or, releasing themselves from the mass, leave it to fall by its own weight. The ancients had the strange notion that these webs were composed of dew burned by the sun; and Robert Hooke, one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society, writes: "Catching several of these flocks, or cobwebs, and examining them with microscope, I found them to be much of the same form, looking most like to a flake of worsted prepared to be spun; though by what means they should be generated or produced is not easily imagined, but *'tis not unlikely but that those great white clouds that appear all the summer time may be of the same substance.*" What shall we say of the absurd notions of the ignorant and superstitious when a leader in science believes that the clouds are identical with spiders' webs! "What occasions the spiders to course their chariots to the clouds?" Probably to seek for food, since fragments of gnats and flies are often found in the falling webs.

The difference in the construction of spiders' webs is also remarkable. Those which we commonly see in houses are of a woven gauze-like texture, and may be termed *webs*, and the spiders that fabricate them *weavers*; while those most frequently met with in the fields, constructed as they are upon thoroughly geometrical principles, may with equal propriety be termed *nets*, and the

little artificers *geometricians*. The weaving spider, having selected some corner or narrow space between two adjacent walls, presses her spinners against one of the walls, and thus glues to it one end of the thread. She then walks along the wall to the opposite side, if it be a corner, and fastens the other end in like manner. As this thread, which is to form the margin, or selva, of her web, requires strength she triples or quadruples it by the operation just described, and from it draws other threads in various directions. The interstices she fills up by running from one thread to another, connecting them by new threads, until the whole presents the gauze-like texture which it has when completed. These webs have only a simple horizontal surface; but others, more frequently seen in outhouses and amongst bushes, are furnished with a perpendicular attachment, which is constructed of a number of single threads carried up from the surface of the main web, often to the height of several feet, and crossed and joined in various places. Against these lines flies often strike in their flight, and become slightly entangled; and in their endeavors to extricate themselves they are precipitated into the net spread beneath, whence their escape is impossible.

In addition to these, the little trapper constructs a small silken apartment below the net where she may be completely hidden from view.

The *Clubiona atrox* resides in a funnel-shaped tube of slight texture, in the corners of windows or crevices of old walls, from which she extends lines intersecting each other irregularly at various angles. To these she attaches bundles of very fine zig-zag threads of a pale blue tint when recent; these are much more complicated in structure than the former, and adhere strongly to any flies coming in contact with them—not from any viscosity which they possess, but on account of the extreme tenuity of their filaments.

These pale blue skeins have been found to proceed from two additional spinners peculiar to this species. This spider is also remarkable for having the last joint of the posterior legs furnished with a curious combing instrument, composed of two parallel rows of curved spines, with which they comb out the silky material, as it issues from the spinnerets, into that flocculent texture which gives the skeins the power of retaining the insects that touch them.

The geometric spider follows a very

different process in forming her concentric-circled net. As it is usually fixed, vertically or obliquely, in an opening between leaves or bushes, lines are necessary around the whole extent to support the outer ends of the radial lines. "Accordingly," says Mr. Blackwell, "the construction of these exterior lines is the spider's first operation. She seems careless about the shape of the area which they inclose, but spares no pains to strengthen and keep them in a proper degree of tension. With the former view she composes each line of five or six or even more threads glued together; and with the latter she fixes to them, from different points, a numerous and intricate apparatus of smaller threads."

"Having thus completed the foundation, she proceeds to fill up the outline. Attaching a thread to one of the main lines, she walks along it, guiding the carrying thread with one of her hind feet, that it may not become permanently glued, and crosses over to the opposite side, where, by applying her spinners, she firmly fixes it. To the middle of this diagonal thread, which is to form the center of her net, she fixes a second, which in like manner she conveys and fastens to another part of the lines inscribing the area."

"During this preliminary operation," says Mr. B., "she sometimes rests, as though her plan required meditation; but no sooner are the marginal lines of her net firmly stretched, and two or three radii spun from its center, than she continues her labor so quickly and unremittingly that the eye can scarcely follow her progress. The radii, to the number of about twenty, giving the net the appearance of a wheel, are speedily finished. She then proceeds to the center, quickly turns herself round, and pulls each thread with her feet, to ascertain its strength, breaking any one that seems defective and replacing it by another. Next, she glues immediately around the center five or six small concentric circles, distant about half a line from each other, and then four or five larger ones, each separated by a space of half an inch or more. These last serve as a sort of temporary scaffolding to walk over, and to keep the radii properly stretched while she glues to them the concentric circles that are to remain, and which she now proceeds to construct. Placing herself at the circumference, and fastening her thread to the end of one of the radii, she walks up that one towards the center, to such a distance as to draw the thread from her body of a sufficient length to reach to the

next; then stepping across and conducting the thread with one of her hind feet, she glues it with her spinners to the point in the adjoining radius to which it is to be fixed. This process she repeats until she has filled up nearly the whole space, from the circumference to the center, with concentric circles, distant from each other about two lines. She always leaves a vacant interval around the center, but for what purpose it is difficult to conjecture. Lastly, she runs to the center and bites the small cotton-like tuft that united all the radii, which, being now held together by the circular threads, have thus, probably, their elasticity increased, and in the circular opening resulting from this procedure she takes her station and watches for prey."

Frequently, however, as has been observed by another naturalist, the spider does not bite away the cotton-like tuft that unites the radii at the center, nor place herself there to watch for prey, but retires under a leaf or other shelter, and there constructs a cell in which she remains concealed until the vibrations of a strong line of communication from the center of the net to her cell inform her of a capture, when she rushes upon her victim.

This beautiful structure, with its wonderful precision, our little architect completes in about forty minutes.

With occasional repairs, the nets of the house spiders, or weavers, will serve for a considerable time; but the geometric webs are (in favorable weather) repaired by renewing the concentric circles every twenty-four hours, since they lose their viscid property by the action of the air.

The eyes of spiders are four, six, or eight in number, very simple in their structure (*i. e.*, they are not composite eyes like those of the fly), and are placed in pairs or lines on the front of the head. Spiders moult and cast their slough nearly whole, like

snakes; and around a forsaken web may be found numerous *exuviae*, which show the eyes to have been covered with the skin perfectly transparent.

Spiders also hibernate, and may be found packed away in obscure corners through the winter, or until the atmosphere around them becomes of such a temperature as to invite them out, when they make their presence known in our dwellings,—letting themselves down from the ceiling by their unailing cordage near or upon some person or object that chances to be sighted by their keen vision. These little creatures seem to have a "Signal Service Department" of their own, as they emerge from their hiding-places only when the weather gives promise of the spring.

The spider's web has been frequently used in painting and in fable to represent the absence of care and thrift, as well as neglected charity. Hogarth veiled the poor box with a spider's web when he wished to signify that the "Priest and the Levite had passed by on the other side;" and the Jews have availed themselves of the same idea in legend,—representing that Saul sought David and his men at the cave of Adullam, and the reason they were not discovered was "that God had sent a spider which had quickly woven a web across the entrance of the cave where they were concealed, which being observed by Saul, he thought it useless to investigate a spot bearing such evident proof of the absence of any human being." Mussulmans believe that a spider saved the life of Mohammed by weaving a web across the mouth of the cave where he was concealed. Instances of escapes similar in kind are found in the early history of our country, either written or traditional,—as where some settler has been saved from detection and capture by a recently spun web when hiding from Indians.

## DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

(Continued from page 274.)

THE Elder's uneasiness grew great, but he talked on and on till poor Ike was beside himself with delight. At last the distant creak of the wheels was heard. "There he is," exclaimed Ike. "I'm thinking, sir, that it's a kind o' providential dispensation thet's hendered him all this time; it's done me such a sight o' good to hear you talk."

The Elder smiled tenderly on poor old Ike.

"Everything is a dispensation, Ike, accordin' to my way o' thinkin'," and again he thought involuntarily of "little Draxy."

Ganew assented with a half-surlly civility to Elder Kinney's proposition to ride down with him.



"I've got a matter of business to talk over with you, Mr. Ganew," said the Elder, "and I came up here on purpose to find you."

The man turned his stolid black eyes full on the Elder, but made no reply. It was indeed an evil face. The Elder was conscious of impulses which he feared were unchristian rising rapidly in his breast. He had wished a few times before in his life that he were not a minister. He wished it now. He would have liked to open his conversation with Ganew after the manner of the world's people when they deal with thieves. And again he thought involuntarily of "little Draxy," and her touching "we are very poor."

But when he spoke again, he spoke gently and slowly.

"I have some news for you which will be very disagreeable, Mr. Ganew." Here the Frenchman started, with such a terrified, guilty, malignant look on his face that the Elder said to himself: "Good God, I believe the man knows he's in danger of his life. Stealin's the least of his crimes, I'll venture."

And he proceeded still more gently. "The owners of the land which you've been using as your own in this town, have written to inquire about it, and have put the business in my hands."

Ganew was silent for a moment. Then trying to speak in an indignant tone, he said:—

"Using as my own! I don't know what you mean, Mr. Parson. I have paid my taxes all regular, and I've got the title-deeds of the land, every acre of it. I can't help whoever's been writing to you about it; it's all my land."

But his face twitched with nervous excitement, and the fright and anger in his serpent-like black eyes were ugly to see.

"No, Mr. Ganew, it is not," said the Elder; "and you know it. Now you jest listen to me; I know the whole truth about the matter, an' all the time you spend fightin' off the truth 'll be wasted, besides addin' lyin' to havin' been a thief. The owners of the land 'll be here, I expect, before long; but they've put it all in my hands, an' I can let you off if I choose."

"Let me off! What the devil do you mean?" said Ganew.

"Why you don't suppose there's goin' to be nothin' said about all the thousands o' dollars' wuth of sugar you've carried off here, do—"

The next thing Elder Kinney knew he was struggling up to his feet in the middle of the road; he was nearly blinded by blood trickling down from a cut on his forehead, and only saw dimly that Ganew was aiming another blow at him with his heavy-handed ox-goad.

But the Frenchman had reckoned without his host. Elder Kinney, even half stunned, was more than a match for him. In a very few minutes Ganew was lying in the bottom of his own ox-cart, with his hands securely tied behind him with a bit of his own rope, and the Elder was sitting calmly down on a big boulder, wiping his forehead and recovering his breath; it had been an ugly tussle: and the Elder was out of practice.

Presently he rose, walked up to the cart, and, leaning both his arms on the wheel, looked down on his enemy.

The Frenchman's murderous little black eyes rolled wildly, but he did not struggle. He had felt in the first instant that he was but an infant in the Elder's hands.

"Ye poor, miserable, cowardly French, — — — sinner ye," said the Elder, struggling for an epithet not unbecoming his cloth. "Did you think you was goin' to get me out o' yer way 's easy 's that, 's I dare say ye have better folks than me, before now!"

Ganew muttered something in a tongue the Elder did not understand, but the sound of it kindled his wrath anew.

"Wall, call on your Master, if that's what you're doin', 's much 's you like. He don't generally look out for anybody much who's so big a fool 's you must be, to think you was goin' to leave the minister o' this parish dead in a ditch within stone's throw o' houses and nobody find you out," and the Elder sat down again on the boulder. He felt very dizzy and faint; and the blood still trickled steadily from his forehead. Ganew's face was horrible at this moment. Rage at his own folly, hate of the Elder, and terror which was uncontrollable, all contended on his livid features.

At last he spoke. He begged abjectly to be set free. He offered to leave the town at once and never return if the Elder would only let him go.

"What, an' give up all your land ye've got such a fine clear title to?" said the Elder, sarcastically. "No; we'll give ye a title there won't be no disputin' about to a good berth in Mill Creek jail for a spell!"

At this the terror mastered every other emotion in the Frenchman's face. What secret reason he had for it all, no one could

know but himself; what iniquitous schemes already waiting him in other places, what complications of dangers attendant on his identification and detention. But he begged, he besought, in words so wildly imploring, so full of utter unconditional surrender, that there could be no shadow of question as to their sincerity. The Elder began, in spite of himself, to pity the wretch; he began also to ask whether after all it would not be the part of policy to let him go. After some minutes he said, "I can't say I put much confidence in ye yet, Mr. Ganew; but I'm inclined to think it's the Lord's way o' smoothin' things for some o' his children, to let you kind o' slink off," and somehow Elder Kinney fancied he heard little Draxy say, "Oh, sir, let the poor man go." There was something marvelous in his under-current of constant consciousness of "little Draxy."

He rose to his feet, picked up the heavy ox-goad, struck the nigh ox sharply on the side, and walking on a little ahead of the team, said: "I'll just take ye down a piece, Mr. Ganew, till we're in sight of Jim Blair's, before I undo ye. I reckon the presence o' a few folks'll strengthen your good resolutions." "An' I mistrust I ain't quite equal to another handlin'," thought the Elder to himself, as he noted how the sunny road seemed to go up and down under his feet. He was really far more hurt than he knew.

When they were in sight of the house, he stopped the oxen, and leaning again on the wheel, and looking down on Ganew, had one more talk with him, at the end of which he began cautiously to untie the rope. He held the ox-goad, however, firmly grasped in his right hand, and it was not without a little tremor that he loosed the last knots. "Suppose the desperate critter sh'd have a knife," thought the Elder.

But he need not have feared. A more crest-fallen, subdued, wretched being than Paul Ganew, as he crawled out of that cart, was never seen. He had his own secret terror, and it had conquered him. "It's more'n me he's afraid of," said the Elder to himself. "This is the Lord's doin', I reckon. Now, Mr. Ganew, if you'll jest walk to the heads o' them oxen I'll thank ye," said he; "an' 's I feel some tired, I'll jump into the cart; an' I'll save ye carryin' the ox-goad," he added, as he climbed slowly in, still holding the murderous weapon in his hand. Nothing could extinguish Seth Kinney's sense of humor.

"If we meet any folks," he proceeded, "we've only to say that I've had a bad hurt, and that you're very kindly takin' me home."

Ganew walked on like a man in a dream. He was nearly paralyzed with terror. They met no human being, and very few words passed between them. When the cart stopped at the Elder's door, Ganew stood still without turning his head. The Elder went up to him and said, with real kindness of tone,

"Mr. Ganew, I expect you can't believe it, but I don't bear ye the least ill-will."

A faint flicker of something like grateful surprise passed over the hard face, but no words came.

"I hope the Lord'll bring ye to himself yet," persisted the good man, "and forgive me for havin' had anything but pity for ye from the fust on't. Ye won't forget to send me a writing for Bill Sims that the rest of the buckets in the camp belong to me?"

Ganew nodded sullenly and went on, and the Elder walked slowly into his house.

After dark, a package was left at the Elder's door. It contained the order on Bill Sims, and a letter. Some of the information in the letter proved useful in clearing up the mystery of Ganew's having known about the existence of this lot of land. He had been in Potter's employ, it seemed, and had had access to his papers. What else the letter told no one ever knew; but the Elder's face always had a horror-stricken look when the Frenchman's name was mentioned, and when people sometimes wondered if he would ever be seen again in Clairvend, the emphasis of the Elder's "Never! ye may rely on that! Never!" had something solemn in it.

In less than forty-eight hours the whole village knew the story. "The sooner they know the whole on't the better, and the sooner they'll be through talkin'," said the Elder, and nobody could have accused him of being "close-mouthed" now. He even showed "the little gal's letter," as the townspeople called it, to anybody who asked to see it. It hurt him to do this, more than he could see reason for, but he felt a strong desire to have the village heart all ready to welcome "little Draxy" and her father when they should come. And the village heart was ready! Hardly a man, woman, or child but knew her name and rejoiced in her good fortune. "Don't yer remember my tellin' yer that night," said Josiah Bailey to Eben Hill, "that she'd come to the right place for help when she come to Elder Kinney?"

When Draxy took Elder Kinney's letter out of the post-office her hands trembled.

She walked rapidly away, and opened the letter as soon as she reached a quiet street. The Elder had not made it so clear as he thought he had, in his letter to the "child," which way matters had gone. Draxy feared. Presently she thought, "He says 'your father's land.' That must mean that we shall have it." But still she had sad misgivings. She almost decided to read the inclosed letter which was unsealed; she could not have her father disappointed again; but her keen sense of honor restrained her.

Reuben had grown really feeble. There were many days now when he could not work, but sat listlessly on a ledge of rocks near the house, and watched the restless waves with a sense of misery as restless as they. When Draxy reached home this night and found that her father was not in the house, she ran over to the "Black Ledge." There she found him. She sat down by his side, not knowing how to begin. Presently he said: "I wish I loved this water, daughter,—it is very beautiful to look at; but I'm thinkin' it's somethin' like human beings; they may be ever so handsome to look on, but if you don't love 'em you don't, and that's the end on't, an' it don't do ye no sort o' good to be where they are."

"The woods and fields used to do you good, father," said Draxy.

Reuben was astonished. Draxy was not wont to allude to the lost and irrecoverable joys. But he only sighed.

"Read this letter, father dear," said Draxy, hurriedly pushing it into his hand; "I wrote up to a good old minister to find out, and here's his answer."

Reuben looked bewildered. Draxy's words did not make themselves clear. But the first words of Elder Kinney's letter did. The paper fell from his hands.

"Oh, daughter! daughter! it can't be true! It can't!" and Reuben Miller covered his eyes and cried. But Draxy did not cry. One of the finest traits in her nature was her instantaneous calmness of exterior under sudden and intense excitement.

"Yes, father, it is true. It must be. I have believed it from the first! Oh do, do read the letter," said Draxy, and she forced the letter into his hands again.

"No, no, daughter. Read it to me. I can't see the words," replied Reuben, still weeping. He was utterly unmanned. Then Draxy read the letter aloud, slowly, distinctly, calmly. Her voice did not tremble. She accepted it all, absolutely, uncondition-

ally, as she had accepted everything which had ever happened to her. In Draxy's soul the past never confused the present; her life went on from moment to moment, from step to step as naturally, as clearly, as irrevocably as plants grow and flower, without hindrance, without delay. This it was which had kept her serene, strong: this is true health of nature.

After a time Reuben grew calmer; Draxy's presence always helped him. They sat on the rocks until twilight fell, and the great red lamp in the light-house was lit.

"Father, dear," said Draxy, "I think there are light-houses all along our lives, and God knows when it is time to light the lamps."

Reuben clasped Draxy's hand tighter and turned his eyes upon her with a look whose love was almost reverent.

Lights shone until morning from the windows of Captain Melville's house. The little family had sat together until long after midnight discussing this new and wonderful turn in their affairs: Jane and Reuben were bewildered and hardly happy yet; Draxy was alert, enthusiastic, ready, as usual; poor Captain Melville and his wife were in sore straits between their joy in the Millers' good fortune, and their pain at the prospect of the breaking up of the family. Their life together had been so beautiful, so harmonious.

"Oh, Draxy," said the Captain, "how shall we ever live without you?"

"Oh! but you will come up there, uncle," said Draxy; "and we shall keep you after we once get you."

Captain Melville shook his head. He could never leave the sea. But full well he knew that the very salt of it would have lost its best savor to him when this sweet, fair girl had gone out from his house.

The "good-nights" were sadly and solemnly said. "Oh!" thought Draxy, "does joy always bring pain in this world?" and she fell asleep with tears on her cheeks.

Reuben sat up until near dawn, writing to Elder Kinney. He felt strangely strong. He was half cured already by the upland air of the fields he had never seen. The next morning Draxy said, "Do you not think, father, I ought to write a note too, to thank the kind minister, or will you tell him how grateful I am?"

"Put a postscript to my letter, daughter. That will be better," said Reuben.

So Draxy wrote at the bottom of the last page:

"DEAR MR. KINNEY:—I do not know any words to thank you in; and I think you will like it better if I do not try. My father seems almost well already. I am sure it *was* the Lord that helped you to find out about our land. I hope we can come very soon.

"Your grateful friend,  
"DRAXY MILLER."

When the Elder read this second note of Draxy's, he said aloud, "God bless her! she's one o' His chosen ones, that child is," and he fell to wondering how she looked. He found himself picturing her as slight and fair, with blue eyes and hair of a pale yellow. "I don't believe she's more than fourteen, at most;" thought he, "she speaks so simple, jest like a child; an' yet, she goes right to the pint, 's straight 's any woman; though I don't know, come to think on't, 's ever I knew a woman that could go straight to a pint," reflected the Elder, whose patience was often sorely tried by the wandering and garrulous female tongues in his parish. But the picture of "Little Draxy" grew strangely distinct in his mind; and his heart yearned towards her with a yearning akin to that which years back he had felt over the little silent form of the daughter whose eyes had never looked into his.

There was no trouble with the town in regard to the question of the land. If there had been any doubts, Elder Kinney's vigorous championship of the new claimant would have put them down. But the sympathy of the entire community was enlisted on Reuben's side. The whole story from first to last appealed to the generous side of every man's heart; and there was not a father's hand in town that did not rest more lovingly on his little girl's head at night, when he sat in his door-way talking over "them Millers," and telling about Draxy's "writin' to th' Elder."

Before the first of May all was settled. Elder Kinney had urged Mr. Miller to come at once to his house, and make it their home until he could look about and decide where he would establish himself.

"I am a lonely man," he wrote; "I buried my wife and only child many years ago, and have lived here ever since, with only an old Indian woman to take care of me. I don't want to press you against your will; and there's a house in the village that you can hire; but it will go against me sorely not to have you in my house at the first.

I want to see you, and to see your little daughter; I can't help feeling as if the Lord had laid out for us to be friends more than common."

Reuben hesitated. The shyness of his nature made him shrink from other men's houses. But Draxy inclined strongly to the Elder's proposition. "Oh, think, father, how lonely he must be. Suppose you hadn't mother nor me, father dear!" and Draxy kissed her father's cheek; "and think how glad you have been that you came to live with uncle," she added.

Reuben looked lovingly at Captain Melville, but said nothing.

"I'll tell ye what I think, Reuben;" said the Captain. "It's my belief that you 'n that parson 'll take to each other. His letters sound like your talk. Somehow, I've got an uncommon respect for that man, considerin' he's a parson; it's my advice to ye, to take up with his offer."

"And it seems no more than polite, father," persisted Draxy; "after he has done so much for us. We need not say how long we will stay in his house, you know."

"Supposin' you go up first, Draxy," said Reuben, hesitatingly, "an' see how 'tis. I always did hate Injuns."

"Oh!" said Draxy; she had hardly observed the mention of that feature in the Elder's household, and she laughed outright. Her ideas of the ancestral savage were too vague to be very alarming. "If she has lived all these years with this good old minister, she must be civilized and kind," said Draxy. "I'm not afraid of her."

"But I think it would be a great deal better for me to go first," she continued, more and more impressed with the new idea. "Then I can be sure beforehand about everything, and get things all in order for you; and there 'll be Mr. Kinney to take care of me; I feel as if he was a kind of father to everybody." And Draxy in her turn began to wonder about the Elder's appearance as he had wondered about hers. Her mental picture was quite as unlike the truth as was his. She fancied him not unlike her father, but much older, with a gentle face and floating white hair. Dim purposes of how she might make his lonely old age more cheerful floated in her mind. "It must be awful," thought she, "to live years and years all alone with an Indian!"

When Elder Kinney read Reuben's letter, saying that they would send their daughter up first to decide what would be best for



them to do, he brought his hand down hard on the table and said "Whew!" again.

"Well, I do declare," thought he to himself, "I'm afraid they're dreadful shiftless folks, to send that girl way up here, all alone by herself; and how 's such a child 's that goin' to decide anything, I should like to know?"

He read again the letter Reuben had written. "My daughter is very young, but we lean upon her as if she was older. She has helped us bear all our misfortunes, and we have more confidence in her opinions than in our own about everything." The Elder was displeased.

"Lean on her;—I should think you did! Poor little gal. Well, I can look out for her; that's one comfort." And the Elder wrote a short note to the effect that he would meet their "child" at the railway station, which was six miles from their town; that he would do all he could to help her; and that he hoped soon to see Mr. and Mrs. Miller under his roof.

The words of the note were most friendly, but there was an indefinable difference between it and all the others, which Draxy felt without knowing that she felt it, and her last words to her father as she bade him good-bye from the car window were: "I don't feel so sure as I did about our staying with Mr. Kinney, father. You leave it all to me, do you, dear, even if I decide to buy a house?"

"Yes, daughter," said Reuben, heartily; "all! Nothing but good 's ever come yet of your way o' doin' things."

"An' I don't in the least hanker after that Injun," he called out as the cars began to move. Draxy laughed merrily. Reuben was a new man already. They were very gay together, and felt wonderfully little fear for people to whom life had been thus far so hard.

There was not a misgiving in Draxy's heart as she set out again on a two days' journey to an unknown place. "Oh how different from the day when I started before," she thought as she looked out on the water sparkling under the bright May sun. She spent the first night, as before, at the house of Captain Melville's brother, and set out at eight the following morning, to ride for ten hours steadily northward. The day was like a day of June. The spring was opening early; already fruit-trees were white and pink; banks were green, and birds were noisy.

By noon mountains came in sight. Draxy

was spell-bound. "They are grander than the sea," said she, "and I never dreamed it; and they are loving too. I should like to rest my cheek on them."

As she drew nearer and nearer, and saw some tops still white with snow, her heart beat faster, and with a sudden pang almost of conscience-stricken remorse, she exclaimed, "Oh, I shall never, never once miss the sea!"

Elder Kinney had borrowed Eben Hill's horse and wagon to drive over to — after Draxy. He was at the station half an hour before the train was due. It had been years since the steady currents of his life had been so disturbed and hurried as they were by expecting this little girl.

"Looks like rain, Elder; I 'spect she'll have to go over with me arter all," said George Thayer, the handsomest, best-natured stage-driver in the whole State of New Hampshire. The Elder glanced anxiously at the sky.

"No, I guess not, George," he replied. "'T won't be anything more'n a shower, an' I've got an umbrella and a buffalo-robe. I can keep her dry."

Everybody at the station knew Draxy's story, and knew that the Elder had come to meet her. When the train stopped, all eyes eagerly scanned the passengers who stepped out on the platform. Two men, a boy, and three women, one after the other; it was but a moment, and the train was off again.

"She hain't come," exclaimed voice after voice. The Elder said nothing; he had stood a little apart from the crowd, watching for his ideal Draxy; as soon as he saw that she was not there, he had fallen into a perplexed reverie as to the possible causes of her detention. He was sorely anxious about the child. "Jest 's like 's not, she never changed cars down at the Junction," thought he, "an' 's half way to Montreal by this time," and the Elder felt hot with resentment against Reuben Miller.

Meantime, beautiful, dignified, and unconscious, Draxy stood on the platform, quietly looking at face after face, seeking for the white hair and gentle eyes of her trusted friend, the old minister.

George Thayer, with the quick instinct of a stage-driver, was the first to see that she was a stranger.

"Where d' ye wish to go, Ma'am?" said he, stepping towards her.

"Thank you," said Draxy, "I expected some one to meet me," and she looked uneasy; but reassured by the pleasant face, she



went on: "the minister from Clairvend village was to meet me here."

George Thayer said, two hours afterward, in recounting his share of the adventure, "I tell ye, boys, when she said that ye might ha' knocked me down with a feather. I hain't never heard no other woman's voice that's got jest the sound to 't hern has; an' what with that, an' thinkin' how beat the Elder 'd be, an' wonderin' who in thunder she was anyhow, I don't believe I opened my dum lips for a full minute; but she kind o' smiled, and sez she, 'Do you know Mr. Kinney?' and that brought me to, and jest then the Elder he come along, and so I introduced 'em."

It was not exactly an introduction, however. The Elder, entirely absorbed in conjecture as to poor little Draxy's probable whereabouts, stumbled on the platform steps and nearly fell at her very feet, and was recalled to himself only to be plunged into still greater confusion by George Thayer's loud "Hallo! here he is. Here's Elder Kinney. Here's a lady askin' for you, Elder!"

Even yet it did not dawn upon Elder Kinney who this could be; his little golden-haired girl was too vividly stamped on his brain; he looked gravely into the face of this tall and fine-looking young woman and said kindly, "Did you wish to see me, ma'am?"

Draxy smiled. She began to understand. "I am afraid you did not expect to see me so tall, sir," she said. "I am Reuben Miller's daughter,—Draxy," she added, smiling again, but beginning in *her* turn to look confused. Could this erect, vigorous man, with a half-stern look on his dark-bearded face, be the right Mr. Kinney? her minister? It was a moment which neither Elder Kinney nor Draxy ever forgot. The unsentimental but kindly George gave the best description of it which could be given.

"I vow, boys, I jest wish ye could ha' seen our Elder; an' yet, I dunno 's I do wish so, nuther. He stood a twistin' his hat, jest like any o' us, an' he kind o' stammered, an' I don't believe neither on 'em knew a word he said; an' her cheeks kep' gittin' redder 'n redder, an' she looked 's ef she was ready to cry, and yet she couldn't keep from larfin, no how. Ye see she thought he was an old man and he thought she was a little gal, an' somehow 't first they didn't either of 'em feel like nobody; but when I passed 'em in the road, jest out to Four Corners, they was talkin' as easy and nateral

as could be; an' the Elder he looked some like himself, and she—wall, boys, you jest wait till you see her; that's all I've got to say. Ef she ain't a picter!"

The drive to the village seemed long, however, to both Draxy and the Elder. Their previous conceptions of each other had been too firmly rooted to be thus overthrown without a great jar. The Elder felt Draxy's simplicity and childlike truthfulness more and more with each word she spoke; but her quiet dignity of manner was something to which he was unused; to his inexperience she seemed almost a fine lady, in spite of her sweet and guileless speech. Draxy, on the other hand, was a little repelled by the Elder's whole appearance. He was a rougher man than she had known; his pronunciation grated on her ear; and he looked so strong and dark she felt a sort of fear of him. But the next morning, when Draxy came down in her neat calico gown and white apron, the Elder's face brightened.

"Good morning, my child," he said. "You look as fresh as a pink." The tears came into Draxy's eyes at the word "child," said as her father said it.

"I don't look so old then, this morning, do I, sir?" she asked in a pleading tone which made the Elder laugh. He was more himself this morning. All was well. Draxy sat down to breakfast with a lighter heart.

When Draxy was sitting she looked very young. Her face was as childlike as it was beautiful; and her attitudes were all singularly unconscious and free. It was when she rose that her womanhood revealed itself to the perpetual surprise of every one. As breakfast went on the Elder gradually regained his old feeling about her; his nature was as simple, as spontaneous as hers; he called her "child" again several times in the course of the meal. But when at the end of it Draxy rose, tall, erect, almost majestic in her fullness of stature, he felt again singularly removed from her.

"'Ud puzzle any man to say whether she's a child or a woman," said the Elder to himself. But his face shone with pleasure as he walked by her side out into the little front yard. Draxy was speechless with delight. In the golden east stretched a long range of mountains, purple to the top; down in the valley, a mile below the Elder's house, lay the village; a little shining river ran side by side with its main street. To the north were high hills, some dark green and wooded, some of brown pasture land.

"Oh, sir," said Draxy, "is there any other spot in your mountain land so beautiful as this?"

"No, not one," said the Elder, "not one;" and he too looked out silently on the scene.

Presently Draxy exclaimed, with a sigh, "Oh, it makes me feel like crying to think of my father's seeing this!"

"Shall I tell you now about my father, sir?" she continued; "you ought to know all about us, you have been so good."

Then sitting on the low step of the door, while the Elder sat in an arm-chair in the porch, Draxy told the story of her father's life, and, unconsciously, of her own. More than once the Elder wiped his eyes; more than once he rose and walked up and down before the door, gazing with undefined but uncontrollable emotion at this woman telling her pathetic story with the simple-hearted humility of a child. Draxy looked younger than ever curled up in the doorway, with her hands lying idle on her white apron. The Elder was on the point of stroking her hair. Suddenly she rose, and said, "But I am taking too much of your time, sir; will you take me now to see the house you spoke of, which we could hire?" She was again the majestic young woman. The Elder was again thrown back, and puzzled.

He endeavored to persuade her to give up all idea of hiring the house; to make his house their home for the present. But she replied steadfastly, "I must look at the house, sir, before I decide." So they walked down into the village together. Draxy was utterly unconscious of observation, but the Elder knew only too well that every eye of Clairvend was at some window-pane studying his companion's face and figure. All whom they met stared so undisguisedly that, fearing Draxy would be annoyed, he said:

"You mustn't mind the folks staring so at you. You see they've been talkin' the matter all over about the land, an' your comin', for a month, an' it's no more than natural they should want to know how you look;" and he, too, looked admiringly at Draxy's face.

"Oh," said Draxy (it was a new idea to her mind), "I never thought of that."

"I hope they are all glad we are coming, sir," added she, a moment after:

"Oh yes, yes; they're glad enough. 'Taint often anything happens up here, you know, and they've all thought everything of you since your first letter came."

Draxy colored. She had not dreamed of

taking a whole village into her confidence. But she was glad of the friendliness; and she met every inquisitive gaze after this with an open, responsive look of such beaming good-will that she made friends of all whom she saw. One or two stopped and spoke; but most were afraid to do so, unconsciously repelled, as the Elder had been at first, by something in Draxy's dress and bearing which suggested to their extreme inexperience the fine lady. Nothing could have been plainer than Draxy's cheap gray gown; but her dresses always had character: the tiniest knot of ribbon at her throat assumed the look of a decoration; and many a lady for whom she worked had envied her the expression of her simple clothes.

The house would not answer. Draxy shook her head as soon as she saw it, and when the Elder told her that in the spring freshets the river washed into the lower story, she turned instantly away, and said, "Let us go home, sir; I must think of something else."

At dinner Draxy was preoccupied, and anxious. The expression of perplexity made her look older, but no less beautiful. Elder Kinney gazed at her more steadily than he knew; and he did not call her "child" again.

After dinner he took her over the house, explaining to her, at every turn, how useless most of the rooms were to him. In truth, the house was admirably adapted for two families, with the exception that there was but one kitchen. "But that could be built on in a very few days, and would cost very little," said the Elder eagerly. Already all the energies of his strong nature were kindled by the resolve to keep Draxy under his roof.

"I suppose it might be so built that it could be easily moved off and added to our own house when we build for ourselves," said Draxy, reflectively.

"Oh, yes," said the Elder, "no sort of trouble about that," and he glowed with delight. He felt sure that his cause was gained.

But he found Draxy very inflexible upon all points. There was but one arrangement of which she would think for a moment. It was, that the Elder should let to them one-half of his house, and that the two families should be entirely distinct. Until the new kitchen and out-houses were finished, if the Elder would consent to take them as boarders, they would live with him; "otherwise, sir, I must find some one in the village who

will take us," said Draxy in a quiet tone, which Elder Kinney knew instinctively was not to be argued with. It was a novel experience for the Elder in more ways than one. He was used to having his parishioners, especially the women, yield implicitly to his advice. This gentle-voiced girl, who said to him, "Don't you think, sir?" in an appealing tone which made his blood quicken, but who afterward, when she disagreed with him, stood her ground immovably against even entreaties, was a phenomenon in his life. He began to stand in awe of her. When some one said to him on the third day after Draxy's arrival: "Well, Elder, I don't know what she'd ha' done without *you*," he replied emphatically, "Done without me! You'll find out that all Reuben Miller's daughter wants of anybody is jest to let her know exactly how things lay. She ain't beholden to anybody for opinions. She's as trustin' as a baby, while you're tellin' her facts, but I'd like to see anybody make her change her mind about what's best to be done; and I reckon she's generally right; what's more, she's one of the Lord's favorites, an' He ain't above guidin' in small things no mor'n in great."

No wonder Elder Kinney was astonished. In forty-eight hours Draxy had rented one-half of his house, made a contract with a carpenter for the building of a kitchen and out-houses on the north side of it, engaged board at his table for her parents and herself for a month, and hired Bill Sims to be her father's head man for one year. All the while she seemed as modestly grateful to the Elder as if he had done it all for her. On the afternoon of the second day she said to him:—

"Now, sir, what is the nearest place for me to buy our furniture?"

"Why, ain't you goin' to use mine—at least 's far 's it goes?" said the poor Elder. "I thought that was in the bargain."

Draxy looked disturbed. "Oh, how careless of me," she said; "I am afraid nothing was said about it. But we cannot do that; my father would dislike it; and as we must have furniture for our new house, we might as well have it now. I have seven hundred dollars with me, sir; father thought I might decide to buy a house, and have to pay something down."

"Please don't be angry with me," she added pleadingly, for the Elder looked vexed. "You know if I am sure my father would prefer a thing, I *must* do it."

The Elder was disarmed.

"Well, if you are set on buyin' furniture," he said, "I shouldn't wonder if you'd have a chance to buy all you'd want cheap down at Squire Williams's sale in Mill Creek. His wife died the very night your first letter came, an' I heard somebody say he was goin' to sell all out; an' they're always been well-to-do, the Williams's, an' I reckon you'd fancy some o' their things better'n anything you'd get at the stores."

Already the Elder began to divine Draxy's tastes; to feel that she had finer needs than the women he had known. In less than an hour he was at the door with Eben Hill's horse and wagon to take Draxy to Squire Williams's house.

"Jest more o' the same Providence that follows that girl," thought he when he saw Draxy's eyes fairly dilate with pleasure as he led her into the old-fashioned parlor, where the furniture was piled and crowded ready for the auction.

"Oh, will they not cost too much for me, dear Mr. Kinney?" whispered Draxy.

"No, I guess not," he said, "there ain't much biddin' at these sort of sales up here," and he mentally resolved that nothing Draxy wanted should should cost too much for her.

The sale was to be the very next day. Draxy made a careful memorandum of the things she would like to buy. The Elder was to come over and bid them off for her.

"Now you just go over 'em again," said the Elder, "and mark off what you'd like to have if they didn't cost anything, because sometimes things go for 's good 's nothing, if nobody happens to want 'em." So Draxy made a second list, and laughing a little girlish laugh as she handed the papers to the Elder, pointed to the words "must have's" at the head of the first list, and "would-like-to-have's" at the head of the second. The Elder put them both in his breast-pocket, and he and Draxy drove home.

The next night two great loads of Squire Williams's furniture were carried into Elder Kinney's house. As article after article was taken in, Draxy clapped her hands and almost screamed with delight; all her "would-like-to-haves" were there. "Oh, the clock, the clock! Have I really got that too!" she exclaimed, and she turned to the Elder, half crying, and said, "How shall I ever thank you, sir?"

The Elder was uncomfortable. He was in a dilemma. He had not been able to resist buying the clock for Draxy. He dared not tell her what he had paid for it. "She'd

never let me give her a cent's worth, I know that well enough. It would be just like her to make me take it back," thought he. But luckily Draxy was too absorbed in her new riches, all the next day, to ask for her accounts, and by the next night the Elder had deliberately resolved to make false returns on his papers as to the price of several articles. "I'll tell her all about it one o' these days when she knows me better," he comforted himself by thinking; "I never did think Ananias was an out an' out liar. It couldn't be denied that all he did say was true!" and the Elder resolutely and successfully tried to banish the subject from his mind by thinking about Draxy.

The furniture was, much of it, really valuable old mahogany, dark in color and quaint in shape. Draxy could hardly contain herself with delight, as she saw the expression it gave to the rooms; it had cost so little that she ventured to spend a small sum for muslin curtains, new papers, bright chintz, and shelves here and there. When all was finished she herself was astonished at the result. The little home was truly lovely. "Oh, sir, my father has never had a pretty home like this in all his life," said she to the Elder, who stood in the doorway of the sitting-room looking with half-pained wonder at the transformation. He felt, rather than saw, how lovely the rooms looked; he could not help being glad to see Draxy so glad; but he felt removed farther from her by this capacity of her's to create what he could but dimly comprehend. Already he unconsciously weighed all things in new balances; already he began to have a strange sense of humility in the presence of this woman.

Ten days from the day that Draxy arrived in Clairvend she drove over with the Elder to meet her father and mother at the railway station. She had arranged that the Elder should carry her father back in the wagon; she and her mother would go in the stage. She counted much on the long pleasant drive through the woods as an opening to the acquaintance between her father and the Elder. She had been too busy to write any but the briefest letters home, and had said very little about him. To her last note she had added a postscript.

"I am sure you will like Mr. Kinney, father. He is very kind and very good. But he is not old as we thought."

To the Elder she said, as they drove over, "I think you will love my father, sir, and I know you will do him good. But he will not say much at first; you will have to talk,"

and Draxy smiled. The Elder and she understood each other very well.

"I don't think there's much danger o' my not lovin' him," replied the Elder; "by all you tell he must be uncommon lovable." Draxy turned on him such a beaming smile that he could not help adding, "an' I should think his bein' your father was enough."

Draxy looked seriously in his face, and said, "Oh, Mr. Kinney, I'm not anything by side of father."

The Elder's eyes twinkled, but he did not look displeased.

It was a silent but joyful group which gathered around the Elder's tea-table that night.

Reuben and Jane were tired, bewildered, but their eyes rested on Draxy with perpetual smiles. Draxy also smiled more than she spoke. The Elder felt himself half out of place and wished to go away, but Draxy looked grieved at his proposal to do so, and he stayed. But nobody could eat, and old Nancy, who had spent her utmost resources on the supper, was cruelly disappointed. She bustled in and out on various pretences, but at last could keep silence no longer. "Seems to me ye've dreadful slim appetites for folks that's been travelin' all day. Perhaps ye don't like yer victuals," she said, glancing sharply at Reuben.

"Oh yes, madam, yes," said poor Reuben, nervously, "everything is very nice; much nicer than I am used to."

Draxy laughed out loud. "My father never eats when he is tired, Nancy. You'll see how he'll eat to-morrow."

After Nancy had left the room, Reuben wiped his forehead, and Draxy laughed out again in spite of herself. Old Nancy had been so kind and willing in helping her. She had grown fond of her; and had quite forgotten her father's dread. When Reuben bade Draxy good-night, he said under his breath, "I like your Elder very much, daughter; but I don't know how I'm ever goin' to stand livin' with that Injun."

"My Elder," said Draxy to herself as she went up-stairs, "he's everybody's Elder—and the Lord's most of all I think," and she went to sleep thinking of the solemn words which she had heard him preach on the last Sunday.

It was marvelous how soon the life of the new household adjusted itself; how full the days were, and how swift. The summer was close upon them; Reuben's old farmer's instincts and habits revived in full force. Bill Sims proved a most efficient helper; he



had been Draxy's sworn knight, from the moment of her first interview with him. There would be work on Reuben's farm for many hands, but Reuben was in no haste. The sugar camp assured him of an income which was wealth to their simple needs; and he wished to act advisedly and cautiously in undertaking new enterprises. All the land was wild land—much of it deep swamps. The maple orchard was the only part immediately profitable. The village people came at once to see them. Everybody was touched by Jane's worn face and gentle ways; her silence did not repel them; everybody liked Draxy too, and admired her, but many were a little afraid of her. The village men had said that she was "the smartest woman that had ever set foot in Clairvend village," and human nature is human nature. It would take a great deal of Draxy's kindly good-will to make her sister women forgive her for being cleverer than they. Draxy and Reuben were inseparable. They drove; they walked; even into the swamps courageous Draxy penetrated with her father and Bill Sims, as they went about surveying the land; and it was Draxy's keen instinct which in many cases suggested where improvements could be made.

In the mean time Elder Kinney's existence had become transformed. He dared not admit to himself how much it meant; this new delight in simply being alive, for back of his delight lurked a desperate fear; he dared not move. Day after day he spent more and more time in the company of Draxy and her father. Reuben and he were fast becoming close friends. Reuben's gentle, trustful nature found repose in the Elder's firm, sturdy downrightness, much as it had in Captain Melville's; and the Elder would have loved Reuben if he had not been Draxy's father. But to Draxy he seemed to draw no nearer. She was the same frank, affectionate, merry, puzzling woman-child that she had been at first; but as he saw more and more how much she knew of books which he did not know, of people and affairs of which he had never heard—how fluently, graciously, and even wisely she could talk, he felt himself cut off from her. Her sweet, low tones and distinct articulation tortured him while they fascinated him; they seemed so to set her apart. In fact, every separate charm she possessed produced in the poor Elder's humble heart a mixture of delight and pain which could not be analyzed and could not long be borne.

He exaggerated all his own defects of man-

ner, and speech, and education; he felt uncomfortable in Draxy's presence, in spite of all the affectionate reverence with which she treated him; he said to himself fifty times a day, "It's only my bein' o' *me*." The Elder was fast growing wretched.

But Draxy was happy. She was still in some ways more child than woman. Her peculiar training had left her imagination singularly free from fancies concerning love and marriage. The Elder was a central interest in her life; she would have said instantly and cordially that she loved him dearly. She saw him many times every day; she knew all his outgoings and incomings; she knew the first step of his foot on the threshold; she felt that he belonged to them, and they to him. But as a woman thinks of the man whose wife she longs to be, Draxy had never once thought of Elder Kinney.

But when the new kitchen was finished, and the Millers entered on their separate house-keeping, a change came. As Reuben and Jane and Draxy sat down for the first time alone together at their tea-table, Reuben said cheerily:—

"Now this seems like old times. This is nice."

"Yes," replied Jane. Draxy did not speak. Reuben looked at her. She colored suddenly, violently, and said with desperate honesty:

"Yes, father; but I can't help thinking how lonely Mr. Kinney must be."

"Well, I declare," said Reuben, conscience-stricken; "I suppose he must be; I hate to think on't. But we'll have him in here 's often 's he'll come."

Just the other side of the narrow entry sat the Elder, leaning both his elbows on the table, and looking over at the vacant place where the night before, and for thirty nights before, Draxy had sat. It was more than he could bear. He sprang up, and, leaving his supper untasted, walked out of the house.

Draxy heard him go. Draxy had passed within that moment into a new world. She divined all.

"He hasn't eaten any supper," thought she; and she listened intently to hear him come in again. The clock struck ten, he had not returned! Draxy went to bed, but she could not sleep. The little house was still; the warm white moonlight lay like summer snow all over it; Draxy looked out of her window; the Elder was slowly coming up the hill; Draxy knelt down like a little



child and said, "God bless him," and crept back to bed. When she heard him shut his bedroom door she went to sleep.

The next day, Draxy's eyes did not look as they had looked the day before. When Elder Kinney first saw her, she was coming down stairs. He was standing at the foot, and waited to say "Good morning." As he looked up at her, he started back and exclaimed: "Why, Draxy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter, sir," said Draxy, as she stepped from the last stair, and standing close in front of him, lifted the new, sweet, softened eyes up to his. Draxy was as simple and sincere in this as in all other emotions and acts of her life. She had no coquetry in her nature. She had no distinct thought either of a new relation between herself and the Elder. She simply felt a new oneness with him; and she could not have understood what any one meant who should have suggested to her the idea of concealment. If Elder Kinney had been a man of the world, he would have folded Draxy to his heart in that instant. If he had been even a shade less humble and self-distrustful, he would have done it, as it was. But he never dreamed that he might. He folded his empty arms very tight over his faithful, aching, foolish heart, and tried to say calmly and naturally, "Are you sure? Seems to me you don't look quite well."

But after this morning he never felt quite without hope. He could not tell precisely why. Draxy did not seek him, did not avoid him. She was perhaps a little less merry; said fewer words; but she looked glad, and more than glad. "I think it's the eyes," he said to himself again and again, as he tried to analyze the new look on Draxy's face which gave him hope. These were sweet days. There are subtle joys for lovers who dwell side by side in one house, together and yet apart. The very air is loaded with significance to them—the door, the window, the stairway. Always there is hope of meeting; always there is consciousness of presence; everywhere a mysterious sense of the loved one's having passed by. More than once Seth Kinney knelt and laid his cheek on the stairs which Draxy's feet had just ascended! Often sweet, guileless Draxy thought, as she went up and down, "Ah, the dear feet that go over these stairs." One day the Elder, as he passed by the wall of the room where he knew Draxy was sitting, brushed his great hand and arm against it so heavily that she started, thinking he had stumbled. But as the firm step went on

without pausing, she smiled, she hardly knew why. The next time he did it she laid down her work, locked and unlocked her hands, and looking toward the door, whispered under her breath, "Dear hands!" Finally this became almost a habit of his; he never supposed Draxy would hear it; but he felt, as he afterwards told her, "like a great affectionate dog going by her door, and that was all he could do. He would have liked to lie down on the rug."

These were very sweet days; spite of his misgivings, Elder Kinney was happy; and Draxy, in spite of her unconsciousness, seemed to herself to be living in a blissful dream. But a sweeter day came.

One Saturday evening, Reuben said to Draxy:

"Daughter, I've done somethin' I'm afraid 'll trouble you. I've told th' Elder about your verses, an' showed him the hymn you wrote when you was tryin' to give it all up about the land."

"Oh, father, how could you," gasped Draxy; and she looked as if she would cry.

Reuben could not tell just how it happened. It seemed to have come out before he knew it, and after it had, he could not help showing the hymn.

Draxy was very seriously disturbed; but she tried to conceal it from her father, and the subject dropped.

The next morning Elder Kinney preached—it seemed to his people—as he never preached before. His subject was self-renunciation, and he spoke as one who saw the palms of the martyrs waving and heard their shouts of joy. There were few dry eyes in the little meeting-house. Tears rolled down Draxy's face. But she looked up suddenly, on hearing Elder Kinney say, in an unsteady voice,

"My bretherin, I'm goin' to read to you now a hymn, which comes nigher to expressin' my idea of the kind of resignation God likes than any hymn that's ever been written or printed in any hymn-book;" and then he began:

"I cannot think but God must know," etc.

Draxy's first feeling was one of resentment; but it was a very short-lived one. The earnest tone, the solemn stillness of the wondering people, the peaceful summer air floating in at the open windows,—all lifted her out of herself, and made her glad to hear her own hymn read by the man she loved, for the worship of God. But her surprise was still greater when the choir began to

sing the lines to a quaint old Methodist tune. They had been provided with written copies of the hymn, and had practiced it so faithfully that they sung it well. Draxy broke down and sobbed for a few moments, so that Elder Kinney was almost on the point of forgetting everything, and springing to her side. He had not supposed that anything in the world could so overthrow Draxy's composure. But he did not know how much less strong her nerves were now than they had been two months before.

After church, Draxy walked home alone very rapidly. She did not wish to see any one. She was glad that her father and mother had not been there. She could not understand the tumult of her feelings.

At twilight, she stole out of the back door of the house, and walked down to a little brook which ran near by. As she stood leaning against a young maple tree she heard steps, and, without looking up, knew that the Elder was coming. She did not move nor speak. He waited some minutes in silence. Then he said: "Oh, Draxy! I never once thought o' painin' you! I thought you'd like it. Hymns are made to be sung, dear; and that one o' yours is so beautiful!" He spoke as gently as her father might, and in a voice she hardly knew. Draxy made no reply. The Elder had never seen her like this. Her lips quivered, and he saw tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Draxy, do look up at me—just once! You don't know how hard it is for a man to think he's hurt anybody—like you!" stammered the poor Elder, ending his sentence quite differently from what he had intended.

Draxy smiled through her tears, and looking up, said: "But I am *not* hurt, Mr. Kin-

ney; I don't know what I am crying for, sir;" and her eyes fell again.

The Elder looked down upon her in silence. Moments passed. "Oh, if I could make her look up at me again!" he thought. His unspoken wish stirred her veins; slowly she lifted her eyes; they were calm now, and unutterably loving. They were more than the Elder could bear."

"Oh, Draxy, Draxy!" exclaimed he, stretching out both his arms towards her.

"My heart grows weaker and more weak  
With looking on the thing so dear  
Which lies so far, and yet so near!"

Slowly, very slowly, like a little child learning to walk, with her eyes full of tears, but her mouth smiling, Draxy moved towards the Elder. He did not stir, partly because he could not, but partly because he could not lose one instant of the deliciousness of seeing her, feeling her come.

When they went back to the house, Reuben was sitting in the porch. The Elder took his hand and said:

"Mr. Miller, I meant to have asked you first; but God didn't give me time."

Reuben smiled.

"You've 's good 's asked me a good while back, Elder; an' I take it you haint ever had much doubt what my answer 'd be." Then, as Draxy knelt down by his chair and laid her head on his shoulder, he added more solemnly:

"But I'd jest like once to say to ye, Elder, that if ever I get to Heaven, I wouldn't ask anythin' more o' the Lord than to let me see Draxy 'n' you a comin' in together, an' lookin' as you looked jest now when ye come in 't that gate!"

THE END.

## HARKER AND BLIND.

HENRY HARKER was living in the front room on the second floor when I went to board in the hall room on the fourth, at Blatchford's, 99 Clay street. He had been there longer than any one then in the house, and he was in the same room when Blind came, two years later. He was a tall, well-made fellow, with a good address, and by long odds the cleverest head in the house. No one in the house knew more of him than what they saw; I thought Blatchford knew as much of him as anybody. He had

an office in North street, where he was never seen to do much but read and smoke; but he never seemed to want for money, though he did not appear to spend a great deal nor to care to.

He was exceedingly pleasant company by reason of a certain quiet, humorous, satirical flow of talk that was endlessly amusing. With the appearance of entire frankness and carelessness, Harker was the most thoroughly reserved person I ever saw. He would answer any question asked of

him, though I noticed that nobody seemed to put many questions to him, and you might talk with him a whole evening without imagining that all the frankness was on your side. But when you came to think it over in bed the next morning, you found you knew no more of Harker than before, though you suspected that he knew considerably more of you.

There was one point upon which we all took offense, and made common cause against him; that was his intolerance of all sentiment, and his scornful incredulity as to superior honor and purity of women over men. Now the majority of the young men who made the floating population of the house had pictures of girls which they carefully kept out of sight, and which generally happened to be seen by some of us before they had been long in the house. We were somehow made aware that the fair ones represented in various graceful and languishing attitudes were sweet upon the owners of the cards. One or two, I remember thinking, had the superior advantage of having been chosen from a careful; but however that was, the two or three unfortunates of us were secretly more or less envious of those favorites of fortune, which may account for the ungenerous opinion just advanced. However, we all belonged to one class or the other except Harker, and he was quite content to form a third class by himself, and was more than a match, with his coolness and keen perception of weak and ridiculous phases, for all of us together. Any bit of sentiment or sentimentality that fell out in his presence met with such sharp and derisive handling as brought most of us to sword-points with him sooner or later, though we soon learned prudence by experience. His temper was marvelously cool and well controlled, and he was never the one who came out of the battle second best, and hot and red in the face. He offended one or two of the fellows so deeply by good-humored derision and mockery of some soft speech, that they would not speak to him, and passed by him with their heads in the air and blind on one side. But he enjoyed this performance so evidently, took off to their faces their airs of indignation and offended dignity, and was so easily superior to their favor or scorn, that they found it unprofitable, and soon came over.

Harker seemed to have a sort of liking for me; preferred to sit and walk with me if I was at hand, and that was about all. He kept me at arm's length, as he did every-

body, and without showing his hand; and I, in my more bungling way, kept him outside certain bounds. I would as soon have put my arm in a bear's embrace as have trusted my love or faith, or anything I valued much, to Harker's clever handling; so I walked and talked and laughed with him when I and he were so minded, and I kept my treasures under lock and key beside him. I liked him, and relished exceedingly the acidity and sharpness of flavor in him, and I studied him as a curious human puzzle. I knew him two years, as I said, before Blind came, and I knew him no more then than at the end of the first week.

Several of us were sitting together in Pickering's room one night when Blatchford came up and told us about a young fellow who was going to take Scrimzer's room when he left for the West next week. Blatchford had known young Blind's father, now dead, and his mother wanted to put him in there to board. But he didn't know how to manage for him till Scrimzer left, unless somebody would take him in.

I told Blatchford I could take him as well as not if he was one of the patent kind that shut up like an umbrella or pushed in like a telescope. Harker looked round over his shoulder, and said:

"I'll take him, Blatchford!"

The landlord hesitated and appeared to be a little surprised; it did not seem to have occurred to him that Harker might take the fellow. And certainly Harker was hardly the kind of person a fond mother would choose to form an ingenuous youth. He was uncommonly rough in his talk, and usually went straight at what he meant, with very little regard to what he trod on or in. I don't say that we found fault with him, for, indeed, I suppose we had little right to throw stones at him. However, I think we were all a little surprised as well as the host when Harker spoke:

"Don't bite, eh?" Harker said. "Think I'd spoil him?"

"Well, you see, he's only a youngster, and his mother kind of expects me to keep an eye on him, you know," answered the landlord. "Now if you'd—"

"Well, fetch the chap along," Harker broke in. "We'll play light on him. I'll talk out of the *Pilgrim's Progress* when he's round, and Broomy can come in mornings and nights and hear him his catechism."

Blind came the next day, and lodged with Harker that week. He was a slight young fellow, with a clear complexion and a merry

face, a quick step and a ringing laugh. He was shy at first, but very soon was on easy terms with every one in the house, and every one with him. He was the frankest little fellow, that Ary, as we all came to call him before long. He had a clerkship in a tea-house in Smith street, Taylor, Leake & Company, and he sent something regularly home to his mother and sister, Annie, in Jay county. We all knew that within two weeks, and a great deal more. A framed photograph of a nice-looking girl appeared on surly old Scrimzer's wall soon after that gentleman went West. Ary used to be singing a catch a good deal on the stairs and about, in those early days.

"Rosy, rosy, rosy red,  
Rosy on the heather,"

and perhaps it was from this that we found out before long that the nice-looking girl was Miss Rosa Redfield, of Sedley, Jay county, and that she was the writer of certain white little letters that lay on Ary's table at pretty regular intervals.

I was curious to see how Harker would act toward the chattering little fellow, and I must own that I was surprised. Ary naturally made his acquaintance first, rooming with him the first week or two, and he conceived an immense liking and admiration for Harker, and talked with him in a confidential way that none of the rest of us would have dared upon or thought possible. The first time I saw them together after the first strangeness had rubbed off, Ary was rattling away to some of us in Harker's room, and appealed to Harker in a simply surprising manner. And when I expected that Harker would have taken his cigar out of his mouth and burst out laughing immoderately and scoffed at the foolish fellow, he only nodded and smiled in a quizzical, somewhat puzzled way, and let him chatter on. He seemed to regard Ary as he might a pet kitten, watching with amusement its present antics, and wondering what it will be at next. He kept his promise to Blatchford, and was quite guarded in his talk before the boy.

By tacit agreement, he took Ary more or less under his care, and undertook to introduce him to the sights and wonders of the town; and before a great while Ary came to regard and talk of the gaslight gayeties of the city with a knowing, behind-the-scenes air, that was a very comical burlesque of his cynical friend's habit of looking through the best designed glare and padding to the dingy

sham often enough behind them. Perhaps that was not the best way of looking at things, but one does not find it difficult to imagine worse ones that a fellow of Ary's make might have taken up. Harker was no angel, and he did not pretend that he was even to Ary, but somehow Ary went uncommonly straight that summer and fall, and without any special native stiffness of spine or bias toward straight paths.

I was out with Harker one night,—it was just before the holidays, and the first time I had been out with him in a long while. The shop-windows were brilliant with their Christmas display, and we looked in at some of them and walked along slowly, Harker entertaining himself and me with a running commentary, sharp, witty, unsparing and very amusing, upon the people we met. I had my own opinion of what he said, especially of the women, but there was reason enough in his satire, and I knew better than to cross him: so I made my own reserves, said little and laughed a good deal.

We had stopped on a corner to let a carriage go rushing by through the slush of last night's snow, when, happening to look across the street, I saw two persons walking the other way.

"Come on, Broom," said Harker, and stepped out over the gutter. I pulled him back and pointed across.

"Hark," I said, "who's that?"

He looked over, and then bent down to get a better view. "It's Ary," he said; "that's too condemned bad." He followed them with his eyes, then threw away his cigar. "Broom," he said, "let's take him home."

We walked up a block and crossed over and came up behind him. Ary looked round and recognized us; flushing up, he demanded where we were going.

"We're going for you," answered Harker.

I took him by one arm and Harker by the other, and we turned him round and started down the street. He showed some resistance at first, but soon yielded and walked quietly with us. Arriving at the house, we all three went straight up to Ary's room. Harker sat down by the table and took up a paper lying there, and I threw myself on the bed. This position soon became rather awkward, and, to set things going, I asked Ary to bring out the cards—I wanted to try that trick again. He threw down the pack, and I was just going to get up, when Harker looked up and saw the girl's picture opposite on the wall. He got up, then stepped over



and turned the picture with its face to the wall. I declare it made me jump. Ary stood up and put his hands on the back of the chair and shook from head to foot. He opened on Harker then, and fairly raved at him.

"Oh, he was a saint, he was! Didn't the pot think the kettle black? and wasn't Satan down upon sin? Oh, it made him sick. He was a sweet one to turn mentor and parson, wasn't he? He was no saint and he didn't pretend to be, but he wasn't a sneak and a hypocrite, and he'd be consigned to perdition if he'd have us two in his place. We had better move on, we had; we weren't wanted there, and if we didn't move, we'd get some help," and he faced up to Harker and blustered and threatened to strike him. Harker leaned back against the wall imperturbably, and heard him through; and when Ary bristled up and menaced him with his fists, he put his hands on the fellow's shoulders and pushed him back into his chair and threw himself into another opposite:

"Look here, Ary," he said; "because I've been a condemned fool, ain't that rather a queer reason for your going to the devil too?" And he got up and went out, and I went with him. He came into my room and lighted a cigar, and smoked a while, leaning on the window, and went away without a word.

I went into Ary's room the next night as if nothing had happened. He had evidently thought better of it by daylight and with a cool head, and was glad to have me come in. A new white envelope, I noticed, lay on his table, and doubtless this had something to do with the change. We heard a step coming, and Ary looked up and said to me: "It's Hark, Broom; call him in."

I called him and he came in, and we chatted and had a game of something and parted good friends again. Harker went out of town the next day and was away till about the middle of January. I was in Ary's room when Harker came in on his return. The picture was still hanging as he had turned it—with its face to the wall. He saw it the first thing, and went straight over and turned it back before he came to shake hands. Ary went very straight after that, and took, I thought, a firmer and more reserved and manly tone.

It was in June again, I think, that Ary brought down to dinner one evening a couple of his country friends. They were loud, loutish fellows, brassy and slangy, and anything but like Ary, who indeed seemed

rather ashamed of them. They had been clerking since Ary knew them in a provincial town, and had apparently got no good there. They were in the city for a day or two, and Ary was showing them around. The second evening after that, I came in about ten, and found that Harry Furness could not find his new silk hat. He had come home to dress to go out with some company, and hunted high and low for his hat until he was too late to keep his appointment, and so had stayed in rather out of humor. He thought that the hat must be stolen. I went down to his room and found Harry and Pickering there, and we sat talking till quite late. They said Harker had been in asking for Ary, and had gone out again. Ary had gone out with his friends right away after dinner. We sat a good while talking, and I was about going up when we heard the hall door shut and a step on the stairs. Then Ary came in, looked round at us, and folded his arms. His face was flushed, and his eyes wild and bright, and Harry's new silk hat was on his head. He evidently thought he was in his own room, which was directly overhead; and he must have made the same mistake once before since he first went out that night.

"Look here, you fellows, get out of this," he began; "kite now. This is my place, and I don't want you. Come now, travel!" and he squared off and wanted to fight us, blustered and danced around us; then he dashed down Harry's shining hat on the floor and put his boot square through the crown. I thought he was shamming till then; his gait and talk were as straight and steady as any man's. But he was not shamming; he was raving crazy. Three of us tried to carry him off to his own room, but could not; he broke from us and knocked us about in the most reckless way. Afterward he became quieter and we put him to bed with Harry. He lay still a minute or two at first, and then rolled over and pulled the clothes off Harry, and when Harry tried to get them back he turned over suddenly and gave him such a slap as made him scream.

In the night I woke with a start and jumped out of bed. Going to the door of my room, I asked: "Who's there?"

"It's me—Harry. Open the door," was the low answer.

Harry was there in the dim hallway, in his shirt and pantaloons.

"Come down, Broom," he said; "Ary's



been rolling and talking and grinding his teeth all night, and now he's sleeping so I can't wake him."

I could not see any reason to want to till I went down. Then I tried to wake him, too, and could not. I put my ear to his mouth and breast. Harry was very pale when I looked up.

"Is he dead?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said; "rub him."

I ran down and out into the street, and down two blocks for Dr. Marsh. I remember hearing the clocks strike four as I waited. I told the doctor about it as we went along, and he asked one or two questions. Coming near the house, I saw some one going up the steps, and he came down when he saw us, and then I saw it was Harker.

"Is that you, Broom? What's the matter now?" he said. "Have you seen Ary?"

"Yes, yes; come up and see," and I ran past him and up the stairs. Ary was lying there perfectly still: exactly as if he was dead. The doctor examined him a minute and went out; Harker threw off his coat and began rubbing him like mad. Presently the doctor came running up again with some articles, and Squibbs, the druggist's clerk, from the corner. They took no notice of us, but went straight at their fight with death. It was a close fight, but they won. By-and-by Ary opened his eyes, and looked out of them sane and alive. But he was taken down fearfully by the experience of that night, and he sank into a low fever after it, his mind wandering weakly in the fog of delirium for a long time. He talked a great deal, the name of the girl, Miss Redfield, mixing in an odd jumble with all sorts of irrelevant things, and constantly recurring. It seemed to fret him a good deal, and it was quite pitiful to sit by and hear him maundering about the girl by the hour in that low, weak way. They were all very good to him in the house, though some of the ladies asked rather troublesome questions at first, but we put them off with the first thing that came, which was perhaps as near the truth as we knew. After a while I began to feel doubtful about Ary, and though I had every confidence in Dr. Marsh, I thought he began to doubt too. Ary's sister was sick at home at the time, and we did not like to give his mother a new anxiety if it could be helped. So we put off writing to her about him.

One night I was watching by Ary when the doctor came in. He counted Ary's

pulse, and examined his medicines and the rest. He seemed out of humor and impatient, and said nothing to me. Taking a slip, he wrote a new prescription, left it lying on the table, and stood up. Ary was in one of his talking moods, restless and wandering, blundering in all directions of thought, and arriving nowhere, but always coming back to maunder about Miss Redfield in a hundred grotesque connections. The doctor stood looking down at him a good while with stern, intent face. Suddenly he turned to me and asked:

"Who is this Rosy?"

I pointed to the picture on the wall behind him. He went over and looked at it sharply; then he turned back and took up the prescription he had written, and tore it across and across.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

"No; she lives in the country."

"Can you bring her here?"

"I don't know. I can see."

"What is her name?"

"Rosa Redfield."

He took another slip and sat down to write. He wrote and pushed over the slip, and I read it:

"It is my opinion that the young man, Ary Blind, lying sick in my care at 99 Clay Street, will die, unless Miss Rosa Redfield can be brought to see him and can quiet him by her presence.

JAMES L. MARSH, M.D.

June 17, 18—."

I hunted up Blatchford and got a note from him inclosing the doctor's slip. I was in Sedley, Jay County, a little after sunrise the next morning, and found the house I wanted. Miss Redfield looked scared when she read the message, but she made no ado. She was a quiet little person, erect, and quick in her motions, and trim in her plain morning dress; self-constrained and reserved, and I thought I saw a good deal of decision in the way she glanced and spoke, though she said very little. She went out and told the family, and her father came in and talked to me; and then Miss Rosa came and said she would be glad to accept my offer to accompany her to the city. We came away directly and arrived in town at two. I left the young lady at a friend's in Blair Street and ran down to the office. When I looked in at Ary's room that night he was sleeping like an infant, and Miss Redfield sitting by the bed holding his hand.

She came in every day and took care of him, and he fretted no more while she was with him, and presently lost his restlessness altogether. Harker had been with Ary more than any of us from the first, having more leisure, and I was curious to see how he would act toward the little lady. He never went voluntarily into the society of ladies, but took frequent occasion to amuse himself at the expense of their foibles and follies, and ridicule such of the young fellows as professed to find pleasure in their parties and sociables.

In Miss Redfield's company now he seemed to take his cue from her; did any little service she required with a quick eye and light hand, was merely polite and respectful and entirely simple and well-bred. For her part the little lady bore herself in the most modest, yet thoroughly self-reliant, manner. Her coming and going and presence in the house were equally quiet; her touch was light and her voice low, and she said very little indeed. She pleased all by her address when our paths crossed hers, but never went out of her way to meet or avoid us, and was no more than polite to any one of us. She took it for granted that we were gentlemen and treated us as such; we had one link with her in our common friendship for Ary, she seemed to say, and so far were friends, but beyond that we were strangers and had no right to presume upon our forced association at that one point. And we all admired her immensely, and were jealous of Harker's greater acquaintance with her, though she certainly showed him no special favor.

"Harker's met his match," said Harry one night. "He don't laugh at her; she's as up and down as he is, and he's sharp enough to know it. There's no mincing about her; she hangs out no flag. She don't walk on her toes and perk herself up. She stands up straight and says what she means, and a girl ain't worth much that can't do that."

Harker scarcely spoke of her at all, and she was the first woman who ever came to that house whose manners and morals escaped more or less sharp handling from him. Ary was out of danger, and Miss Redfield came in every afternoon now, and Harker was often there when she came, or would drop in afterward, just as he had from the first before she came. Two or three times she was caught in the dusk, and once or twice it came on to rain, and Harker could not help seeing her to Blair Street safe and dry.

She went back home presently, and some days after Blatchford told me he had a letter from her with a note for Ary, which she wished him to get when he was quite strong again. Ary picked up rapidly and got about the house, and then went down one day to his counter in Smith Street. A day or two later I was going up stairs a while after dinner and stepped into Ary's room. Harker was sitting there with his hat on, smoking, and an open letter was lying on the table. Ary lay stretched on his face on the bed, his arms crossed above his head, and perfectly still. Harker put his finger to his lips and motioned me to go out, and I went away. Harker came up presently and sat on the edge of my bed, still smoking.

"Well," I said, "what now?"

"She's gone back on him, Broomy; somebody's blabbed. She knows all we do, and thinks she knows a good deal more."

Ary was very still for a day or two after that, and not pleasant. Then he took another humor, talked and laughed loudly, and knocked things about, caring little whether he broke them or not. He became pretty wild in those weeks and saw most that was going on. He was coming up from breakfast one morning as I went down, and he came and hugged me, and said I was a brick, and that I was drunk and I knew I was. I tried to keep him from going to the store in that state, but could do nothing with him. Some time after that he came into our firm's office about noon one day and told me he had been turned off. He was sober enough then, and looked bad. When he went out, I ran over to Harker's place and told him. "You had better go and speak to Lake, Broomy," he said. "They are good men, and you can't expect them to want a fellow coming there like that. But if you show them how it is they may give him another try, and maybe this'll scare him into keeping straight. I'd go myself, but I don't make up very smooth, you know, and like enough I'd spoil it."

So I went and put the case to Mr. Lake. He was an old Quaker, and easily persuaded. I promised him that Ary should not repeat the offense, and got him another chance. Harker and I carried him off after dinner that night and told him what I had done and promised. He was very thankful and penitent, and vowed he would not go back on me, and I must give him the credit to say that no more complaints came from that quarter.

Harker kept pretty close by him and tried

to keep him in hand, but not in the old way, and not with the old success. Since Ary's scrape, Harker was not just the fellow he had been. His temper became brittle, and the unflinching coolness and good spirits that had been his strong points were not to be taken for granted now. He was as indifferent to us and our opinion as ever; he would fall to thinking by himself, sitting among us, and sit sucking or gnawing the butt of a cigar by the hour, and pay no more regard to us than if he had been in his own room alone,—and then go off without speaking. He would turn suddenly savage out of the merriest humor, and answer the simplest question with a curse and "how should he know?" But he showed his fractious humor most of all to Ary, was domineering, reasonable, and even gentle with him by turns, tried to drive him, and lead him, and coax him turn about, or all together. And Ary, of course, resented his harshness and bitterness, and gave as good as he got. They had some pretty hot scenes, enough to have made kindness impossible forever between any other two. But Harker always went back as if nothing had happened, and insisted on ignoring any quarrel; and Ary was quick hot and quick over it. However, Harker did exercise a certain restraint upon Ary, and I used to think that the girl's face was always before the little fellow's eyes (though since the night he got that last letter it had disappeared from his wall), and scared him into keeping within certain bounds. Still there was a wild spirit in him in those days that led him a pretty mad dance of it.

Harker himself was a puzzle we could none of us make out. He was as easily superior to the rest of us as ever, and he made it felt now in many little ways not pleasant. He kept apart more, or with Ary only, and his waspish temper and sharp, ironical tongue made some of the fellows keep out of his way. Harry came in one night and sat awhile with me before going to bed.

"Broom," he said, "I wonder who Harker knows in Turner street?"

"Brodhead, the iron man," I answered, "over by Thoroughfare. Why?"

"Knows somebody else besides Brodhead," said Harry. "I saw him go into 273, near Bell, to-night. Brody has seen him going that way two or three times lately. He never used to, I'm certain."

I was out one evening after that, and turned into Thoroughfare just as Harker came up from below. We walked along

together talking, and by-and-by came to the crossing at Turner street.

"Good-night, Broomy," he says, "this is my way;" and he turned off toward Bell street.

It was in September, I think, that Ary made the acquaintance of the young Cuban, Lozer. He was a large, swarthy, hot-tempered fellow, flush of money and fond of play. He took a great fancy for Ary, and Ary undertook to show him the town and teach him the game of billiards, which part of his education had been neglected upon the family plantation. Ary had no money himself, but he was quite willing to play as long as some one else paid, and he and the Cuban arranged it on those terms. They were together every night almost, and for the first time Ary did actually draw away from Harker. I thought no good would come of it, though there was no special vice or crookedness in the Cuban, as far as I could see.

One night in November I was reading pretty late, alone in my airy room, when Harker came up and looked in. He had on his hat and overcoat, and there was something unusual about him, I could not say just what.

"Broomy," he said, "come out and help me look for Ary?"

I asked no questions, but put on my coat and went with him.

I asked him if he had seen Ary that night, and he said "No," he had been looking for him. He seemed to be rather blue, and to have come for me from feeling lonely or low-spirited. It was the first time I ever knew him to want anything to lean on. We looked in first at the "Albion" billiard-rooms in French street, but found no one we knew there.

"Harry saw him in Flaxman's about nine," he said. "I suppose he is with that black Creole.—I don't know what's the matter with me to-night, Broomy; I'm stumped about Ary."

We looked into half-a-dozen places, and walked a good way; we finally concluded he was probably at home in bed, and we turned that way ourselves. We had been pretty silent; Harker was moody, and I went with him and let him have his own way. He took my arm as we turned back, and presently began to talk.

"I don't know what's come over me lately, Broom. I didn't use to mind about anything. But this boy and one or two things have shook me up."

I was thinking whether I knew what the one or two things were, and whether his new Bell street acquaintance was one of them, when he went on, as much to himself as me: "It's too bad about Ary, Broom. But I'm hanged if I see any way out of this snarl of his; and I ain't quite sure it ought to be unraveled. She's got three times his head, and he ain't half good enough for her; I never saw a man who was. But she thinks he's gone to the bad. She don't know anything about it. If he's black, I'd like to know where you'll look for white, and what color we are. They're fenced round so, girls are; half of them don't know what temptation means, and there's no virtue without that, I guess. If they did there'd be more bad and good and a sight less shilly-shally. I don't say anything against Miss Redfield, and I wouldn't have her less stern in her pride. No, no! we've seen enough of that. And yet she could make a good little man of Ary with a turn of her hand, and here he is going to pieces with this condemned Creole, and no way out of it that I can see. This is the hangdest muddle of a world."

I wondered at his heat and impatience.

We walked down Thoroughfare. When we came to Turner street, Harker turned off to the left, two or three blocks out of our way. I noticed that he looked up at a house near the corner of Bell, and that the windows were all dark. We turned down Bell toward home again, and Harker began talking about Miss Redfield once more, praising her cleverness, her simplicity, her gentleness and sternness alike to Ary, her goodness and grace. It was strange enough to hear him and think of him as I had known him till now.

"Broom," he said, "if I had known a girl like that when I was Ary's age, I think I'd have been some good. I thought I knew one once, but that's a long while ago. I never told any one about that before, Broomy. I'm a regular spoon to-night. I thought they were all like her since then, and I've seen a good many no better. I used to laugh at all kinds and didn't mind a great deal. I knew there were ten men in ten thousand who wouldn't lie or steal or go back on a mate, and if I hadn't known that I don't see what there would have been to hold on to."

He said no more, and we walked on in pretty sober thought. Turning a corner we almost stumbled over a woman who came in our way. The incident jarred on my humor, and I cursed her and pushed her aside. Harker pulled me by the arm.

"Let her alone, Broom," he said quickly, and turned and spoke to her.

"Go home now, will you? and for God's sake get out of this."

He came on and I looked round at him, wondering.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"Know her?" he cried out. "No: I never saw her before. — it, Broom; she's a woman, ain't she? You and I have no right to curse her."

I was going to whistle, but did not. We went on in silence and apart. We did not speak again till we came to the corner of French street.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I'll just run over and look in at the 'Albion' again."

I left him on the corner and ran across. It was very late and the bar was closed. From the street door and through the inner one, I could see the long billiard-room behind. There were only two men in the place, playing at the farther end. The gas-light fell on them broadly; one was a big fellow in his shirt sleeves, with a dark skin, and the other was smaller, with his coat on and his back turned toward me. They were quarreling. I saw them brandishing their arms and pointing with their cues, and their raised voices came to me through the rooms and the glass of the door. Then they were silent, bending toward the table, and the big one took careful aim with his cue and shot. The slight fellow threw up his head, and I heard his high, derisive laugh ring out. The dark man bent forward, took up one of the ivory balls and flung it at Blind's head. Ary dropped, and the ball struck a pillar behind him with a sharp sound and shivered on the floor. Quick as light he sprang up and clubbed his cue and struck the Cuban across the face. Lozer reeled back and his right hand leaped straight to his hip. I saw it and shuddered, but Ary saw it too, and sprang upon him and pinned his arms to his side.

"Good God!" said a voice at my ear, and Harker pressed me aside and went in. He went straight through the two long rooms. The farthest table lay in his way; he put out his hands upon the green cloth and vaulted clean over, and sent the two men staggering apart by the sheer momentum of his body. Blind reeled and went down out of sight, and Lozer turned with a curse upon Harker, and they closed. Both were large, strong men. There was a fierce, silent, desperate struggle, the quick, heavy tramping the only sound. Lozer tripped some-

how and went down on his knees, and Harker threw his weight upon him and bent him back with all his might. Then there came a sudden report, and Harker let go his hold and stood up straight, his eyes looking out over our heads and a revolver held by the barrel in his hand, the muzzle toward his breast. Lozer staid still on his knees, looking up at him; and Ary, just groping up blindly from under their feet, looked in his face too, and, with a cry caught the pistol from his hand and pointed it at the Cuban. But Harker struck it aside just in time and flung it across the room.

"Let's have no more of this," he said, "one's enough for to-night."

It had all been a minute's work. I had hardly got round to where they stood. I caught Harker as he reeled and grew dizzy and blind, and laid him on the floor. I cut away the clothing where the ball had been before me. He looked up at me and said, "Take me home, Broomy."

Then he shut his eyes and lay still. I looked round and ordered Ary to fetch a carriage. There was scarcely any bleeding outside, only a clean bullet-hole through the firm flesh, and pitiful enough to see. Quite a crowd gathered in and pressed upon us, and I turned and spoke to them angrily: "Get back out of this now, can't you? and let the man breathe."

I heard hurrying feet, and a voice calling, "This way, and be quick, will you?" It was Lozer with the doctor. He came and threw himself down by us, and fairly boo-hooed when he saw the wound. Harker opened his eyes slowly and looked at him. "Come now," he said, "you had better skip. You've done the business for me."

"Oh, my God," he cried out, "why didn't you keep away? I didn't want to hurt you. I'm — if I did. Oh, ho, ho—" and he got up, swearing and crying together, and went away.

The doctor examined the wound; Ary came running in, and a carriage clattered to the door. A dozen hands lifted Harker and carried him out and laid him in. I gave the number and street to the driver.

"Get up," added the doctor. "Never mind the door. Get over on the wooden pavement, and be quick; do you hear?"

He came in and shut the door after him. We held Harker as easily as we could, jolting slowly over the stones two blocks to the east, till we struck the wood, and then we went rolling rapidly southwards. The horses' feet clattered startlingly in the de-

serted streets, and the wheels moved with a hard, steady jar that was trying to every nerve; but he never gave a sound save once, a quick, fierce groan, as we struck a cobble crossing, and I saw, as the lamps flashed on his face, that his teeth were ground together. It was the longest twenty blocks I ever passed, but we turned off at last, and drew up at 99. We carried him up and laid him on his bed. He asked for water, and Ary went out. Harker turned to me and said—I was close by him and he spoke low—"Ask Miss Redfield to come."

I thought the pain must have set him wandering then.

"Oh, Harker!" I answered close to his face, "she can't come from so far. Don't send me away now; it's no use."

"Oh, I forgot," he said; "you don't know. She's at her uncle's in Turner Street—John W. Sloat, 273, near Bell. Go and fetch her, Broomy."

I met Blatchford on the stairs, half-dressed, and told him what it was and got him to go for Miss Redfield. I went back and Doctor Marsh came in; and he and the other examined and probed the wound, and talked together in low tones. Then they came to some understanding and said and did no more. Dr. Marsh stood up and looked down upon the bed, with his stern face, exactly as I had seen him once before. Harker looked at him and spoke.

"You can do nothing for me?" and the doctor answered, "Nothing."

"How long can I live?"

"You may live till morning."

"What time is it now?"

The doctor looked at his watch.

"About half-past two."

Harker nodded. He shut his eyes and lay still, and we all sat in an awed silence, and waited an interminable while. But at last there were feet and hurried voices on the stairs, and then the rustle of a lady's dress; and Miss Redfield came gliding in, cloaked and veiled. Harker's eyes were on the door as she came in, and a pleased look settled in his face when he saw it was she. She came straight to the bedside, put back her veil, and stood looking at the white face with a timid, startled gaze.

"Thank you for coming," he said; "I am sorry to have to trouble you. I won't after to-night." Then he turned toward us. "Now I want all of you to go out," he said.

Ary was half-lying on the bed, his face buried in his arms, deaf and blind with grief. I lifted him and drew him away, and we shut



the door. We heard Harker's voice talking low and steadily for a good while. Then we heard him coughing distressingly and the lady moving about. Then all was still, and I could wait no longer. I opened the door and went in.

There was a basin and towels on a chair by the bed, all red. The girl's hat and cloak were lying on the floor, and she, with one arm about his head and her hair falling loose about such a scared, awed face, was wiping red drops from his lips. He lay back then with a wan, exhausted expression pitiful to see, and drew a long sigh. But he revived a little presently and looked around at us all without resting anywhere, and said one word: "Ary."

He had not come in. He was lying on his face on the table in the outer room. Before any of us could move to go for him, Miss Redfield laid Harker back upon the pillow, and went out. She stood an instant beside Blind, folding her hands irresolutely. Then she put her two hands under his face, and lifted it till he looked wildly into her own.

"Ary," she said, very low, but so clear and penetrating that we all heard her, "come in. He wants you."

He rose up and came in with her. She sat down on a chair that stood in the shadow by the door, and Ary came over to the bed. Harker smiled when he saw him, and spoke quite strong again.

"Come and shake hands on it, old boy," he said, "and say good-night! Our little game's about played, Ary. The Creole's spoiled my hand."

"Oh, Hark, Hark!" Blind cried out, in despair, "it's all my fault! Why didn't you keep away? Why didn't you let him kill me? Oh, I wish it was me,—I wish to God it was me!"

And he fell on his knees and hid his face again, holding Harker's hand, sobbing and pressing his cheek upon it. Harker looked hurt then, and turned his head aside.

"Where's the use, Ary?" he said. "It wasn't your fault, and it don't much matter now. Look here, Ary: I've been thirty years in this business, and it's taken me all that time to find out that there's only one road to travel, and I got switched off that at the start. It's a little late in the day for me

to start new now, but you have a better show than I had, and a square look-out, if you only walk straight; and I guess you've had enough of walking wild. I'm sorry to go and leave you, Ary. Somehow you've made a spooney of me; but I don't see how I could have kept on here, and I guess it's better as it is. There, shake hands. Good-bye, old boy!"

He lay still then, exhausted with speaking, and there was an awful silence for a little while. Then his eyes wandered with a lonely, yearning expression that was very pitiful in the great, strong, self-reliant fellow, and they rested on Miss Redfield in the shadow by the door. She saw and understood the pathetic motion, and instantly answered with her quick, womanly sympathy. She came and sat upon the edge of the low bed, took the prostrate head deftly and tenderly, and laid it on her breast. He looked up in her face with a quick, glad gratitude, as frank and touching as a child's.

"Oh, thank you," he said, "you are very good to me." He lay quiet a minute before he spoke again. "God forgive me! I used to think there were no good women in the world. I'm glad I found out I was wrong."

He did not speak again—he was fast growing faint. He looked down at Ary and smiled slightly, and moved one finger slowly over his cheek. Then his eyes turned with a fond, regretful look upon the pure face bending above him with heavenly tenderness and pity; his eyelids fell, and he looked no more.

Beyond the girl, I saw through the window the gray dawn stealing into the eastern sky, and we all sat in silence, and watched with awe for the coming that was not far away. And it came so peacefully that none of us knew till it had come and gone.

The girl sat still and held him so a little while; then she arose and laid him gently down upon the pillow. And she turned her face aside, struck with a sudden pallor, clasped her hands before her and slid down on the floor, as white and still as the dead face on the bed. Then Blind stood up and laid the hand he held upon the breast wounded for him, turned away, and bent down and gathered the girl up into his arms and carried her out of our sight.

## THE POSTMAN'S RING.

OF all the parables, day by day,  
That thrill the heart of this life of mine,—  
Making strange and beautiful sign  
Of gracious meaning in common way,—  
The very blithest and dearest thing  
Is the sound in the house of the postman's ring.

It tells a story. Though deep and far  
Stretch the want and the wish of man,  
Hid in the bud of an infinite plan,  
All blessed and sure providings are.  
God's love rings the bell at the door  
That the postman stands and waits before.

For He knew when He made it—earth and sea—  
The world so wide, and His child so small,  
Something must reach across it all  
From heart to heart that would listening be.  
And so from the first He laid away  
Seed of purpose that fruits to-day.

And because no service of man to man,—  
No thought or method that matches need,—  
With outward emblem, can halfway read  
The depth divine of the heavenly plan,  
Almost the dearest and hopefullest thing  
In the livelong day, is the postman's ring.

It minds me well if so sure a hand,  
So glad a summons, may tell and send  
Our earthly tidings from friend to friend,  
There cannot be less in the Perfect Land.  
Soul-messages may not be stayed or crossed :  
Out of God's mails no letter is lost !

Dear heart ! that dwellest I know not where,—  
So near—so distant—I may not see,—  
While I sit below with thoughts of thee  
Is some such usage of gladness there ?  
Do the angels come to thy door and say,  
“ We have brought thee a word from *her* to-day ? ”

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## AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XVIII.



ELEN had still another incident before her, however, ere she left St. Mary's Road. It was late in the afternoon when she went back. To go back at all, to enter the dismantled place, and have that new dreary picture thrust into

her mind instead of the old image of home, was painful enough, and Norah's cheeks were pale, and even to Helen, the air and the movement conveyed a certain relief. They went into the quieter part of the park and walked for an hour or two saying little. Now and then poor Norah would be beguiled into a little monologue, to which her mother lent a half attention—but that was all. It was easier to be in motion than to keep still, and it was less miserable to look at the trees, the turf, the blue sky, than at the walls of a room which was full of associations of happiness. They did not get home until the carriages were beginning to roll into the park for the final round before dinner. And when they reached their own house, there stood a smart cabriolet before it, the horse held by a little tiger. Within the gate two gentlemen met them coming down the steps. One of them was a youth of eighteen or nineteen, who looked at Helen with a wondering awe-stricken glance. The other was—Mr. Golden. Norah had closed the garden door heedlessly after her. They were thus shut in, the four together confronting each other, unable to escape. Helen could not believe her eyes. Her heart began to beat, her pale cheeks to flush, a kind of mist of excitement came before her vision. Mr. Golden, too, was not without a certain perturbation. He had not expected to see any

one. He took off his hat, and cleared his voice, and made an effort to seem at his ease.

"I had just called," he said, "to express—to inquire—I did not know things had been so far advanced. I would not intrude—for the world."

"Oh!" cried Helen, facing him, standing between him and the door, "how dare you come here?"

"Dare, Mrs. Drummond? I—I don't understand—"

"You do understand," she said, "better—far better than any one else does. And how dare you come to look at your handiwork? A man may be what you are, and yet have a little shame. Oh, you robber of the dead! if I had been anything but a woman, you would not have ventured to look me in the face."

He did not venture to look her in the face then; he looked at his companion instead, opening his eyes, and nodding his head slightly, as if to imply that she was crazed. "It is only a woman who can insult a man with impunity," he said, "but I hope I am able to make allowance for your excited feelings. It is natural for a lady to blame some one, I suppose. Rivers, let us go."

"Not till I have spoken," she cried in her excitement. "This is but a boy, and he ought to know whom he is with. Oh, how is it that I cannot strike you down and trample upon you? If I were to call that policeman he would not take you, I suppose. You liar and thief! don't dare to answer me. What, at my own door; at the door of the man whose good name you have stolen, whom you have slandered in his grave—oh my God! who has not even a grave because you drove him mad!" she cried, her eyes blazing, her cheeks glowing, all the silent beauty of her face growing splendid in her passion.

The young man gazed at her as at an apparition, his lips falling apart, his face paling. He had never heard such a voice, never seen such an outburst of outraged human feeling before.

"Mrs. Drummond, this is madness. I—I can make allowance for—for excitement—"

"Be silent, sir," cried Helen, in her fury. "Who do you suppose cares what you think? And how dare you open your mouth before me? It is I who have a right to speak.

And I wish there were a hundred to hear instead of one. This man had absconded till he heard my husband was dead. Then he came back and assumed innocence, and laid the blame on him who—could not reply. I don't know who you are; but you are young, and you should have a heart. There is not a liar in England—not a thing so vile as this man. He has plundered the dead of his good name. Now go, sir. I have said what I had to say."

"Mrs. Drummond, sometime you will have to answer—sometime you will repent of this," cried Golden, losing his presence of mind.

"I shall never repent it, not if you could kill me for it," cried Helen. "Go; you make the place you stand on vile. Take him away from my sight. I have said what I had to say."

Mr. Golden made an effort to recover himself. He struck his young companion on the shoulder with an attempt at jocularly.

"Come, Rivers," he said, "come along, we are dismissed. Don't you see we are no longer wanted here?"

But the lad did not answer the appeal. He stayed behind with his eyes still fixed upon Helen.

"Please, don't blame me," he said. "Tell me if I can do anything. I—did not know——"

"Thank you," she said faintly. Her excitement had failed her all at once. She had put her arms round Norah, and was leaning upon her, haggard and pale as if she were dying. "Thank you," she repeated, with a motion of her hand towards the door.

The youth stole out with a sore heart. He stood for a moment irresolute on the pavement. The cab was his and not Golden's; but that personage had got into it, and was calling to him to follow.

"Thanks," said young Rivers, with the impetuosity of his years. "I shall not trouble you. Go on pray. I prefer to walk."

And he turned upon his heel, and went rapidly away. He was gone before the other could realise it; and it was with feelings that it would be impossible to describe, with a consciousness that seemed both bodily and mental of having been beaten and wounded all over, with a singing in his ears, and a bewildered sense of punishment, that Golden picked up the reins and drove away. It was only a few sharp words from a woman's tongue, a thing which a man must steel himself to bear when his operations are of a kind which involve the ruin of families.

But Helen had given her blow far more skilfully, far more effectively than she was aware of. She had clutched at her first chance of striking, without any calculation of results; and the youth she had appealed to in her excitement might have been any nameless lad for what she knew. It was Mr. Golden's hard fate that he was not a nameless lad. He was Cyril Rivers, Lord Rivers' eldest son. The manager drove on a little way, slowly, and in great perturbation. And then he drew up the horse, and sprang to the ground.

"You had better go home," he said to the little groom.

And then, still with that sense of bodily suffering as well as mental, he made his way through Kensington Gardens to the drive. He was a man of fashion too, as well as a man of business—if he ever could hold up his head again.

Of course he did hold up his head, and in an hour after was ready to have made very good fun of the "scolding" he had received, and the impression it had made on his young companion.

"I don't wonder," he said; "though her rage was all against me, I could not help admiring her. You never can tell what a woman is till you see her in a passion. She was splendid. Her friends ought to advise her to go on the stage."

"Why should she go on the stage?" said some one standing by.

"Because she is left a beggar. She has not a penny, I suppose."

"It is lucky that you have suffered so little when so many people are beggared, Golden," said one of his fine friends.

This little winged shaft went right into the wound made by Helen's fiery lance, and so far as sensation went (which was nothing) Mr. Golden had not a happy time that night.

As for Helen, she went in, prostrated by her own vehemence, and threw herself down on her bed, and hid her face from the light. After the first excitement was over shame seized upon her. She had descended from her proper place. She had flown into this outburst of passion and rage before her child. She had lowered herself in Norah's eyes, as she thought—though the child would not take her arm from her neck, nor her lips from her cheek, but clung to her sobbing, "Oh, poor mamma! poor mamma!" with sympathetic passion. All this fiery storm through which she had passed had developed Norah. She had gained three or four years in a day. At one bound, from the child who

was a piece of still life in the family, deeply beloved, but not needed, by the two who were each other's companions, she had become, all at once, her mother's only stay, her partizan, her supporter, her comrade-in-arms. It is impossible to over-estimate the difference this makes in a child's, and especially in a girl's, life. It made of her an independent, thinking, acting creature all in a moment. For years everything had been said before her under the supposition that Norah, absorbed in her book, heard nothing. But she had heard a thousand things. She knew all now without any need of explanation, as well as so young a mind could understand. And she began to grope in her mind towards further knowledge, to put things together which even her mother had not thought of.

"Do you know who the boy was, mamma?" she whispered, after she had sat a long time on the bed, silently consoling the sufferer. "Oh, I am so glad you spoke, he will never forget it. Now one more knows it besides you and me."

"There are others who know, dear," said Helen, who had still poor Stephen's magazine in her hand.

"Yes," said Norah. "Dr. Maurice and the people who wrote to the papers; but, mamma, nobody like you and me. Whatever they say we know. I am little, and I suppose I shall always be little; but that does not matter. I shall soon be grown up, and able to help. And, mamma, this shall be my work as well as yours—I shall never stop till it is done—never, all my life!"

"Oh, my darling!" cried Helen, clasping her child in her arms. It was not that she received the vow as the child meant it, or even desired that in Norah's opening life there should be nothing of more importance than this early self-devotion; but the sympathy was sweet to her beyond describing, the more that the little creature, who had played and chattered by her side, had suddenly become her friend. In the midst of her sorrow and pain, and even of the prostration, and sensitive visionary shame with which this encounter had filled her, she had one sudden throb of pleasure. She was not alone anymore.

It was Helen who fell asleep that evening worn out with emotion, and weariness, and suffering. And then Norah rose up softly, and made a pilgrimage by herself all over the deserted house. She went through the conservatory, where, of all the beautiful things poor Robert had loved to see, there remained nothing but the moonlight which

filled its emptiness; and into the studio, where she sat down on the floor beside the easel, and clasped her arms round it and cried. She was beginning to weary of the atmosphere of grief, beginning to long for life and sunshine, but yet she clung to the easel and indulged in one childish passion of sobs and tears. "Oh, papa!" That was all Norah said to herself. But the recollection of all he had been, and of all that had been done to him, surged over the child, and filled her with that sense of the intolerable which afflicts the weak. She could not bear it, yet she had to bear it; just as her mother, just as poor Haidane had to bear—struggling vainly against a power greater than theirs, acquiescing when life and strength ran low, sometimes for a moment divinely consenting, accepting the will of God. But it is seldom that even the experienced soul gets so far as that.

Next morning Mrs. Drummond and her daughter went to Dura. Their arrival at the station was very different from that of Mr. Burton. No eager porters rushed at them as they stepped out of the railway carriage; the station-master moved to the other side; they landed, and were left on the platform by themselves to count their boxes while the train swept on. It was the first time it had ever happened so to Helen. Her husband had always either been with her, or waiting for her, wherever she travelled. And she was weary with yesterday's agitation, and with all that had so lately happened. Norah came forward and took everything in hand. It was she who spoke to the porter, and set the procession in order.

"Cab? Bless you, miss! there ain't but one in the place, and it's gone on a 'xcursion," he said, "but I'll get a wheelbarrow and take 'em down. It ain't more than ten minutes' walk."

"I know the way," said Helen; and she took her child's hand and walked on into the familiar place. She had not been there since her marriage; but oh! how well she knew it! She put her crape veil over her face to hide her from curious eyes; and it threw a black mist at the same time over the cheerful village. It seemed to Helen as if she was walking in a dream. She knew everything, every stone on the road, the names above the shops, the forms of the trees. There was one great elm, lopsided, which had lost a huge branch (how well she remembered!) by a thunderstorm when she was a child; was it all a dream? Everything looked like a dream except Norah; but Norah was real. As for the child, there was in her heart a lively



thrill of pleasure at sight of all this novelty which she could not quite subdue. She had no veil of crape over her eyes, and the red houses all lichened over, the glimpses of fields and trees, the rural aspect of the road, the vision of the common in the distance, all filled her with a suppressed delight. It was wrong, Norah knew; she called herself back now and then and sighed, and asked herself how she could be so devoid of feeling; but yet the reaction would come. She began to talk in spite of herself.

"I think some one might have come to meet us at the station," she said. "Ned might have come. He is a boy, and can go anywhere. I am sure, mamma, *we* would have gone to make them feel a little at home. Where is the Gatehouse? What is that place over there? Why there are shops—a draper's and a confectioner's—and a library! I am very glad there is a library. Mamma, I think I shall like it; is that the common far away yonder? Do you remember any of the people? I should like to know some girls if you will let me. There is little Clara, of course, who is my cousin. Do you think we shall live here always, mamma?"

Norah did not ask nor, indeed, look for any answer to this string of questions. She made a momentary pause of courtesy to leave room for a reply, should any come; but Helen's thoughts were full of the past, and as she made no answer Norah resumed the strain.

"It looks very cheerful here, mamma; though it is a village, it does not look dull. I like the red tiles on the cottages and all this red-brick; perhaps it is a little hot-looking now, but in winter it will be so comfortable. Shall we be able to get our things here without going to town? That seems quite a good shop. I wonder what Mrs. Burton and Clara do? But then they are so rich, and we are—poor. Shall I be able to have any lessons, mamma? Can I go on with my music? I wonder if Clara has a governess. She will think it very strange that you should teach me. But I am very glad; I like you better than twenty governesses. Mamma, will it make any difference between Clara and me, them being so rich and us so poor?"

"Oh, Norah, I cannot tell you. Don't ask so many questions," said Helen.

Norah was wounded; she did not give up her mother's hand, but she loosed her hold of it to show her feelings. She had been very sympathetic, very quiet, and respectful of the grief which in its intensity was beyond her; and now she seemed to herself to have

a right to a little sympathy in return. She could understand but dimly what was in her mother's mind; she did not know the associations of which Dura was full; and it was hard to be thus stopped short in that spring of renovating life. As she resigned herself to silence, a feeling of injury came over her; and here, just before her eyes, suddenly appeared a picture of life so different from hers. She saw a band of children gathered about the gate of a house, which stood at a short distance from the road, surrounded by shrubberies and distinguished by one great splendid cedar which stretched its glorious branches over the high garden wall behind, and made a point in the landscape. A lady was driving a little pony-carriage through the open gate, while the children stood watching and waving their hands to her. "Good-bye, mamma," "Don't be long," "And mind you bring back Clara with you," they were calling to her. With a wistful sense of envy Norah gazed and wondered who they were, and it she should ever know them. "Why are people so different?" she asked herself. She had nobody in the world but her mother, lost behind that crape veil, lost in her own thoughts, who told her not to ask questions, while those other little girls had a smiling mamma in a pretty pony-carriage, who was taking one to drive with her, and was to bring Clara back to see them. Which Clara? Was it the Clara who belonged to Norah, her own cousin, to whom she had a better right than any one? Norah's heart sank as she realised this. No doubt Clara must have many friends; she could not stand in need of Norah as Norah did of her. She would be a stranger, an interloper, a new little girl whom nobody knew, whom nobody perhaps would care to know. Tears came to the child's eyes. She had been a woman last night rising to the height of the tragedy in which her little life was involved; but now Nature had regained its sway, and she was only twelve years old. It was while her mind was occupied with these thoughts that her mother interrupted them, suddenly pressing her hand.

"Norah, this is our house, where we are to live," said Helen. Her voice faltered, she held the child's hand as if for support. And now they were at their own door.

Norah gazed at it with a certain dismay. She, too, like Mr. Haldane, had her theory about a house in the country. It must be like Southlees, she thought, though without the river; or perhaps as they had grown poor, it might be something a little better

than the lodge at Southlees, a little cottage; but she had never dreamed of anything like this tall red-brick house which twinkled at her with all its windows. She was awed and chilled, and a little frightened, as she crossed the road. Susan was standing at the open door parleying with the porter about their boxes, which she declined to admit till "the family" came. The one fear which possessed Susan's life, the fear of being "put upon," was strong in her at this moment. But she set the balance straight for Norah, by making a sudden curtsey, which tempted the child so sorely to laughter, that her eyes began to shine and her heart to rise once more. She ran up the white steps eagerly before her mother. "Oh, mamma, I am first. I can say welcome to you," she said.

But the sight of the drawing-room, into which Susan ushered them, solemnly closing the door after them, struck a moment's chill to Norah's heart. It seemed so strange to be thus shut in, as if it was not their own house but a prison. It was afternoon, and the sunshine had all gone from that side of the road, and the graceful, old-fashioned room looked dim and ghostly to eyes which had just come out of the light. The windows all draped with brown and grey, the old-fashioned slim grand piano in the corner ("I shall have my music," said Norah), the black japanned screen with its funny little pictures, the high carved mantelpiece with that square mirror which nobody could see into, puzzled the child, at once attracting and repelling her. There was another round, convex mirror like a shield, on the side wall, but even that did not enable Norah to see herself, it only made a little twinkling picture of her in a vast perspective of drawing-room. Helen had seated herself as soon as the door was shut, and there was she, too, in the picture like a lady come to call. What a strange, dim, ghostly place it was! The bumping of the boxes as they went upstairs was a comfort to Norah. It was a sound of life breaking the terrible silence. She asked herself what would happen when it was over. Should they fall under some charm and sleep there, like the enchanted princess, for a hundred years? And to think that all this was within reach of that lady in the pony-carriage, and of her children who waved their hands to her!—so near, yet in a different world.

"Mayn't we go and see the house, mamma?" Norah whispered, standing close to her mother's side. "Shouldn't you like to see where we are to sleep? Shouldn't you

like to get out of this room? It frightens me so; it feels like a prison. Oh, mamma! perhaps it would not look so strange—and so—dull—and so—funny," cried Norah, feeling disposed to cry, "if you would take your bonnet off."

Just at this moment there was a sound in the road which stirred the whole village into life, and roused Norah. She ran to the window to see what it was. It was an event which happened every evening, which all the children in Dura ran to see, though they were so familiar with it. It was Mr. Burton driving his high-stepping bays home from the station. He had come by the express made on purpose for him and such as him, which arrived half-an-hour later than the train by which the Drummonds had come. Norah climbed up on her knees on a chair to see over the little old-fashioned blinds. There was some one seated by Mr. Burton in the dog-cart, some one who looked at the Gatehouse, as Mr. Burton did, while they dashed past. At the sight of him Norah started, and from a little fantastical child became a woman all at once again. It was the young man who the day before had been with Mr. Golden at St. Mary's Road, he who had heard her father's vindication, and had believed it, and "was on our side," Norah felt, against all the world.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

THERE is always a little excitement in a village over a new inhabitant, and the Drummonds were not common strangers to bespeculated vaguely about. There were many people in Dura who remembered Helen in her beauty and youth. And next morning, when it became known that she had arrived at the Gatehouse, the whole place burst into gossip on the subject. Even the new people, the City people who lived in the white villas near the station, were moved by it. For poor Drummond's story was known everywhere, and his miserable fate, and the discussion in the newspapers. Even here, in the quietness of the country, people took sides, and public opinion was by no means so unanimous as poor Helen had supposed. The papers had accepted her husband's guilt as certain, but opinion was very much divided on the subject among people who had means of knowing. "Burton ought to have warned that poor fellow," one of the City gentlemen said to another at the station, going up by the early train. "I would not trust a simpleton in the hands of a smart man like Golden."

"Do you think he was a simpleton?" said the other.

"In business, yes——" said the first speaker. "How could he be otherwise? But, by Jove, sir, what a splendid painter! I never saw anything I liked better than that picture of his in the last Exhibition. Poor fellow! And to put him in Golden's hands, a man well known to be up to every dodge. I wonder what Burton could be thinking of. I wonder he can look that poor lady in the face."

"I should just like to find out how much Burton himself knew about it," said the other, nodding his head.

"And so should I," the first speaker said significantly, as they took their place in the train.

Thus it will be seen that the world, which Helen thought of so bitterly as all against her, was by no means so clear on the subject. At the breakfast-table in the Rectory the conversation took a still more friendly tone.

"I hear that poor Mrs. Drummond has come to the Gatehouse," said Mrs. Dalton. "I almost think I saw her yesterday—a tall woman, in a crape veil, with a little girl about Mary's size. I shall make a point of calling the first time I go out. Oh, George, what a sad, sad story! I hope she will let me be of some use to her."

"I don't see that you can be of much use," said her husband. "She has the Burtons, of course, to fall back upon. How strange to think of Helen Burton coming back here! I could not have supposed it possible. So proud a girl! And how that man at Dura could ask her! I suppose he feels the sweetness of revenge in it. Everybody knew she refused him."

"Oh George, hush! the children," cried Mrs. Dalton under her breath.

"Psha! everybody knows. What a difference it would have made to her, though! It is strange she should have chosen to come and live in sight of his splendour."

"Oh, do you think she cares about his splendour? Poor soul!" said kind Mrs. Dalton, with tears in her eyes. "She must have very different thoughts in her mind. Most likely she was glad of any shelter where she could hide her head, after all the newspapers and the publicity. Oh, George! it must be doubly hard upon her if she was proud."

"Probably it was her pride that made her husband such a fool," said the rector. "You women have a great deal to answer for. If she drove him into that thirst for money-

making—a thing he could know nothing about—You are all fond of money—"

"For money's worth, George," said Mrs. Dalton humbly. She could not deny the accusation. For her own part she would have done anything for money—she with her eight children, and Charlie's education so dreadfully on her mind.

"Oh, I don't say you are miserly," said the rector, who was a literary man of superior mind, and hated to be bothered by family cares, which incapacitated him for thought; "but when a woman wants more than her husband can give her, what is the unhappy man to do? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Which means, Mary——"

"I have heard it before," said his wife meekly. "I think I know what it means."

"Then you see what comes of it," said Mr. Dalton. "I don't believe a word that is in the papers. I seldom do. He went and got himself involved and bamboozled. How was he to know what he was doing? I don't blame poor Drummond, but I am not so sure it was not her fault."

At the great house the talk was different; there was no discussion of the rights or wrongs of the question. Mr. Burton, indeed, preferred not to speak of Mr. Drummond; and young Mr. Rivers, who had come down with him on the previous night, had got no opening to report the scene of which he had been a spectator. They were early people, and though they had entertained a large party the night before, their breakfast was earlier than that at the Rectory. They were all out on the lawn, visitors, children, dogs, and all, while Mr. Dalton drank his coffee. Ned was busily employed training the Skye to jump over a stick, an exercise which was not much to Shaggy's taste; while the big pointer (who was only in his babyhood, though he was so big, and was imbecile, as puppies are) looked on, and made foolish springs and vaults about his clever brother. Malta, in his blue ribbon, kept close by Mrs. Burton's side, and looked on at the performance with the contemptuous toleration of a superior being; and Clara, also decked with blue ribbons, hung by her mother too.

"You had better come with me and see Helen," said the head of the house. "I told you she arrived last night."

"Now!" said Mrs. Burton, with some surprise. She had her gardening gloves on and a basket in her hand for flowers. These she would have laid down at once, had it been only a walk to the station which was in question; but this was a different affair.

"Yes; why not now?" said her husband with that roll of wealth and comfort in his voice. "We are relations, we need not stand upon ceremony. You mean to call on her some time, I suppose."

"Oh, certainly, I shall call; but not at this hour, Mr. Burton. I have only seen her once. Familiarity would be impertinence in me."

"Pshaw, nonsense! one of your fantastic notions," he said. "I have seen her more than once, and I can't afford to stand on ceremony. Come along. I am going there now."

"Then I think you should go immediately," said Mrs. Burton, looking at her watch, "or you will be too late for the train. Clara, papa will not want us this morning; we can go for some flowers. You will be back by the usual train? I will pick you up at the station, if you like, for I have some calls to make to-day."

"As you please," said her husband; "but I can't understand why you should cross me, Clara, about my cousin. You don't mean to say," he added with a laugh, "that you have any—feeling on the subject? That you are—ever so little—piqued about poor Helen? I shudn't like to use the other word."

Clara Burton looked at her husband very calmly. She was not offended. It was human nature; men were known to possess this kind of vanity, though it was so strange. "I am not at all piqued," she said; "but I like to be civil. I don't suppose Mrs. Drummond and I will be moved to rush into each other's arms all at once, and I don't wish to look as if I paid her less respect because she is poor. If you are going there, you ought to go immediately. You will be late for the train."

"Confound your composure!" Mr. Burton said to himself, as he went down the avenue.

It would have pleased him had his wife been a little discomposed. But, after a while, he took comfort, saying to himself that Clara was a consummate little actress, but that she could not take *him* in. Of course, she was nettled by the presence of his old love, and by his haste to visit her; but she was proud, and would not show it. He felt a double triumph in the sense that these two women were both affected, and endured, for his sweet sake, a certain amount of pain. He set out his chest more than ever, and held up his head. Now was his moment of triumph over the woman who had once rejected him. Had he been able to induce her to come to Dura while she was still

prosperous, the triumph would have been sweeter, for it would have been unmingled with any tinge of regretful or remorseful feeling; but as it was it was sweet. For the first time she would see him in his full importance, in all his state and splendour, she would see him from the depths of her own humiliation, and the force of a contrast greater than he had desired, more complete even than he had dreamed, must already have flashed upon her. Yes, now she would see what she had lost—what a mistake she had made. He meant to be very kind; he would have given her anything she chose to ask for, if she but showed the least sign of penitence, of clearer perception, of being aware of what she had lost. There was nothing which her cousin would not have done for Helen; but he could not resign his own delightful consciousness of triumph. Under this genial influence, he was overflowing with good-nature and kindness.

"What! come out for a little sunshine, old John," he said to the old man at the lodge, who was seated basking in the warmth on the bench at his door. "Good for the rheumatics, ain't it, a day like this? I envy you, old fellow, with nothing to do but sit by your door in the sun and sniff your flowers; you are better off than I am, I can tell you."

"Ay, ay! master, it's fine for me; but you wouldn't think much on't yourself, if you had it," said old John.

Mr. Burton went on laughing and waving his hand, amused with the old man's impudence.

"If I had it myself," he said, with a smile, "I!—" The thought tickled him. It was hard to believe that he himself, a man in the prime of life, growing richer every day, was made of the same clay as old John; and yet of course it was so, he admitted good humouredly. His mind was full of his own benevolence and kind-heartedness as he pursued his way to visit his cousin. What quantities of people were dependent upon his will and pleasure—upon his succour and help! his servants, so many that he could scarcely count them; the clerks in his office; the governess who taught Clara, and who in her turn supported her mother and sisters; and then there was old Stephenson in the village, in his decay, who had once been in Mr. Burton's office; and his old nurse; and the poor Joneses and Robinsons, whose boys he had taken in as errand boys. He ran over this list with such a pleasant sense of his goodness, that his face shone in the morning

sunshine. And at the head of all, first of his pensioners, chief of his dependents—Helen! Mr. Burton laughed half aloud, and furtively rubbed his hands. Yes, yes, by this time there could be no doubt she must have found out her mistake.

Helen had got up that morning with the determination to put grief away from the foreground of her life, and resume such occupations as remained to her. Norah's books had been got out, and her music, and some work—small matters which made a difference in the ghostly drawing-room already, and brought it back to life. Helen was standing by the table arranging some flowers when Mr. Burton came in. Norah had gathered them almost before the dew was off them, and stood by her mother watching her as she grouped them together.

"I wish I could arrange flowers as you do, mamma," Norah was saying admiringly. "How nice it must be to be able to do everything one tries! They will not come right when I do it. You are like the fairy that touched the feathers with her wand, and they all came together as they ought. I wonder how you do it. And you never break anything or spoil anything; but if I only *look* at a vase it breaks."

Norah was saying this with a rueful look when Mr. Burton's smart summons came to the door; and the next minute he had come in, bringing so much air with him into the room, and motion, and sense of importance. Helen put the flowers aside hastily and gave him her hand.

"So you are making use of the garden," he said, taking note of everything with an eye of proprietorship; "quite right, quite right. I hope you will make yourselves quite at home. It is a funny old house, but it is a good style of a place. You need not be ashamed to receive any one here. And I have no doubt you will find everybody very civil, Helen. I have let the people in Dura know you are my cousin. That, though I say it that shouldn't, is a very good passport here."

"I hope you will not take any trouble about us," said Helen hastily. "All I want is to be quiet. I do not care for civilities."

"But you prefer them to incivilities, I hope," said Mr. Burton. "My wife thinks I am wrong to come in this unceremonious way to call. I wanted her to come with me, but she would not. You ladies have your own ways of acting. But I felt that you would be mortified if you saw me pass the door."

"Oh no. I should not have been mortified."

"I will take care you shan't," he said, the roll in his voice sounding more full of protection and benevolence than ever. "I have not much time now. But, my dear Helen, remember that I am always at your service—always. I have mentioned you to all the nicest people. And we hope very soon to see you at the House. I should not have brought you here, I assure you, without intending to be a friend to you in every way. You may rely upon me."

"You are very kind," was all Helen could say.

"I want to be kind. You cannot please me better than by asking me for what you want. Tell me always when your mother wants anything, Norah. There now, I won't say any more; you understand me, Helen. I have a few things in my power, and one of them is to make you comfortable. When you have time to see about you, you will perceive that things have gone very well with me: not that I intend to boast; but Providence, no doubt, has been very kind. My wife will call this afternoon, and should you like a drive or anything, I am sure Clara——"

"Please don't trouble. I would rather be quiet. You forget," said Helen, with a momentary sharpness in her voice, "that Providence, which has been so kind to you, has been hard upon us."

"My dear Helen! You are too good and pious, I am sure, not to know that we ought not to repine."

"I don't think I repine, and I am sure you mean to be kind; but oh! if you would take pity on me, and let me alone——"

It was all she could do to keep from tears. But she would not weep before him. Her jealousy of him and distrust were all coming back. Instinctively she felt the triumph in his voice.

"Poor Helen!" said Mr. Burton, "poor girl! I will not trouble you longer just now. You shall not be bothered. Good-bye; trust to me, and I will take care of you, my poor dear!"

It was ludicrous, it was pitiable; she scorned herself for the impression it made upon her; but how could she help it? She felt that she hated Reginald Burton, as he stood before her in all his wealth and comfort, patronising and soothing her. When he was gone, she rushed up to her room, that Norah might not see her weakness, to weep a few hot, burning tears, and to overcome



the wild, unreasonable anger that swelled in her heart. It was his moment of triumph. Perhaps Helen felt it all the more because, deep down in her heart, she had a consciousness that she too had once triumphed over him, and rejoiced to feel that she could humble him. This was a hard punishment for such an old girlish offence; but still it felt like a punishment, and added a sting to everything he did and said. And whether it was at that moment or at a later period, she herself could not have told, but a sudden gleam came across her of some words which

she had once read somewhere—"Burton and Golden have done it." Whence came these words? had she dreamt them? had she read them somewhere? They came before her as if they had been written upon the wall. Burton and Golden! Was it true? What could it mean?

Mrs. Burton called in the afternoon. She had Clara with her, and what was still more remarkable, young Mr. Rivers, who was staying in the house, but who up to this time had made no mention of the scene he had witnessed. Perhaps it was for lack of



an opportunity, perhaps because he did not know how far it would be safe to mention Helen—whom he heard spoken of as a relative, yet not with the feeling which moved his own mind when he thought of her. Cyril Rivers was but a big boy, though he began to think himself a man, and Helen had moved him to that sudden fantastic violence of admiration with which an older woman often momentarily inspires a boy. He was eager to go with Mrs. Burton to call. He would walk down with her, he said, and continue his walk after the carriage had picked her up; and in his heart he said to himself that

VOL. IV.—21

he must see that woman again. He was full of awe and enthusiasm at the thought of her. She was to him like the heroine of a tragedy, of a story more striking, more affecting than any tragedy he had ever heard of; for this was real, and she was a true woman expressing her natural sentiments, forgiving nothing. It seemed to bring the youth, who was all thrilling with natural romance, within that charmed inner circle of emotion and passion which is, though it is seldom visible, the centre and heart of life.

But Helen bore a very different aspect when she waited to receive Mrs. Burton's

call from that which she bore at the door of St. Mary's Road, confronting Golden. Her flush of colour and glow of energy and vehemence were gone. She was seated, pale and silent, by the table near the window, with her dead white cap encircling her face, and some needlework in her hand. It was not the same Mrs. Drummond, was young Rivers' first disappointed thought. And when she invited the party to sit down, and began to talk about the weather and the country round, he was so bewildered that he longed to steal away. The two ladies sat opposite to each other, and said the sort of things which all ladies say when they call or are called upon. Helen's tone was low, and her voice fell; but these and her black dress were the only things that made it apparent that anything had happened to her. It was only when this little artificial conversation flagged and a pause occurred that the real state of affairs became even slightly visible. The momentary silence fell heavy upon people who had so much on their minds; and while they all sat motionless, the little mirror on the wall made a picture of them in little, which looked like a caricature, full of humorous perception and significance. Mrs. Burton had been hesitating as to what she should say. Helen was a study to her, of which she had as yet made nothing; and perhaps it was as much from curiosity as any other feeling that she at last introduced a subject more interesting than the weather or the landscape. It was after a second pause still more serious than the first.

"It must be very strange to you coming back to Dura after all that has happened. It must be—hard upon you," she said.

"Yes; it is hard." Helen could not trust herself to many words.

"If there is anything in which I can be of use," Mrs. Burton began, "will you let me know? If there is anything that can make it less painful for you. I should be very glad to be of any use."

Mrs. Drummond made no reply; she gave a little bow, and went on with the needle-work she held in her hands, but not as if she cared for that. She was not like what he had thought, but yet young Rivers got up with a certain tremulous awe and approached her. She had not recognised him. She turned her eyes upon him wondering what he could have to do with her. Her heart was steeled to encounter all those words of routine which she knew would have to be said—but who was this boy?

"I think I will go now," he said hastily to Mrs. Burton; and then he lowered his voice.

"May I say just one word? If I can ever do anything to set things right, will you let me know? I shall never forget what you said—on Tuesday."

"On Tuesday?" Helen repeated, in her great surprise looking at him. She ran over Tuesday's proceedings in her mind; at first in vain, and then a little flush came over her face. "Ah," she said, "it was you who came with—Mr. Golden. I remember now."

"But I shall never be with him again," said the youth with energy, which brought the responsive blood to his cheeks. "Of that you may be sure. I am Cyril Rivers. I am not much good now, but I might be—afterwards. Will you remember me? Will you let me serve you if ever I can?"

"Thanks," said Helen, putting out her hand, with a sudden softness in her voice.

The lad was young, romantic, chivalrous. She was to him like some majestic dethroned queen in her sorrow and wronged estate. He stooped down, and touched her white fingers with his lips, and then without looking round, turned, and went away. His impulsive generous words, his fanciful pledge of eagerness to help her went to Helen's heart. She had not expected this, and it surprised and touched her. She was not conscious for a moment of her visitor's steady, investigating glance.

"What a romantic boy!" said Mrs. Burton, with a smile.

"Yes," said Helen, and she called herself back with an effort. "But romance sometimes does one good. It is a surprise at least."

"At that age it does not matter much. I did not know you knew the Riverses," said Mrs. Burton. "This is the eldest son, to be sure; but since the late misfortune they are quite poor. They have not much in their power."

She said this with a charitable motive. It seemed to her as if Helen must mean something by it. Everybody appeared to mean something in the eyes of this philosopher. And she was a little moved by the misfortunes of the woman beside her. She thought it was kind to warn her not to waste her efforts. Helen, on her side, did not know in the least what Mrs. Burton meant; did not suppose she meant anything indeed, and sat patient, accepting this speech with the others as an effort to make conversation, not ungrateful to Mrs. Burton, but wondering when she would go away.

Meanwhile Cyril Rivers hastened out full of emotion. He took the wrong turn in

going out, and before he knew, found himself in the garden, where the two girls were "making acquaintance," as Mrs. Burton had bidden them do. Clara was big and fair, with her father's full form, and a beautiful complexion, the greatest possible contrast to little Norah, with her light figure, and faint rose tints. But Norah at this moment was flushed and angry, looking as her mother had done that memorable evening at St. Mary's Road.

"Oh, do come here, Mr. Rivers," said Clara, "Norah is so cross. I only said what papa says so often—that it would be wretched to live in the country without a carriage or a pony or anything. Don't you think so too?"

Norah flushed more deeply than ever. "I am not cross. We did not come to live in the country for pleasure, and what does it matter to us about carriages and ponies? We are poor."

"And so am I," said the boy, with that instinctive adoption of "our side" which Norah had attributed to him. He thought how pretty she was as she lifted her brown eyes. What a pretty child! and he was approaching twenty, a man, and his heart yearned over the helpless and sorrowful. "I shall have to sell my horses and go afoot; but I don't think I shall be wretched. Everybody cannot be rich like Mr. Burton, you know."

"But you are always Lord Rivers's son," said Clara. "You can have what you like everywhere. I think it is very cross of Norah not to care."

And Mr. Burton's daughter, foiled in her first attempt to secure her own cousin's envy and admiration, looked as if she would like to cry. Young Rivers laughed as he went away at her discomfiture. As he turned to find the right way of exit, he looked back upon them with an unconscious comparison. He did not know or think what was Norah Drummond's descent. He took her unconsciously as the type of a higher class impoverished but not fallen, beside that small representative of the *nouveaux riches*. And all his sympathies were on the side of the former. He pulled a little white rosebud from a tree as he passed, and put it in his coat with a meaning which was partly real and partly fantastic. They were poor, they were injured, and wronged, and in trouble. He put their colours, as it were, in his helmet. Foolish boy, full of romance and nonsense! one day or other in their cause he felt he might couch his lance.

#### CHAPTER XX.

THE next day after Mrs. Burton's carriage had been seen at Helen's door a great many

people called on Mrs. Drummond—all "the nicest people"—some who had known her or known about her in the old days, some who came because she was Mr. Burton's cousin, and some who took that means of showing their sympathy. The door was besieged; and Susan, half flattered by the importance of her position, half-alarmed lest this might be a commencement of the system of putting upon which she dreaded, brought in the cards, gingerly holding them in a hand which she had wrapped up in her apron, and giving a little sketch of the persons represented. There was the doctor's wife, and the major's lady, and Mrs. Ashurst from the Row, and "them London folks," all of whom were sensible enough to make their advances solely in this way. Mrs. Dalton was the only person admitted. Helen was too well brought up, she had too much sense of the proprieties of her position, to shut her door against the clergyman's wife—who brought her husband's card, and explained that he would have come too but for the fear of intruding too early.

"But I hope you will let us see you," the kind woman added. "We are such near neighbours. My eldest little girl is the same age as yours. I think we should understand each other. And I have such a busy life—to be able to run across and talk things over now and then would be such a comfort to me."

"You mean it would be a comfort to me," said Helen, "the sight of a kind face."

"And Norah will come and see my Mary. They can take their walks together, and amuse each other. It is such a pleasure to me," said Mrs. Dalton, "to look across at these windows, and think that you are here." She had said so much with the amiable power of make-believe, not exactly deception, which an affectionate temper and her position as clergy-woman made natural to her—when she caught Helen's eye, and nature suddenly had the mastery. "Oh, Mrs. Drummond, how I babble! I am so sorry, so sorry!" she said, and her eyes ran over with tears, though Helen did not weep. It is not easy to repel such a visitor. They grew friends at that first interview, while Norah stood by and made her observations too.

"May I go and see Mary?" she asked, when Mrs. Dalton had gone. "I think I shall like her better than Clara Burton. How funny it must be to have so many brothers and sisters, mamma; and I who never had either a brother or a sister! I should like to have had just one—a little sister with blue eyes. But, then, if you had been very fond of her, fonder than of me, I should not have

liked that. Perhaps, on the whole, a brother would have been the best. A boy is a change—they are useless, and yet they are nice—for a long walk for instance. I wish I had had a big brother, older than me—quite old—almost grown up. How funny it would have been! I wonder what we should have called him. If he had been as big as—Mr. Rivers, for instance—that would have been nice for you too."

Helen smiled, and let the child run on. It was the music to which her life was set. Norah's monologue accompanied everything. Sometimes, indeed, an answer was necessary, which interrupted the strain, but generally a word, a smile, or a monosyllable was enough. She went on weaving her big brother out of her imagination; it was more delightful than speculating about Mary Dalton.

"I am sure it would have been nice for you too," she said. "He would have given you his arm when you were tired, and looked after the luggage, and locked all the doors at nights. The only thing is, it would have been a great expense. When people are poor, I suppose they can't afford to have boys. They want so many things. But yet he would have been nice all the same. I hope he would have had a pretty name; not so short as Ned, and not so common as Charlie. Charlie is the eldest of the Daltons—such a big boy. Oh, I wonder what our boy's name would have been? Do you like Oswald, mamma, or Eustace? Eustace sounds like a priest or something dreadfully wise. I don't like solemn boys. So long as he was big and strong, and not too clever. But oh, dear, dear, what is the use of talking? We never can have a big boy, I suppose? I must be content with other girls' brothers. I shall never have one of my very own."

"The less you have to do with other girls' brothers the better, Norah," said Helen, be-guiled into a smile.

"I do not care for them, I am sure," said Norah, with dignity; "though I don't dislike gentlemen, mamma—quite old gentlemen, like Dr. Maurice and Mr. Haldane, are very nice. And I should like to have had—Mr. Rivers, for instance—for a big brother. I rather think, too, I like Ned Burton better than Clara. It is more natural to hear a boy talk of ponies and things. She never thinks of anything else—dogs, and horses, and carriages, and the fine things she has. It is not polite to talk of such things to people who have not got them. I told her I did not care for ponies, nor grapes, nor hot-house flowers; and that I would rather live in

London than at the House. And, oh, so many—stories, mamma! Is it wrong to tell a little fib when you don't mean any harm? Just a little one, when people boast and make themselves disagreeable—and when you don't mean any harm?"

"It is always wrong to tell fibs; and I don't know the difference between big ones and little ones," said Helen.

"Oh, mamma, but I do! A big story is—for instance. If I were to say Susan had stolen your watch, that would be a wicked lie. But when I say I don't care for grapes, and would not like to have a pony, it isn't quite true, but then it makes Clara be quiet, and does nobody any harm. I am sure there is a great difference. It would be very nice to have a pony, you know. Only think, mamma, to go cantering away across the common and on the turf! But I would not give in to say that I should like to be Clara, or that she was better off than me!"

Norah's casuistry silenced her mother. She shook her head, but she did not say anything. Something of the same feeling was, indeed, in her own mind. She, too, would have liked to be contemptuous of the luxuries which her neighbours dangled before her eyes. And Norah resumed her monologue. The mother only partially heard it, waking up now and then to give the necessary response, but carrying on all the time her own separate thread of cogitation, which would not shape itself into words. The old parlour, with its brown-grey curtains and all its spindle-legged furniture, enclosed and seemed to watch the human creatures who disturbed the silence. A room which has been long unoccupied, and which is too large for its new inhabitants, has often this spectator look. The pictures looked down from the walls and watched; up in the little round mirror two people in a miniature interior, who were in reality reflections of the two below, but looked quite different, glanced down upon them, and watched also. The sky looked in through the five windows, and the lime-trees in front kept tapping with their branches against the panes to show that they were looking on. All the rest were clandestine, but the lime-trees were honest in their scrutiny. And in the midst of it the mother and daughter led their subdued lives. Norah's voice ran through all like a brook or a bird. Helen was mostly silent, saying little. They had a roof to shelter them, enough of daily bread, the kindness of strangers outside, the rude but sympathetic kindness of Susan within. This was more, a great deal more, than often falls to the lot of human wrecks



after a great shipwreck. Norah after a little while accepted it as the natural rule of life, and forgot every other; and Helen was silent, though she did not forget. The silence of the house, however, by times oppressed the child. She lay awake in the great bedroom up-stairs, afraid to go to sleep till her mother should come; and even in the daylight there were moments when Norah was afraid of the ghostly drawing-room, and could not but feel that weird aged women, the Miss Pagets, whom her mother had known, or some of the old Harcourts were watching her from behind the doors, or from the shade of the curtains. There was a deep china closet beside the fireplace with one particular knot in the wood-work which fascinated Norah, and made her feel that some mysterious eye was gazing at her from within. But all these fancies dispersed the moment Mrs. Drummond appeared. There was protection in the soft rustle of her gown, the distant sound of her voice. And so the routine of life—a new routine, but soon firmly established, supporting them as upon props of use and wont, began again. There were the lessons in the morning, and Norah's music, and a long walk in the afternoon; and they went to bed early, glad to be done with life and another day. Or at least Helen was glad to be done with it—not Norah, to whom it was the opening of the story, and to whom once more the sunshine began to look as sweet as ever, and each new morning was a delight.

A few weeks after their arrival the Haldanes followed them. Miss Jane had written beforehand begging for information about the house and the journey; and it was only then that Helen learned, with a mortification she could scarcely overcome, that the Gatehouse was to be their refuge too. This fact so changed the character of her cousin's kindness to her, that her pride was with difficulty subdued to silence; but she had sufficient self-control to say nothing—pride itself coming to her aid.

"Perhaps you would be so good as to send me a line with a few particulars," Miss Jane wrote. "I should like to know for myself and mother if there is a good minister of our denomination, and if you would mention the price of meat, and how much you are giving for the best butter, I should be very much obliged. I should like to know if there is a good room on the ground-floor that would do for Stephen, and if we could have a Bath-chair to bring him down from the station, for I am very distrustful of cabs. Also about a charwoman which is very im-

portant. I am active myself and always look after the washing, so that one strong handy woman to come from six in the morning till two would do all I should require."

Mrs. Drummond made an effort and answered all these questions, and even walked to the station to see them arrive. It was a mournful sight enough. She stood and looked on with her heart aching, and saw the man whom she had known so different lifted out of the carriage and put into the invalid chair. She saw the look of dumb anguish and humiliation in his eyes which showed how he felt this public exposure of his weakness. He was very patient; he smiled and thanked the people who moved him; yet Helen, with her perceptions quickened by her own suffering, felt the intolerable pain in the other's soul, and went away hurriedly, not to afflict him further by her presence. What had he done? How had this man sinned more than others? All the idlers that lounged about and watched him, were they better or dearer to God than he was? Mrs. Drummond was half a Pagan, though she did not know it. She hurried away with a miserable sense that it was past bearing. But Stephen set his lips tight and bore it. He bore the looks of the village people who came out to their doors to look at him as he passed. As for his mother and sister they scarcely remarked his silence. They were so happy that everything had gone off so well, that he had borne it so easily.

"I don't think he looks a bit the worse," said Miss Jane.

They were the tenderest, the most patient of nurses, but they had accepted his illness long ago as a matter of course. From the moment he was placed in the chair, and so off their mind, as it were, the luggage came into the ascendant and took his place. They had a wonderful amount of parcels, mostly done up in brown paper. Mrs. Haldane herself carried her pet canary in its cage, tied up in a blue-and-white handkerchief. She was more anxious about this for the moment than about her son. The procession was one which caught everybody's eye. First two wheel-barrows with the luggage, the first of which was occupied by Stephen's bed and chair, the other piled up with boxes, among the rest two portmanteaus of his own, on which he could still read, on old labels which he had preserved with pride, the names of Naples, Florence, and Rome. Had he been actually there, he who was now little more than a piece of luggage himself? Miss Jane



divided her attentions between her brother and the second wheel-barrow, on which the brown-paper parcels were tumbling and nodding, ready to fall. His mother walked on the other side, holding fast by the parcel in the blue-and-white handkerchief. Mrs. Burton, who was passing in her carriage, stopped to look after them. She, too, had known Stephen in better days. She did not ask passionate questions as Helen was doing; but she felt the shock in her way, and only comforted herself by thinking that the feelings get blunted in such unfortunate cases, and that no doubt other people felt more for him than he felt for himself.

But notwithstanding the callousness which use had brought, there was no indifference to Stephen's comfort in the minds of his attendants. Everything was arranged for him that evening as if he had been surrounded by a crowd of servants. When Helen went to see him he was seated by the window with flowers upon his table and all his papers arranged upon it. The flowers were not very choice; they were of Miss Jane's selection, and marigolds and plummy variegated grass looked beautiful in her eyes. Yet nothing but love could have put everything in its place so soon, and metamorphosed all at once the dining-room of the Gatehouse into Stephen's room, where everything bore a reference to him and was arranged for his special comfort. Perhaps they did not always feel for him, or even see what room there was for feeling. But this they could do—and in it they never failed.

"Does not he look comfortable?" Miss Jane said with triumph. "You would think to see him he had never budged from his chair. And he got through the journey very well. If you but knew how frightened I was when we set out!"

Stephen looked at Mrs. Drummond with a smile. There were some lines about his mouth and a quiver in his upper lip which spoke to her more clearly than to his sister. Helen had not been in the way of going out of herself to sympathise with others; and it seemed to her as if she had suddenly got a new pair of eyes, an additional sense. While they were all talking she saw what the journey had really cost him in his smile.

"It is strange to see the world again after so long," he said, "and to realise that once one walked about it quite carelessly like other people, without thinking what a thing it was."

"But, Stephen, I am sure you don't re-pine," said his mother, "you know whose

will it is, and you would not have it different? That is such a comfort whatever we may have to suffer."

"You would not have it different!"

Helen looked at him almost with tears in her eyes.

"That is a great deal to say, mother," he answered with a suppressed sigh; while she still went on asking herself passionately what had he done? what had he done?

"I think the charwoman will suit very well," said Miss Jane. "She seems clean, and that is the great thing. I am very well satisfied with everything I have seen as yet. The kitchen garden is beautiful. I suppose as there is no division, we are to have it between us—that and the fruit? I have been thinking a few fowls would be very nice if you have no objection. They cost little to keep, and to have your own eggs is a great luxury. And meat seems reasonable. I am very well satisfied with all I have seen."

"If we only knew about the chapel," said Mrs. Haldane. "So much of your comfort depends on your minister. If he is a nice man he will be company for Stephen. That is what I am most afraid of—that he will be dull in the country. There was always some one coming in about the magazine or some society or other when we were in town. I am afraid, Stephen, you will feel quite lost here."

"Not for want of the visitors, mother," he said; "especially if Mrs. Drummond will spare me Norah. She is better than any minister—not meaning any slight to my brethren," he added, in a half apologetic, half-laughing tone. He could laugh still, which was a thing Helen found it very difficult to understand.

"Norah is very nice, and I like dearly to see her," said his mother; "but, Stephen, I don't like to hear you talk like that. Mrs. Drummond is not to know that it is all your nonsense. You were always such a one for a joke."

"My jokes have not been very brilliant lately," he said, with a smile. Mrs. Haldane rose at that moment to help her daughter with something she was moving to the other end of the room, and Stephen, seizing the opportunity, turned quickly round upon Helen, who was sitting by him. "You are very sorry for me," he said, with a mixture of gratitude and impatience. "Don't! it is better not!"

"How can I help it?" cried Helen. "And why is it better not?"

"Because I cannot bear it," he said, almost sternly.

This passed in a moment, while the unconscious women at the other end had altered the position of a table. Never man had more tender nurses than these two; but they had ceased to be sorry for him in look or word. They had accepted their own fate and his; his helplessness was to them like the daylight or the dark, a thing inevitable, the course of nature; and the matter-of-fact way in which they had learned to treat it made his life supportable. But it was difficult for a stranger to realise such a fact.

"I never told you that we were disappointed about letting the house," said Miss Jane. "A great many people came, but no one who was satisfactory. It is a great loss. I have left a person in it to try for a few months longer. People are very unprincipled, coming out of mere curiosity, and turning over your blankets and counterpanes without a thought."

Here the conversation came to a pause, and Helen rose. She was standing saying her farewells and making such offers of assistance as she could, when the daily event with which she had grown familiar took place.

"There is some one coming," said Stephen, from the window. "It ought to be the queen by the commotion it makes: but it is only Burton."

And Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane both rushed forward to see. Helen withdrew out of sight with a secret bitterness which she could not have put into words. Mr. Burton was driving home from the station in all his usual importance. His horses were groomed to perfection, the mountings of his harness sparkled in the sun. He half drew up as he passed, making his bays prance and express their disapprobation, while he took off his hat to the new arrivals. It was such a salutation as a jocund monarch might have tossed at a humble worshipper, mock ceremony and conscious condescension. The women looking out never thought of that. They ran from one window to another to watch him entering the avenue, they talked to each other of his fine horses, the neat groom beside him, and how polite he was. Stephen had been looking on, too, with keen interest. A smile was on his face, but the lines above his eyes were contracted, and the eyes themselves gleamed with a sudden fire which startled Helen.

"I wonder what he thinks of it all," he

said to her under his breath, "if he thinks at all. I wonder if he is comfortable when he reflects who are living at his gates?"

The words were said so low that she had to stoop to hear; and with a wondering thrill of half-comprehension she looked at him. What did he mean? From whence came that tone which was almost fierce in its self-restraint? It seemed to kindle a smouldering fire in her, of the nature of which she was not quite aware. "Burton and Golden" suddenly flashed across her thoughts again. Where was it she had seen the names linked together? What did it mean? and what did Stephen mean? She felt as if she had almost found out something, which quickened her pulse and made her heart beat—almost. But the last point of enlightenment was yet to come.

"Now he has turned in at the gate," said Miss Jane. "Well, for my part, I am glad to have seen him; and to think that a man could do all that by his own exertions! If he had been a nobleman I should not have thought half so much of it. I suppose, now, that could not be seen anywhere but in England? You may smile, Stephen, and think me very vulgar-minded; but I do think it is a very wonderful sight."

And thus the second household settled down, and became a part of the landscape which the family at Dura surveyed with complaisant proprietorship, and through which Mr. Burton drove every afternoon, calling admiring spectators to all the windows. The rich man had never enjoyed the commotion he made so much as he did now when he could see at the Gatehouse those faces looking out. There was scarcely an evening but Miss Jane or her mother would stand up to see him, gazing with unconscious worship at this representative of wealth and strength, and that practical power which sways the world; while Norah would clamber up on a chair behind the blinds at the other end, and look out with her big brown eyes full of serious observation. He thought Norah wondered and worshipped too, not being able to understand the language of her eyes. And sometimes he would see, or think he saw, her mother behind her. When he did so he went home in high good-humour, and was more jocular than usual; for nothing gave him such a sense of his own greatness, his prosperity, and superiority to common flesh and blood, as the homage, or supposed homage paid to him by those lookers-on at the windows of the Gatehouse.

Mr. Burton's satisfaction came to a climax

when his father-in-law came to pay his next visit, which happened not very long after the arrival of the Haldanes. Mr. Baldwin, as we have said, was a Dissenter, and something like a lay bishop in his denomination. He was very rich, and lived very plainly at Clapham with his two sisters, Mrs. Everett and Miss Louisa. They were all very good people in their way. There was not a man in England who subscribed to more societies or presided at a greater number of meetings. He spent half his income in this way; he "promoted" charities as his son-in-law promoted joint-stock companies; and prided himself on the simplicity of his living and his tastes, notwithstanding his wealth. When he and his sisters came to pay a visit at Dura they walked from the station, leaving their servants and their boxes to follow in a fly. "We have the use of our limbs, I am thankful to Providence," one of the sisters would say; "why should we have a carriage for a little bit of road like that?" They walked in a little procession, the gentleman in advance, like a triumphant cock in front of his harem, the two ladies a little behind. Mr. Baldwin wore his hat on the back of his head, and a white tie, like one of his favourite ministers; he had a round, chubby face, without any whiskers, and a complexion almost as clear as little Clara's. The two ladies were like him, except that Mrs. Everett, who was a widow, was large and stout, and Miss Louisa pale and thin. They walked along with a natural feeling of benevolent supremacy, making their remarks on everybody and everything with distinct voices. When they got to the Gatehouse they paused and inspected it, though the windows were all open.

"I think Reginald was wrong to give such a house as this to those poor people," said the married sister in front of the door. "It is a handsome house. He might have found some little cottage for them, and let this to a family."

"But, Martha, he gave what he had, and it is that that is always accepted," said Miss Louisa.

The brother drowned her plaintive little voice with a more decided reply—

"I am very glad Haldane has such good quarters. As for the lady, I suppose she was not to blame; but when a man flies in the face of Providence I would not reward him by providing for his wife and family. I agree with Martha. It is a waste of the gifts of God to give this house to poor people who cannot enjoy it; but still Burton

is right on the whole. If you cannot do better with your property, why should not you use it to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness? I approve of his charity on the whole."

Inside the recipients of the charity sat and heard all through the open windows. But what then? Mr. Baldwin and his sisters were not responsible for that. They went on to the avenue making the same candid and audible remarks all along the road. It was not necessary that they should exercise self-restraint. They were in the dominions of their relation. They were absolute over all foolish sentiment and false pride. They said it loud out, frankly, whatever they might have to say. The arrival of these visitors always made a certain commotion at Dura. It moved Mr. Burton a great deal more than it did his wife. Indeed, if there was anything which vexed him in her exemplary behaviour, it was that she would not make temporarily the changes which he thought were "only respectful" to suit the tastes of her father and aunts. "You know your father likes only plain roast and boiled," he would say to her, half-indignantly, adding, with a laugh, "and minister sauce." This last was one of his favourite jokes, though it did not strike his wife as particularly brilliant. But the minister sauce was the only thing which Mrs. Burton provided for her father. She held fast by her *menu*, though he disapproved of it. She dressed herself tranquilly for dinner, though her aunts held up their hands, and asked her solemnly if she knew what all this extravagance must come to? In these matters Clara would not give way; but she asked the minister of the chapel in the village to dinner, and it was in presence of this functionary that Mr. Baldwin filled up the measure of his son-in-law's content.

"I see you have been very generous to poor Haldane," he said. "I am very much obliged to you, Burton. He is my own man; I should have been compelled to do something for him if you had not taken him up; and my hands are always so full! You will find I do not forget it. But it was a great waste to put him into such a handsome house."

"I am delighted to have pleased you," said Mr. Burton. "It was an empty house; and I have put my cousin, Mrs. Drummond, in the other end, whom I was obliged to take care of. It was the cheapest way of doing it. I am most happy to think I have relieved you, even of so little as that."

"Oh yes, you have relieved me," said

Mr. Baldwin. "I shan't forget it. It will be an encouragement to Mr. Truston and to many of the brethren to see that a sick friend is never abandoned. I don't mean to say that you want any inducement—but, still, when you can see that even in the case of failing strength—"

"Oh yes. I am sure it is most encouraging," the poor minister faltered.

Encouraging to think of Stephen Haldane, who was thus provided for! The two rich men went on with their talk over their wine, while some confused speculation as to the ways of Providence went through the head of their companion. He was young, and he felt ill-at-ease, and he did not like to interfere much. Had it been Mr. Dalton he would have been less easily silenced. Thus Mr. Burton found his benevolence in one particular at least attended with the most perfect success.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

AND everything settled down, and Nature resumed her common round. This is what Nature does in all circumstances. There never was so bad a storm but next morning the thrifty mother took heart and set to work again as best she could to make amends for it. It is only when the storm affects human hearts and lives that this cheerful, pathetic effort to get the better of it becomes terrible; for the mending in such cases is so often but superficial, the cure impossible. Other trees grow up to fill the gap made by the one blown down; but not other loves or other hopes. Yet gradually the tempest calms, the wreck is swept away, and some things that are new are always better than some things that were old, even though the old can never be replaced while life goes on.

Of all the dwellers in the Gatehouse, it was poor Haldane who felt this the most. The reality of this life in the country was very different from the anticipation. The fresh air which his mother had hoped to have for Stephen—the cottage garden which they had all dreamt of (even he himself by moments), where he could be wheeled in his chair to sit under the apple-tree and smell the flowers—had vanished from their list of possibilities. All the fresh air he could have was from the open window by which his chair was placed. But not even the garden and the apple-tree would have done so much for him as the varieties of the country road. Instead of the garden walls at Victoria Villas, the strip of dusty grass,

the chance sight of a neighbour's child at play, or (more likely) of a neighbour's clothes hung out to dry, he had a genuine rural high-road, with all its sights. He saw the carts passing with rural produce, full of big baskets of vegetables for the London market; he saw the great waggons of odorous hay, with a man asleep on the top, half buried in the warm and fragrant mass, or cracking his whip on the path, and shouting drowsy, inarticulate calls to the horses, who took their own way, and did not mind him; he saw the carriages gleam past with the great people, whom by degrees he got to know; and then the Rectory children were always about, and Mrs. Dalton in her pony-chaise, and the people coming and going from the village. There were two of the village folk in particular who brought a positive pleasure into his life—not a pair of lovers, or any pretty group, but only Clippings, the tailor, and Brown, the shoemaker, who strolled down the road in the evening to smoke their pipes and talk politics as far as the Rectory gate. Clippings, who lived "up town," was always decorous in his shabby coat; but Brown, whose shop was "at the corner," came in his shirtsleeves, with his apron turned up obliquely to one side. They would stop just opposite his window when they got hot in their discussion. Sometimes it was the parish they talked of, sometimes the affairs of the state, and it was in Stephen's mind sometimes to invite them to cross the road, and to have his say in the matter. They were not men of education or intelligence perhaps; but they were men, living the natural human life from which he had been torn, and it did him good to watch them. After a while they began to look over at him and take off their hats, half with village obsequiousness to a possible customer, half with natural feeling for a soul in prison; and he gave them a nod in return.

But this vulgar fancy of his was not quite approved of within. "If you are so friendly with these men, Stephen, you will have them coming over, and poisoning the whole house with tobacco," Mrs. Haldane said, with an expressive sniff. "I think I smell it even now." But his mother was not aware that the scent of the tobacco was like an air of paradise to poor Stephen, who had loved it well enough when he was his own master, though it had become impossible now.

Mrs. Haldane, however, did not say a word against Mr. Dalton's cigar, which he very often smoked under Stephen's window in those summer mornings, lounging across

in his study coat. It must be remembered that Stephen was not a Dissenting minister *pur et simple*, but a man whose name had been heard in the literary world, especially in that literary world which Mr. Dalton, as a "thoughtful" and "liberal" clergyman, chiefly affected. The rector felt that it was kind to go and talk to poor Haldane, but he was not so overwhelmingly superior as he might have been under other circumstances. He did not set him down at once at a distance of a hundred miles, as he did Mr. Truston, the minister of the chapel at Dura, by the mere suavity of his "good morning." On the contrary, they had a great deal of talk. Mr. Dalton was a man who piqued himself on his Radicalism, except when he happened to come in contact with Radicals, and he was very great in education, though he left the parish schools chiefly to his wife. When anything had happened which was more than ordinarily interesting in public affairs, he would stride across with gaiety to the encounter: "I told you your friend Bright was not liberal-minded enough to see that distinction," he would say; or, "Gladstone has gone off on another search after truth;" and then the battle would go on, while Stephen sat inside and his interlocutor paced the white flags in front of the Gatehouse up and down under the windows with that fragrant cigar. Sometimes Mary would come flying over from the Rectory: "Papa, papa, you are wanted. There are some papers to sign, and mamma can't do it, she says." "*Pazienza!*" the rector would answer, for he had travelled too.

And then on the Saturday there were other diversions for Stephen. Old Ann from the farm of Dura Den would whip up her old white pony and stop her cart under his window. She had her grandson with her, a chubby lad of twelve, in a smock-frock, beautifully worked about the shoulders, with cheeks as red as the big poppies in the nosegay which his grandmother made a point of bringing every Saturday to the poor sick gentleman.

"And how do you do, sir, this fine fresh morning?" she would shout to him. "I hope as I sees you better. Sammy, give me the flowers. It's old-fashioned, master, but it's sweet; and I just wish I see you able to come and fetch 'em for yourself."

"Thank you, Ann; but I fear that's past hoping for," Stephen would say with a smile.

The same colloquy passed between them every week, but they did not tire of it, and the little cart with its mixture of colours,

the red carrots, and white cauliflowers, and many-tinted greens, was a pleasant sight to him. He did not object even to the pungent odour of the celery, which often communicated itself to his bouquet. The white pony, and the red and white and green of the vegetables, and old Ann with a small face, like a russet winter apple, under her deep bonnet, and her little red shawl, trimly tied in round her waist by the great, many-pocketed apron; and Sammy trudging behind, with boots like buckets, with a basket of crimson cabbage for pickles on his arm, and his puffy, peony cheeks, made up a homely picture which delighted the recluse. It was an event for him when the Saturday came round, and he began (he said) to be fond of the smell of celery, and to think double poppies very handsome, showy flowers to put into a nosegay. Miss Jane took an interest in Ann too, but it was of a different kind. She would go out to the door, and have long discussions with her on various subjects, quite as interesting as the rector's battles with Stephen—whether the butter was rising, and what was the cheapest for her poultry; for Ann's butter and her poultry were the best in Dura, and when she knew you, and felt that you were to be depended upon, she was not dear, Miss Jane always said.

There was also another visitor, who came once a week, not to Stephen's window, but to make a call in all proper state. This was Mr. Truston, the minister of the chapel, who was like Stephen, a *protégé* of Mr. Baldwin, but had not either done so much credit or given so much trouble to the denomination as Haldane had. Mr. Truston was aware how his new acquaintance was spoken of by the community, and his mind was much divided between veneration for Stephen's powers and a desire to be faithful with his brother. If he could be the humble instrument of setting him quite right with the denomination and preserving the efficiency of the magazine, he felt that he would not have lived in vain. But it was a dreadful trial to his modesty to assume an admonitory position to one whom he respected so much. He confided his difficulties to Mrs. Wigginton, the wife of the draper at Dura, who was a leading member of the congregation, and a very thoughtful woman; and she had given him a great deal of encouragement, and put his duty before him in the clearest light.

"The thing is to keep him to fundamental principles," Mrs. Wigginton said. "I would excuse a great deal if he preserved these. *We* may be superior to distinctions, and know



that there is good both in church and chapel. But that will not do for the common mass. And we must support the denomination, Mr. Truston. It has its faults—but, whatever its faults may be, we must stand by our flag."

"Ah, I wish you would take him in hand," said the minister with a sigh; but, all the same, such inspiration as this did not go for nothing. He began to call on the Haldanes every week; and when he had screwed up his courage he meant to be very faithful with Stephen; but a man cannot begin that process all at once.

Thus the Haldanes settled down in the Gatehouse; and their settling down affected Helen with that unintentional example and encouragement, which people convey to each other without meaning it. They were all very poor, but Miss Jane, who had never been very rich, and who had been trained to live on the smallest sum imaginable, made no hardship of her poverty, and communicated a certain cheerfulness about it even to her neighbour, whose mind and training were so very different. Miss Jane took it as she had learned to take (though not till after many struggles) her brother's illness, as a matter of course. She was aware that there were rich people in the world. She saw them even, the Burtons, for instance, who passed her every day, and whose life was full of luxury; but this did not move her, any more than the sight of a great beauty would have moved her to impatience of her own plain and homely face. The wealth, like the beauty, was exceptional. The homeliness and the poverty were the natural rule. And Helen saw that the lines of pain were softened in Stephen's face, and that he had begun to feel something like pleasure in those alleviations of his loneliness which have been described. All this produced a soothing, quieting influence upon her. She was hushed, as a child is who is not satisfied, whose cry is ready to burst forth at any moment, but upon whom the very atmosphere, the stillness of the air has produced a certain calm. The wrong which had burnt her heart like a fire was not extinguished; it burned low, not for want of fuel, but because the air was soft and humid, and kept down the flame. And she herself was subdued. She was weary of suffering, and the routine of the new life acted upon her like an opiate, and the sense that all this was accepted as ordinary and natural by others, kept her down. And then Norah had cast away those bonds which oppress a child—the bonds of conventional quiet, which remain when natural grief has passed away in the order of things. Norah

had begun to sing about the house, to dance when she should have walked, to wake up like the flowers, to live like the birds, spending her days in a chatter and flutter of life and gladness. All this calmed down and suppressed the feelings which had swayed Helen after her husband's death. Though her old sense of suspicion in respect to her cousin had succeeded the momentary relenting which his kindness had produced in her, even that was suppressed in the artificial calm. She blamed herself for shrinking from his presence, for disliking his friendliness; she even made an effort to go to his house, to overcome what she said to herself was her mean envy of his prosperity. She made friends with his wife, as far as two women so different could make friends, and tried to believe that Reginald Burton himself had never meant but well. It was in October, when she had first begun fully to realise the strange quietness that had come upon her, that it was suddenly broken up, never in that same fashion to return again.

There were visitors at the time at Dura House, visitors of importance, great county people, potentates whom it was said, Mrs. Burton was specially bent on conciliating in order to open the way into Parliament—a glory upon which her heart was set—to her husband. Mr. Burton had himself taken a holiday from business, and, on this particular day had gone up, after a long interval, "to see," he said, with that cheerful, important laugh of his, "how things were going on." That evening, however, Dura village was disappointed of its usual amusement. The phaeton with the bays went slowly past, driven by the groom, with a certain consternation in every line of the horses, and in every splendid tail and high-stepping hoof.

"Has not your master come?" Mrs. Burton asked, when she met this forlorn equipage in the avenue. Such a thing had been known; sometimes business was so urgent that Mr. Burton had lost his train, or waited for one that went later. But that which had happened this evening had never happened before.

"He is walking, ma'm," said the groom, with gloomy signification. It gave even Mrs. Burton a start, though she was usually so self-possessed; and as for the groom, he spread it about through the house that there had been "a smash" in the City. Nothing else could account for so extraordinary a step.

Mr. Burton walked, and his countenance was clouded. There was a shade on it, which the people about Dura, stupefied in the first instance, by seeing him afoot

at that hour, interpreted as the groom did. They thought "something must have happened." The Bank of England must have faltered on its throne; half the merchants, at home and abroad, must have fallen to the dust, like Dagon. Some one of weak mind, who suggested that the ministry might be out, was snubbed by everybody with a contempt proportioned to his foolishness. Would Mr. Burton look like that for any merely political misfortune? But no one ventured even to suggest that Burton & Co. themselves might have sustained some blow. Such treason might be in men's thoughts, but no one dared to hint at an event which more than a revolution or a lost empire would have convulsed Dura. There are some things which it is impious even to speculate about.

Mr. Burton went direct to the Gatehouse. He had not his usual condescending word to Susan, nor did he remember to wave his hand to Stephen as he passed the window. He went straight into the drawing-room, where Helen and Norah were sitting. They had just come in from their walk, and were going to have tea; and such a visit at this hour startled them. There was something more than gloom on his face; there was suppressed anger, and he had the look of a man who had come to speak his mind. He shook hands in the slightest, most hasty way, not caring evidently to waste time in salutations, and he did not take the chair that was offered to him. He kept standing, looking first at Helen and then at Norah, with glances which he seemed to expect would be understood; but as Norah had been present at every discussion in the house all her life, it did not occur to her to go away, nor to her mother to send her. At last he was obliged to speak plainly.

"I am anxious to talk to you by yourself," he said. "I have something very important to say. Norah, perhaps, would run out to the garden, or somewhere—for half an hour, I should not ask for more."

"Norah!" said Helen, with surprise. "But she has heard everything that any one can have to say to me. She knows as much as I do. You may say anything before Norah."

"By —!" said Mr. Burton. He did not put any word in the vacant place. He swore by Blank, as we do in books, contenting himself with the "By —!" "I don't mean to speak of my affairs before Norah," he said, walking to the window and looking out. "Send her away."

He waited there with his back turned to the two, who gazed at each other amazed.

"Go up-stairs till I send for you, Norah," said Helen, with a trembling voice. It must be some new pain, some new terror, something about Norah's father. She put her hand on her heart to keep it still. This was how her calm was broken all in a moment. She put her child away with the other hand. And Norah, astonished, indignant, choking with sudden rage and mortification, flew out of the room and rushed up-stairs. The sound of her hurried, angry retreat seemed to ring through all the house. And it was not till her foot was heard overhead that her mother found breath to speak. "What is it?—tell me! There can be nothing now so very hard to bear."

"I don't know what you mean about hard to bear," said Mr. Burton, turning pettishly round and seating himself on a chair in front of her. "Helen, I have done all I could to be kind to you. You will say it has not cost me very much, but it has cost me more than you think. I have put myself to a great deal of trouble, and—"

"Is this all you have to tell me?" she asked faintly, still holding her hand upon her heart.

"All!" he repeated; and then, changing his tone suddenly, "do you know anything about this new folly Maurice has taken in hand? Don't prevaricate, Helen; answer me yes or no."

"I do not know what you mean," she said, and paused for breath. Her fright, and the strange assault that had been made upon her, confused her mind. Then gradually with Maurice's name came a sudden gleam of light.

"That is a pretence," he said. "I can see in your face that you understand. You that I have been, so to speak, nourishing in my bosom—you—Helen! There is still time to think better of it. Have you given your consent to it? Has he got your name?"

"If it is anything Dr. Maurice is doing," she said, "yes, he has got my consent, and more than my consent."

"Good heavens, why? Are you in your senses? I thought it was some idiotic woman's notion. What good can it possibly do to rake up that business all over again? What the deuce do you mean by it? What can it ever be to you?"

"What is it to you?" she said.

"To me!" She was looking at him, and his voice fell. He had begun loudly, as if with the intention of declaring that to him it was less than nothing; but he was caught by her look, and only grew confused, and stammered out again, "To me!"



"Yes," said Helen. "You are not a Director. You have said you were a loser only, you had no responsibility. Then what does it matter to you?"

Mr. Burton turned away his head; he stamped his foot slightly on the floor in impatience. "What is the use?" he said, as if to himself, "you might teach an elephant to fly sooner than make a woman understand about business. Without being anything to me, it might be something to my friends."

"Is that man—that—Golden—is he your friend?"

"Of course he is," said Mr. Burton roughly, with a certain defiance. "You are prejudiced against him unjustly. But he is my friend, and a very good fellow too."

"Then it is better not to say any more," said Helen rising, trembling in every limb. "It is best not to say any more. Oh don't venture to name his name to me! If I had not been a woman, I should have—not killed him. That would have been too good.

Innocent men are killed, and you others look on, and never lift a finger. I would have pursued him till his last breath—crushed him—made him feel what he has done. And I will—if I have the power!"

She stood up confronting her cousin, trembling, yet glowing with that passion which the name of her husband's slanderer always roused within her. She was almost as tall as Burton was, and he felt as if she towered over him, and was cowed by the strength of her emotion. He rose too, but he shrank back a step, not knowing how to meet the spirit he had roused.

"These are nice Christian sentiments," he said, with an attempt at a sneer; but in his heart the man was afraid.

"I ask nobody what kind of sentiments they are," she cried. "If he had wronged me only, I would have forgiven him. But no man shall say his name before me—no man! I may not have the power; my friends may not have the power; but it is that, and not the will, which will fail if we fail.

I will never give up trying to punish him, never in my life!"

"Then you will be acting like a fool," Mr. Burton said; but he changed his tone, and took a great deal of trouble to persuade her to take her seat again, and discuss the matter calmly with him.

Norah stood up-stairs by the window, watching till he should go. The child's heart was bursting with rage and pain. She had never been sent away before; she had heard everything, had been always present whatever was going on. Her father, Dr. Maurice, Mr. Haldane, every one of them had spoken in her presence all that they had to say. And she remembered words that no one else remembered, scraps of talk which she could put together. She did so with a violent exercise of her memory as she stood there drumming on the window, and wondering when he would go. "He thinks I am only a child," she said to herself, in the fiery commotion of her spirits, and thought of a hundred things she could do to prove the contrary. She would go to Dr. Maurice; she would let "everybody" know. He was no friend; he was a conspirator against them—one of those who killed her father. Every moment that passed inflamed Norah more. She stood at the window and watched, thinking would he never be gone, thinking, oh why could not she make herself grow—make herself a woman! What her mother had done was nothing to what Norah felt herself capable of doing. Every vein in her body, and every nerve had begun to thrill and tremble

(To be continued.)

before she heard the sound down-stairs of the door opening, and saw him go hastily away.

This was what he said when he opened the door of the sitting-room down-stairs—

"You will do what you please, of course. I have found out before now what it is to struggle with an unreasonable woman. Do what you like. Drag your husband's name through the dirt again. Throw all sorts of new light on his motives. That is what you will do. People might have forgotten it; but after what you are going to do, they will never forget. And that is all you will have for your pains—you may be sure you can do nothing to us."

"Us?" said Helen. "You told me you were not concerned."

And then Mr. Burton changed color and lost his temper.

"You drive a man wild," he cried. "You exasperate me so that I don't know what I am saying. Of course you know what I mean, though you pretend you don't. I mean my friends. And you know that; and you know how much you owe to me, and yet the answer I get is—this!"

He slammed the door after him like an angry maid-servant; he strode hastily away to his own house, with a face which of itself gave a new paralytic seizure to Old John at the lodge. He filled everybody with consternation in his own house. And Helen stood still after he had left her, half exultant, half stupefied. *Us!* Had she found his cunning manœuvres out?

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

IN these days of free thinking, speaking and writing, few of us can escape learning how we appear to others; and many men, and women, too, in public positions, must often be led to hope that they do not quite answer to the current descriptions of them, and to question the efficacy of the poet's suggestion, in the interests of private or public virtue.

But in fact, as other people see us, is but

one out of four aspects which we present. To our own consciences we must indeed at times appear even blacker than our enemies would paint us; and the All-seeing God views us just as we really are, His sight piercing even the disguises which hide us from ourselves.

But there is a fourth aspect which, as human beings, we present to the animals by which we are surrounded; we seldom think of them, or, if at all, with unconcern; yet, could we put ourselves in their places, how strange a creature man would appear to us! by turns a giant and a dwarf, a monster of cruelty and a tender



HEMIRHAMPHUS, BRAZIL (FROM NATURE).



YOUNG SEMNOPITHECUS NASICA.

guardian, a devourer of thousands and a dainty morsel, a preacher of morality and a practitioner of frightful crimes, a tyrant over others, and the abject slave of fashion, caprice and prejudice.

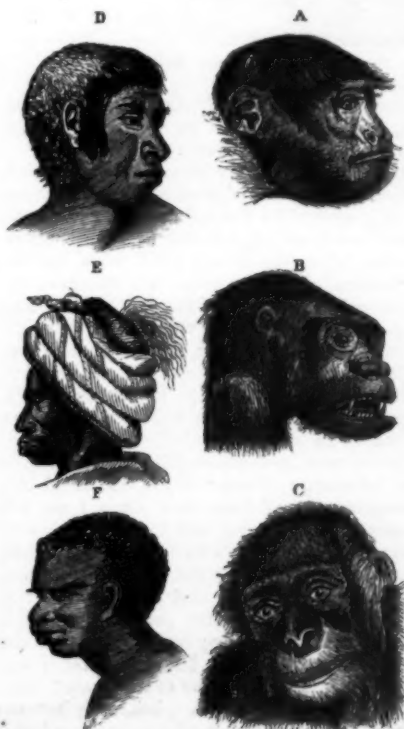
If animals could indulge in abstract thought and could utter their sentiments after the human fashion, what volumes would be produced; what observations would be made of the manners and customs of that strange two-legged creature called man; what criticisms upon his morals and his dealings with his fellow-creatures; what caricatures of his peculiarities; what sarcasms upon his follies and inconsistencies; what odious comparisons between them and the natural habits of the animals themselves! The experience of Gulliver would be as nothing in comparison with these memoirs, and we should acquire some perceptions of the way "others see us," which would certainly be novel and interesting, and possibly useful.

But, alas! although some would have us believe that human reason is merely a developed instinct, and that the faculties of a Newton differ from those of a Gorilla only in degree, as they do from those of a Bushman, yet the proof is here wanting: and until some Darwinian discovers, in the African forest, a hoary old ape expounding to attentive quadrumanous listeners the nature and extent of the anatomical and psychological distinctions between them and the negroes, we must admit that the capacity of the latter to appreciate these distinctions is evidence of an intellectual plane a discrete degree above the merely animal mind and reasoning power which no doubt they and we also possess in common with the beasts that perish.

Till then, therefore, we can only imagine what some of them *would* say if they possessed human powers of observation, and yet retained their present mental and physical relation to us.

For instance. What says the sleepy-looking individual whose picture is here given? He is the "boy" of an ancient family of apes which inhabit the island of Borneo; they possess tails of considerable length, but are compensated for this *unhuman* appendage (the absence of which among their near relatives, the Gibbons, Orangs, and Chimpanzees, has helped to give the latter the title of man-like apes) by the possession of a nasal organ, wonderful in size and form, and very unpleasantly human in its general aspect.

Our "nosey" monkey (for such is the significance of the specific term *nasica* by which this kind of *Semnopithecus* is known) might answer as follows to the anxious naturalists who insist that men and monkeys are as obviously unlike as men and rattlesnakes, who



RESEMBLANCES.





A CANNIBAL BUTCHER SHOP (FROM OLD PRINT).

"seek to base man's dignity upon his great toe, and insinuate that we are lost if an ape has a hippocampus minor :"—

"We apes all have well-formed ears, which are often no more pointed above than those of men, and as for the lobule, about which so much has been said, in the first place many human beings have very small ones, and in the second place it is of no use whatever excepting to bore holes through; and no ape in possession of his wits would ever think of mutilating his features in that way, much less of hanging rings in his ears or even wooden disks, as do the Botocudo Indians in Brazil, from whom doubtless the fashionable wearers of ear-rings are descended. In respect to noses it must be confessed that mankind have the advantage of most of us, but there are exceptions to all rules, and, when I am full grown, my own nose will be so long as to require protection with one hand while climbing among the trees. Our chins, too, are rather deficient, and great comfort is taken by humanity in the prominence of this part of the lower jaw; but in some of the dark races it projects but very little if any more than in us, and one of my nearest relatives, the Hoolock Gibbon, has lately become quite famous by reason of possessing a lower jaw the border of which projects very de-

cidedly as a chin. In my opinion, however, the matter is of very little consequence, since if human dignity is based upon the chin, and rank is estimated thereby, then the *Hemirhamphus* is superior to the whitest man, since his chin is longer than the rest of his head, and forms a striking contrast to the short upper jaw, which indeed seems to be only a movable appendage thereto; the very reverse, by the way, of the sword-fish, where the upper jaw is prolonged and the lower is short.

"Great stress is also laid upon the fact that men walk erect and apes do not; we grant the distinction and admit that there may be some profound meaning in the fact beyond the mere adaptation of our bodies to both walking and climbing, and the need of balancing the abnormally heavy human head upon a slender neck; but we are greatly puzzled to understand a mode of carriage which is much practiced by some female human beings, who in other respects appear to be regarded as the finest of humanity; they assume the exact attitude of a Chimpanzee, only far less gracefully than he, since unnaturally, and swing their bodies in a manner which is not thought respectable with us, and which really originated among some not very nice people in Paris! I wonder what those fine ladies would say if they knew that we regard their 'monkey bends' as clear cases of reversion to the attitude of the 'ancient ape-like progenitor' of which scientific men have lately said so much; and



A YANKEE INVENTION.

moreover, that the 'chignon' is an almost exact copy of the stacks of hair which the African tribes have cultivated from time immemorial. Perhaps they are 'reversions,' too; likewise 'high heels,' wherein they resemble cats and dogs; likewise scanty dresses, wherein they imitate all brute animals.

"Now here let me say, since I have made several allusions to the dark races, that much as I respect their morals and 'disposition and personal appearance, I do not regard them as so nearly related to us as the inhabitants of a large island west of England. The specimens of that race which I have met not only chatter and get excited very much like ourselves, but also in their expression, especially about the mouth, bear very close resemblance to monkeys; the upper lip being rounded and straight, just like our own. Perhaps they are not anxious to prove the kinship, and it makes little difference to us; but I am tired of hearing about the negroes as connecting links between white men and monkeys, and would remind the philosophers that monkeys and black men live together in Africa, while the entire absence of the former in Ireland can only be accounted for upon some kind of transmutation theory.

"There is one human custom the origin of which I have been unable to learn—that of expectoration. No beast, so far as I know, is so foolish as to waste that important digestive fluid, the saliva, and the most filthy pig was never known to discharge it in the presence of his friends or family. Curiously enough, too, among men this habit seems to be confined to a certain class, who talk very loud, and make long speeches, and are apt to fight upon slight provocation, as if they were very important members of society, and they look down upon the Indians, who never expectorate. We are therefore somewhat anxious to know whether they are also superior beings to the creatures called 'gentlemen,' who are never known to spit on the floor, and seldom anywhere else.

"Then the general expression of the countenance. I absolutely deny that apes are universally demoniac and men universally angelic in this respect; my own countenance is surely as calm and placid as a child's, and were I to choose a protector among the three men and three apes whose faces are given here, I think I would prefer the American monkey (A) to the American man (D), since his eyes are brighter and his whole expression more intelligent; I would select the old orang (C) as a far wiser and more experienced

instructor than the woman from Van Diemen's Land (F), and if in need of a valiant defender, would place far more confidence in the long arms and mighty jaws of the gorilla (B) than in the powers of the Timbuctoo negro, who turns his back upon his hairy neighbor and feels so very grand because he can't climb a tree or twist a leopard's neck, or roar like a lion, or do anything useful, unless catching and selling his own kindred as slaves to the white traders be worthy of commendation.

"Nor is this all. The most ferocious gorilla never was known to devour other apes; he would recoil in disgust at the mere suggestion, and answer that his great eye-teeth were given him for defense of himself and his family against wild beasts and prowling hunters, not for tearing the flesh of his own kind. Even dogs refuse to touch the flesh of dogs, and horses are struck with terror at the very sight of a dead quadruped; yet 'anthropophagi' have been known for centuries in different parts of the world, and even the ancient dwellers in now civilized Europe appear to have consumed human flesh. The accompanying figure exhibits a butcher's shop where men are cut up for cooking, and I assure you it is a sight to fill every respectable animal with horror.\* Indeed among the Feejees the word 'bakola,' indicating the human body, also includes the idea of eating it; but the body is also called 'puarkee balava,' which means literally 'long pig,' to distinguish it from 'puarkee nina' or 'true pig.' And it must be remembered that there are many curious analogies between swine and human beings, especially Christians: they eat all sorts of things; their teeth and stomachs are very much alike; and certain worms which begin their career in the flesh of pigs, can complete it only in the human body.

"Among the cannibals nearly all parts of the body are eaten, although a preference is shown for the arms and thighs, especially of women and young persons; but there are individual preferences for certain parts, one king being especially fond of the ends of noses, which he carefully roasts himself, and another old chief of Mowee (one of the Sandwich Islands) has avowed himself to be the living tomb of Capt. Cook's great toe. Lately, however, public opinion has changed in those islands, and now so great is the desire to avoid the reputation of having

\* The figure is a copy of an ancient representation of Anthropophagi among the Anziques, a ferocious African tribe described in the 13th century.

eaten Capt. Cook at all, that the old cannibal has been prosecuted by his countrymen for defamation of character.

"Perhaps some observer of monkeys in the Zoölogical Gardens will say, that to nibble off the end of another monkey's tail is pure cannibalism, and that to perform the same operation upon one's own caudal appendage is something a great deal worse. Well, I admit the fact, so far as concerns monkeys in confinement. They lead a very dull and stupid life, in close air and far from their native woods; they soon tire of climbing over wooden posts and iron bars, and in time they are forced to regard their long and otherwise useless tails as the only means by which to avoid dying of melancholy and inaction. These parts are not very sensitive, and I am told that the nibbling they get is not very painful—which is probable, or the habit would never exist; but even granting the absurdity of the practice and the ill effect it has upon our appearance, I deny that men have any right of self-congratulation upon that score; for many human beings are inveterate nibblers of their own finger-nails; and as there are ten of these, and all have to be attended to, it is evident that a great deal of time must be required in order to accomplish the desired mutilation; and while I am upon this subject I would suggest that mankind and the gorilla and other tailless apes are only the remote descendants of some family of monkeys whose tails wholly disappeared under generations of nibbling, and that the habit merely crops out nowadays in biting the nails, as the only substitute nature allows them. This idea is supported by the fact that the American monkeys all have tails, which have been preserved because they are used as fifth hands for grasping. Moreover, men make queer grimaces and sounds which they call laughing and crying, but which are imitated in nature only by hyenas and tom-cats: they soak their food in water or burn it with fire instead of taking it in its natural state; when ill or aged they rebel against destiny and strive to prolong their lives by means of drugs and ceremonies, which, by the way, some of them also assert are totally useless; yet so great is their fear of death that even these very ones, when sick, are as foolish as the rest, and increase their bodily suffering by nauseous medications.

"But all these human peculiarities are of little moment compared with their outrageous treatment of other creatures. They claim some vague permission, emanating from an

invisible authority, which also they worship, pretending, at the same time, that we are incapable of any such sentiment. For my part I know nothing of what they call religion, and from its manifest effects, I am not at all anxious to learn: a just Being could not ordain that men should literally trample upon the existence of other creatures. They slaughter us for sport, and, even when in need of our flesh, take pleasure in prolonging our death agonies. They work us early and late, and long after illness and ill-usage have crippled us. Some few kind people are protesting against such things and organizing for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but this very fact speaks volumes for the general disregard of our rights by man. I do not mean that it is wicked in them to profit by our labor, and can see nothing so very horrible in the moderate employment of horses, dogs, sheep, and even kangaroos in machines for saving labor. This last instance has excited great attention, especially in Australia, where all the kangaroos live, and where indeed all the other quadrupeds are nearly related, possessing curious pouches in which the young are carried and suckled for some time after their birth. The ingenious Yankee, for he can belong to no other species of the human family, constructed a treadmill, well-padded inside, and with a vertical slit through which passes the enormous tail of the kangaroo, serving perhaps to keep him in the proper position. By springing up and down the animal moves the treadle, which, by a curious arrangement of wheels and bands, works a grinding-stone, chaff-cutter, beam-mill, turnip-cutter, and washing-machine, besides an apparatus for raising water to irrigate the garden.

"Now, as I said, this is not so very dreadful, for kangaroos are very strong in their hind legs, and take most prodigious leaps, and this kind of work cannot fatigue them much; indeed I am inclined to think they need attention, on account of an absurd way they have of looking behind them as they leap through the woods, and so committing suicide by striking against the trees. But I do object most emphatically to the barbarous treatment of omnibus horses, of swill-fed cows in city stables, of cattle in railway cars, of birds shot for sport and fish caught in mere wantonness; and finally, of monkeys and bears and other animals cooped up in narrow cages or chained to machines which grind out excruciating sounds at the bidding of ill-favored bipeds, beside which respectable chimpanzees look like princes."

## MR. LOWELL'S PROSE.

(Continued from page 237.)

HERE is fine insight well communicated to the reader. He is speaking of the letters that passed between Lessing and his betrothed :

"They show that self-possession which can alone ['alone can' (?)] reserve to love the power of new self-surrender,—of never cloying, because never wholly possessed."—*Among my Books*, p. 329. If we fill the ellipsis before "of never cloying," the grace of perfect expression will seem to be wanting. Thus: "They show that self-possession which alone can reserve to love the power [?] of never cloying because never wholly possessed ['imparted' (?)]" Attentive analysis will recognize here that trick of almost hopeless self-contortion in the coils of expression to which Mr. Lowell's thought seems to us to be addicted beyond that of any writer of credit and of worth that we know in literature.

If the blemishes thus detected disfiguring the finish of sentences that are otherwise so near to an ideal perfection, were exceptional to the general style of the writer, it would be pure hypercritical paltriness to have pointed them out. But we have sincerely selected the very choicest specimens that we found of Mr. Lowell's literary art—perhaps we should be truer to his deliberate preference in theory as well as to our own conception of the fact that exists, if we said, the very choicest specimens of Mr. Lowell's literary luck. The prevailing habit of his style is more slovenly by far than these specimens would indicate.

In fact the disarray of Mr. Lowell's literary manner is so striking, as, in our opinion, seriously to affect the decorum of his public appearances in print. We have often, since commencing these criticisms, been prompted to imagine how many degrees of dignity and even of grace due attention on his part to the punctilios of grammatical etiquette would have added to the impression which he makes on his reader. A "noble negligence" is sometimes no doubt the trait of a noble art. It was a "noble negligence" when Milton wrote his "fit audience find though few." One is not so sure, but it was perhaps a "noble negligence" when Shakespeare wrote his "take arms against a sea of troubles." But in the former at least of these instances the art is as conspicuous as the negligence. Mr. Lowell's carelessness impresses us differently. It appears to be in great part a deliberately humored characteristic of his manner. A truly "noble negli-

gence" is not an affectation. But even as an artifice, Mr. Lowell's negligence lacks the relief of contrast with a general carefulness to make it fortunately effective. For in still greater part it is, if we mistake not, a habit of mere slackness and indolence.

Gentlemen of birth and fortune in aristocratic societies are fond of employing an order of attendants to stand in the relation of what we, in our democratical inaptitude, may be excused for conceiving of as a kind of personal groom to their masters. These valets take pride in presenting their employers creditably to the social public in the character of animated lay figures that shall attest their own professional proficiency in the fine art of dressing. Now why, pray, might not the customs of literature permit authors of the higher class to be similarly served in those last attentions to literary toilette, which are at the same time so tedious and so necessary? There must, one would say, in the natural economy of literature, be at least as many accomplished men of culture as gifted men of genius. What more fit and more fruitful intellectual alliance could be fancied than one which should bring the two classes together in well-mated pairs? A man of culture—*ad unguem factus homo*—a sort of Admirable Crichton, if he were also a man of sense, should esteem it a privilege to fulfill the office of literary valet to an agreeable man of genius. The idea is of course a whimsical one; but we offer a few exemplifications of the kind of work which no doubt Mr. Lowell himself would gladly have expended upon his style if he could only have done it by the hand of another. The opening sentence of the essay on Thoreau is this:

"What contemporary [of whom?], if he was in the fighting period of his life [when?] (since Nature sets limits about her conscription for spiritual fields, as the state does in physical warfare) [shall this parenthesis stand?] will ever forget what was somewhat vaguely called the 'Transcendental Movement' of thirty years ago [that intellectual movement of thirty years ago which was somewhat vaguely called the 'Transcendental Movement' (?)]" How would this do? viz.: "Who is there of us all, old enough, and not too old, to have been in the fighting period of his intellectual life when it occurred, that will ever forget the 'Trans-

centennial Movement,' somewhat vaguely so-called, of thirty years ago?"

In the very next sentence of the essay, the participle "set" is without any proper construction. Grammatically its subject is of course the subject of the sentence, viz.: "impulse." 'Impulse,' however, 'sets astirring,' is not 'set astirring.' The writer's evident purpose was to apply his participle to 'movement.' The sentence should therefore read as indicated in the brackets to follow: "Apparently set astirring by Carlyle's essays on the 'Signs of the Times,' and on 'History,' the final and more immediate impulse was given by ['it received its final and more immediate impulse from'] 'Sartor Resartus.'" This exemplifies a very frequent grammatical looseness of Mr. Lowell's. Instances might be multiplied to an indefinite number.

What shall we say of such a sentence as this? "While I believe that our language had two periods of culmination in poetic beauty,—one of nature, simplicity, and truth, in the ballads, which deal only with narrative and feeling,—another of 'Art, (or Nature as it is ideally reproduced through the imagination,) of stately amplitude, of passionate intensity and elevation, in Spenser and the greater dramatists,—and that Shakespeare made use of the latter ['make use' of a 'period' ?] as he found it ['found' the 'period' ?], I by no means intend to say that he did not enrich it, ['enrich' a 'period' ?] or that any inferior man could have dipped the same words out of the great poet's inkstand."—*Among my Books*, p. 165. Mr. Lowell's caveat is expressed with unnecessary circumspection. An 'inferior' man certainly cannot write so well as his superior. But no caveat whatever of the sort was called for here. It would be impossible for a reader of Mr. Lowell to suspect that his author 'intended' to intimate anything derogatory to Shakespeare, or to omit anything that could add to Shakespeare's praise.

Again: "So soon as ['as soon as' (?) ] a language has become literary, so soon as there is a gap between the speech of books and that of life, the language becomes, so far as poetry is concerned, almost as dead as Latin, and (as in writing Latin verses) a mind in itself essentially original becomes in the use of such a medium of utterance unconsciously reminiscient and reflective, lunar and not solar, in expression and even in thought."—*Among my Books*, p. 155.

Mr. Lowell gives us a neat statement of the "scope of the higher drama": "The scope of the higher drama is to represent life, not every-

day life, it is true, but life lifted above the plane of bread-and-butter associations by nobler reaches of language, by the influence at once inspiring and modulating of verse, by an intenser play of passion condensing that misty mixture of feeling and reflection which makes the ordinary atmosphere of existence into flashes of thought and phrase whose brief but terrible illumination prints the outworn landscape of *everyday* upon our brains, with its little motives and mean results, in lines of tell-tale fire."—*Among my Books*, p. 222. Portable and handy—all in a single sentence—and for luminosity, too, like a bit of phosphorus.

For illustration of the manner in which the centrifugal prevails over the centripetal force in Mr. Lowell's mental constitution, take the following. He begins by alluding, as any ordinary critic might, to the state of the text of Shakespeare, but he speedily finds a tangential component, as no ordinary critic would, that sets him off freely into space: "However this may be,"—that is, whether or not Shakespeare had "come at last to the belief that genius and its works were as phantasmagoric as the rest, and that fame was as idle as the rumor of the pit,"—"however this may be, his works have come down to us in a condition of manifest and admitted corruption in some portions, while in others there is an obscurity which may be attributed either to an idiosyncratic use of words and condensation of phrase, to a depth of intuition for a proper coalescence with which ordinary language is inadequate, to a concentration of passion in a focus that consumes the lighter links which bind together the clauses of a sentence or of a process of reasoning in common parlance, or to a sense of music which mingles music and meaning without essentially confounding them."—*Among my Books*, p. 172. That is, Shakespeare's obscurities are to be ascribed to any transcendental and impossible cause, no matter what, provided only they somehow be admitted to glorify him more and more! Coleridge's Shakespearean infatuation recommended itself to critical mercy if not to critical respect by the evident sense of discovery and revelation which inspired it. The secondary affection, as exhibited in Coleridge's followers, it is less easy to regard with sufficient complaisance.

Here is an unequal yoking together of predicates, worthy of some transcendental justification: "The submission ['submissiveness'(?)] with which the greater number surrender their natural likings for the acquired



taste ['to acquire the taste' (?) of what for the moment is called the World is a highly curious phenomenon, *and*, however destructive of originality, is the main safeguard of society, and nurse of civility" !—*My Study Windows*, p. 394. One blushes, as, under his breath, he adjures himself to say, if there is any ground for his suspecting that Mr. Lowell as an author may have secretly resolved with himself upon the experiment of boldly writing down whatever happens into his mind at the time that he writes, and never blotting afterwards (Shakespeare, they say, never did), just for the sake of seeing whether one man may not turn out to be at least half as good as another after all.

"Which" to be parsed in this sentence: "The prologues and those parts *which* internal evidence justifies us in taking them to have been written after the thread of plan to string them on was conceived ['conceive' a 'thread of plan' ?] are in every way more mature."—*My Study Windows*, p. 232.

"Seldom wont." If you are "wont" to do a thing, you are "wont" to do it—and there is an end of the matter. A habit that exists, exists. That is to say, it is a habit. A habit cannot be said itself to exist either often or seldom. Although it may, to be sure, be a habit of repeating a certain action more or less frequently. "Seldom wont" is, therefore, an irreducible solecism.

"Whatever other good things Herr Stahr may have learned from Lessing, terseness and clearness are not among them."—*Among my Books*, p. 304. That is, if Herr Stahr learned some good things from Lessing, aside from "terseness and clearness," he did not learn "terseness and clearness" aside from "terseness and clearness." Probably not.

"Here, better than anywhere, ['else' (?) ] we may cite," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 323.

"But though we feel it to be our duty to say so much of Herr Stahr's positive faults and negative short-comings; yet we leave him in very good humor."—*Among my Books*, p. 304. We have the same feeling of duty with respect to Mr. Lowell that he himself expresses with respect to Herr Stahr. We shall certainly try to earn a right to the same cheerful confidence of leaving him in a kindly humor toward his critic, when we have done. *Mutatis mutandis*, and taking Mr. Lowell as he means, his generous sentiment will respectfully be our own.

"His mother was in no wise superior, but his father," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 307.

"A young man of more than questionable morals, *and* who," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 308.

Here is a "fine distraction" of pronouns: "The good old pastor is remembered now *only* as the father of a son who would have shared the benign oblivion of *his own* theological works, if *he* could *only* have had *his* wise way with *him*."—*Among my Books*, p. 314.

"The then condition."—*Ibid.* p. 314.

"Lifelong he was," etc.—*Ibid.* p. 323, *et alibi*.

"Besides *whatever* other reasons Lessing may have *had* for leaving Berlin, we fancy that his having exhausted *whatever* means it *had* of helping his spiritual growth was the chief."—*Among my Books*, p. 324. There were other reasons for Lessing's leaving Berlin than his having exhausted its opportunities, but "besides" those other reasons that was the "chief" !

"Clever, womanly, discreet, with just enough coyness of the will to be charming when it is joined with sweetness and good sense, she was the true helpmate of such a man."—*Among my Books*, p. 329. The "to be charming" here belongs properly to the subject of the sentence—as if it were written, "with just enough coyness of the will to be thereby rendered charming, when it is joined with sweetness and good sense"—which sufficiently betrays the inconsequent character of the syntax. If now, contrary to grammatical propriety, we give the "to be charming" to the "just enough coyness of the will"—as if it were written "with just so much coyness of the will as is charming when it is joined with sweetness and good sense,"—we have more defensible syntax for the clauses connected by "when," but it is then left unpredicated that the woman spoken of possessed the "sweetness and good sense"—nothing, except a certain amount of "coyness of the will," being predicated of her. The sentence is a fine study in what the grammarians call the *constructio pragnans*. The contorted syntax here, as in the introductory paragraph of "Shakespeare Once More," results from the apparently unconscious attempt of the writer to blend a general with a specific statement in one impossible sentence. The same attempt, with the same result, occurs in this sentence: "Lessing's life, if it is a noble example, so far as it concerned himself alone, is also a warning when another is to be asked to share it."—*Among my Books*, p. 317.

"This was not the last time that he was to have experience of the fact that the critic's pen, *the more it has of truth's celestial temper*, the more it is apt to reverse the miracle of the archangel's spear, and to bring out whatever is toad like in the nature of him it touches."—*Among my Books*, p. 322. Ithuriel, by the way, according to Milton, was not an archangel, but a spirit of subordinate rank.

A literary academy, such as that for which Mr. Matthew Arnold pathetically sighs in his England, would probably find the "note of provinciality" in extravagances like the following. Mr. Lowell is speaking his "Good Word for Winter": "Charles II., who never said a foolish thing, gave the English climate the highest praise when he said that it allowed you more hours out of doors than any other, and I think our winter may fairly make the same boast as compared with the rest of the year."—*My Study Windows*, p. 47. Charles II. was a witty man, they say, as monarchs go. He may never have said anything else that was foolish (though even in the absence of the instance before us we should still have been forced to admire rather than believe when told that he quite absolutely 'never' did say a foolish thing—witty men are not apt to be so self-controlled), but it was surely a foolish thing that he said, if he said it, of the English climate. Mr. Lowell has, however, we think, fairly matched his royal original in saying what he does of the American winter.

What one influence, let our readers guess, wrought more powerfully than all other influences combined, to inspire the young heroes of our civil war? But our readers will never guess. It was Mr. Emerson. Mr. Lowell says: "To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."—*My Study Windows*, p. 382. The author of such a statement as that involuntarily betrays therein how narrow and provincial is the audience to which, by the instinct of habit, he unconsciously appeals. Perhaps one young martyr in fifty of our civil war had heard of Mr. Emerson; one in five hundred may have read his books; one in five thousand possibly was braced by them, directly or indirectly, to "suffer and be strong." Mr. Emerson's influence is no doubt sometimes intensively very great. The reach of his influence, extensively, it is easy to overrate.

We might fairly have added to our heads

of indictment against Mr. Lowell's style a trick of repetition, the natural result of his want of the analytic faculty. In almost all of these essays the reader is bewildered by recurrences of the same thought, often in the same language, until he despairs of his progress toward any goal. He learns sooner or later that movement and not progress, is his author's aim. The essay on Emerson is one pure gyration, almost from beginning to end. We shall not deny that a nice artistic fitness of treatment to subject might be pleaded in justification of Mr. Lowell here.

"Velleity" (a favorite use), "perdurable," "aliened," "dis-saturate," "oppugnancy," "deboshed," (for "debauched") "speechifying," "cold-waterish," "tother," "bother," "grub," (for 'food'), "souse," "bread-and-butter," "liver-complaint," "avant-couriered," "link-boy," "stews," (in a bad sense now rare), "huckster-wench," "blabbed," "primitive-forest-cure," "otherwise-mindedness," "all-out-of-doors," (a literary) "rag-and-bone-picker," "what-d'ye-call-ems," "biggest-river-and-tallest-mountain" (recipe for an American poet), "to-do," (for 'ado'), "touchy," "transmogrify," "crankiness," are specimens of such words and uses as, we think, tend greatly to deform the aspect of Mr. Lowell's pages. Moreover, his pages bristle with foreign words and phrases that seem to cry *procul, procul* to the general reader.

We rest, as the lawyers say. In doing so, we may be permitted, however, to suffer Mr. Lowell's own example to justify us, as to himself, in the minuteness to which we have descended in some few of our strictures. We cite, for this purpose, several consecutive criticisms which Mr. Lowell makes in his essay on Pope. It will, we think, in view of these, be agreed that, however microscopic at times has been our attention to Mr. Lowell's style, we have not dealt to him in this respect a measure of complimentary fidelity beyond that which he himself had been before us in dealing to others. Of the comparative justness of the fidelity in the two cases, we of course leave to the reader to judge. Quoting the familiar opening of Pope's Essay on Man, Mr. Lowell says: "To expatiate *d'er* a mighty maze is rather loose writing."—*My Study Windows*, p. 417. Pope's lines are:

"Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man,  
A mighty maze,—yet not without a plan."

Mr. Lowell, it will thus be seen, goes to the trouble of linking the preposition 'o'er'

with its remote and apposite, instead of with its near and immediate object, for the sake of finding 'loose' syntax in Pope. But even thus is the charge sustained? A 'maze' is best studied from a point overlooking it. And since the invitation is to 'expatiate' figuratively over a figurative 'maze,' why not suppose that the excursion is on wing instead of on foot? The writing will not then appear to be very 'loose.'

Again, in immediate connection Mr. Lowell discovers (of all things in the world for Mr. Lowell) a logical fault in Pope's well-known passage commencing—

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate."

The stricture is too long to quote at this late stage in our criticism. We refer our readers to the volume. But it well displays that curious scholastic propensity in Mr. Lowell's mind to over-refinement which, being served rather by a faculty of wit than by a faculty of logic in its possessor, exposes him to mistakes at times in his serious writing almost as painful as, on the other hand, the lively turns to which it inclines him in his humorous, are amusing. Mr. Lowell, if we understand him, thinks it illogical for Pope to suppose that a lamb endowed with human reason would be able to foresee its own future any better than the same lamb is able to do without human reason. Most readers, we suspect, will decide that it is not Pope's logic that limps.

Mr. Lowell proceeds: "There is also inaccuracy as well as inellegance in saying,

'Heaven  
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.'

To the last verse Warburton, desirous of reconciling his author with Scripture, appends a note referring to Matthew x., 29: 'Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.' It would not have been safe to have referred ['to refer?'] to the thirty-first verse: 'Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

Did anybody ever, we wonder, before Mr. Lowell, seriously take Pope to mean by his phrase, 'with equal eye,' that Divine Providence put the same value on a sparrow as on a hero? It seems to us unnecessary even to revert to the Latin idiom in which Pope probably used the word 'equal' here, in order to understand him as simply meaning that Providence neglects neither the hero nor the sparrow, but regards them both

with just discrimination. Precisely what inaccuracy, or what inellegance, Mr. Lowell designed to point out in italicising the relative 'Who,' is to us profoundly mysterious. It is certainly a very frequent usage of writers, perhaps especially of the deistic writers with whom Pope associated, to write 'Heaven' by metonymy for 'God.' The substituted word then receives the relative 'who' as of course. If 'that' had been employed, 'that' would replace 'who,' and not 'which.' 'Who' is every way preferable. But 'which,' in any case, is here inadmissible. We may be stultifying ourselves, however. For we admit that we cannot guess what good reason Mr. Lowell had for implying a mistake in Pope's 'who' here. The *ad hominem* argument, at least, of justification for the minute attention which, in the interest of good literature, we have paid to Mr. Lowell's faults of style will now, we presume, appear to be sufficient.

But we do injustice alike to Mr. Lowell and to ourselves when we thus apply the *argumentum ad hominem* to a case like his. The author's own chivalrous spirit, manifested everywhere throughout his work, can but itself be constantly felt by the appreciative critic as a friendly spur to frank, no less than to respectful, treatment of his subject. And we must claim to have written besides on the prompting of a vital first principle in what may be called the hygiene of literature. Mr. Lowell himself has given the principle a form of expression. The form of expression which he has given it may be liable to criticism, but the principle itself is one that cannot be gainsaid. "Without earnest convictions," is his language, "no great or sound literature is conceivable."—*Among my Books*, p. 7. We believe this profoundly, and we have long been in the habit, with the jealous instincts of an ardent intellectual patriotism, of applying it to the state of our own national literature. With vivid æsthetic convictions of our own, that we do not affect to dissemble, we seek, by the proffer of a criticism sincerely intended to be loyal alike to the general and to the individual interests involved, to contribute our proportion, however small, toward rescuing American literature from the atrophy that threatens it as a result of the growing slackness of such convictions on the part of our authors, and of the consequent far too easy admiration exchanged among them of each other's productions.

But æsthetic convictions alone, however

vivid and however just, entertained by the authors that produce it, are yet far off from being sufficient to continue the life of a literature. In truth, the soundest æsthetic convictions, we believe, possess small vigor for even surviving, themselves, apart from the vivific contact and virtue of supreme moral convictions. The health, the bloom, the splendor of Greek letters, in their long and beautiful youth, is no instance of deviation from the rule. The poets, both epic and tragic, the historians, the philosophers, the orators, of Greece—those masters among them, we mean, whose works remain the æsthetic despair of after-coming literary artists in every race and every age—were perhaps without an exception exemplars, not indeed of a Christian morality, but still of whatever was purest and best in the Greek moral and religious aspiration. Attic taste, whether in art or in literature, was kept to its exquisite tone, through all its undegenerate prime, by the severities of Attic morals and the solemnities of Attic religion.

We, of course, understand that Mr. Lowell himself attributed to the moral element as much literary importance as this, when he declared that earnest convictions were an indispensable condition of a great or even of a sound literature. There is, after all, and Mr. Lowell knows it, no other such inspiration yet found, to any generous human purpose under the sun, as high moral conviction. Of this inspiration Mr. Lowell seems to us to have been born to be the subject. His earlier poetry is full to its bound, sometimes (in the "Present Crisis," for example) almost to overflowing its bound, with the ample breath of it. His later poetry, more capacious to have received the inspiration, is somehow differently inspired. And his prose, while containing, it must gratefully be acknowledged, little obvious implication of which the moral censor can justly complain, is still generally too vacant of that noble afflatus of tense moral conviction which we cannot help feeling was in a high degree natural to his genius, and which alone was able to make the fruit of his genius either great or enduring. Some sinister influence wrought to render that genius no longer continent of the grand inspiration of which it was fitted by nature to be so capacious. Perhaps he listened too long to that great son of Circe, the literary sorcerer, Goethe. We will not say that Goethe has prevailed to change him from the godlike image in which he was created. The upright sky-fronting moral man that God made Mr.

Lowell has not fallen prone confounded with the groveling herd of modern idolaters of art that graze and ruminate about their smiling German Comus. It is far from being so abject as this. But remote approach to the degenerate shape—the suggestion even of malignant transformation, we note in a man like Mr. Lowell with exquisite pain. It is true that he mingles an honest moral revolt with his yielded æsthetic adhesion. But we wish that the moral revolt had quite prevented the æsthetic adhesion. The cordial drop of disgust hardly flavors the fulsome sea of adulation in a passage like the following: "Goethe's poetic sense was the Minotaur to which he sacrificed everything. To make a study, he would soil the maiden petals of a woman's soul; to get the delicious sensation of a reflex sorrow, he would wring a heart. *All that saves his egoism from being hateful is, that, with its immense reaches, it cheats the sense into a feeling of something like sublimity.*"—*Among my Books*, p. 318. So close on the instinctive moral disdain follows the half-ashamed, overpersuaded, idolatrous, æsthetic submission. It seems strange that Mr. Lowell should not have imputed a vitiation to the principles of taste themselves that found their root in such a monstrous morality as Goethe's. And he was just on the point too of writing that tonic sentiment of his, "character—the only soil in which real mental power can root itself and find sustenance." The sentiment was suggested to Mr. Lowell in speaking of Lessing. It was the original and native New England element in the American critic that recognized and saluted the manliness of his German author. But it was the subsequent transfused Goethean element in him that induced his strain of ill-befitting raillery at the elder Lessing's pious concern over their son in his youth—a concern nevertheless which plainly enough indicates how that son's character, so lauded by Mr. Lowell, was born and was bred. For our own part, we feel it as a kind of cruelty to be forced to read, in the pages of a man who was but nobly true to his truer self when he said that earnest convictions were necessary to the greatness and the soundness of literature, such a sentence as this: "In estimating Shakespeare, it should never be forgotten, that, like Goethe, he was essentially observer and artist, and *incapable of partisanship.*"—*Among my Books*, p. 152. We italicise the last three words, that their true implication may not escape the reader. They mean that Shakespeare, in Mr. Lowell's

opinion, was incapable of taking sides between virtue and vice. This is not said of Shakespeare as if it were a ghastly defect in his character. It is rather said as entirely homogeneous with the unmixed and unqualified eulogy of Shakespeare, which is the motive and material of the essay. On the next page Mr. Lowell holds this language:

\* \* \* "the equilibrium of his judgment, essential to him as an artist, but equally removed from propagandism, whether as enthusiast or logician, would have unfitted him for the pulpit." That is, Shakespeare's judgment was so perfect that he had no 'earnest convictions'! That is, the rights of good and the rights of evil in the world are so nicely balanced that equilibrium of judgment, when it becomes Shakespearean, can find no difference in favor of the one or of the other! That is, it was some defect of 'judgment' that made Jesus a 'propagandist' of virtue! That is, Paul could never have been the apostle that he was, if he had been equal to Shakespeare in 'judgment'! And such superhuman, with no hyperbole we may say, such supradivine, 'equilibrium of judgment' in Shakespeare, 'essential to him as an artist,' is no bar to Mr. Lowell's rating the character above the genius of the man that possessed it!

We have not the heart to insist here upon the prodigious inconsistency between the above-quoted expressions of Mr. Lowell and that nobler sentiment of his respecting the necessity to good literature of earnest convictions. We are too much occupied with indignant literary chagrin and shame, that a man, native to everything severe and high in moral inspiration to intellectual achievement, should have been so enchanted out of his birthright by the evil charm of the charmer. We speak, in speaking thus, not on behalf of morals, but on behalf of literature. It is indeed the fact that inconsistencies and self-contradictions like those which abound in Mr. Lowell's work are probably traceable at last to some defective reverence in the author for the sacred rights of truth. Still it is not to be said that Mr. Lowell is immoral, or that he teaches immorality, in his writings. But he escapes being immoral, and he escapes teaching immorality, in his writings, if the paradox will be allowed, by the happy insincerity with which he holds and applies

his own adopted canons of taste. By a fine revenge of the violated truth he does not however thus escape vital harm to the artistic value of his literary work from the infection of false principles in literary art. Nor does he—we must be so far true to ourselves—nor does he, we think, escape exerting such an influence in favor of the Goethean principles of aesthetics as is sure, however remotely, to have also its sequel of moral bale to those younger writers among his countrymen, who look to him as to their master. Alas, alas, say we, that no literary Luther was found betimes, to grapple the beautiful and climbing, yet leaning, spirit of the youthful Lowell as a literary Melancthon, strongly and safely to himself. How much might there not then have been saved to American literature—how much not to a fair, but half-defeated, personal fame! In default of an original and independent endowment of impelling and steadying force in himself, such as a high conscious and determinate moral purpose would have supplied, the friendly attraction of some dominant intellect and conscience near, different from Emerson's, and better suited to Mr. Lowell's individual needs, seems the one thing wanting to have reduced the graceful eccentricities of his movement to an orderly orbit, and to have set him permanently in a sphere of his own, exalted, if not the most exalted, among the stars of the "clear upper sky."

Not prose, however, but verse is Mr. Lowell's true literary vernacular. He writes, as Milton wrote, with his left hand, in writing prose. But whether in prose or in verse, it is still almost solely by genius and acquirement quite apart from the long labor of art, and of course, therefore, apart from the exercised strength and skill of that discipline to art, which is the wages of long labor alone, that he produces his final results. He thus chooses his place in the Valhalla of letters among the many "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." It seems likely at least (but he is yet in his just mellowing prime, and Apollo avert the omen!) that his name is destined to be treasured in the history of American literature chiefly as a gracious tradition of personal character universally dear, of culture only second to the genius which it adorned, of fame constantly greater than the achievements to which it appealed.



## BEFORE THE SHRINE.

'Tis many a year—my poor Marie!—  
The vines were budding on the hill,  
Half-built nests were in the tree,  
When, darkling by the darkling sea,  
I found the cottage lone and still.

And memory's sudden-scathing flame  
Lit up, across the length of years,  
A bent gray head, a trembling frame,  
White lips that cursed the daughter's shame,  
And chid the mother's stolen tears.

No mother's tears were here to chide;—  
They fell no more for anything:  
And she, for whom the mother died—  
I had no heart, whate'er betide,  
A curse upon that head to bring.

I left the grapes to grow and fall;  
The birds to build and fly again.  
How could I, 'neath our cottage wall,  
Sit safe, and seem to hear her call,  
Unhoused, amid the wind and rain?

No beggar I: my bread to win  
Along my way from door to door,  
I took the sweet old violin,  
And played the strains whose merry din  
Would lead her flying feet no more:

But often, when my hand would wake  
A lightsome dance beneath the moon,  
Some stranger's look or laugh would make  
My heart with sudden memories ache,  
My fingers falter in the tune.

So wandering kindly ways among  
Till Summer's latest breeze had blown,  
I reached the hills that overhung  
Another land, another tongue  
Than those my quiet life had known.

The melancholy Autumn night  
Crept with me as I journeyed down;  
And feebly, in the failing light,  
I strained my hunger-wasted sight  
For glimpse of any neighboring town.

A long, low country, bleak and bare:  
No mark between the sky and ground  
Save stunted willows here and there,  
And one black mill, that through the air  
Kept turning, turning, without sound.

So silent all, so desolate,  
Death's border-land it seemed to be.  
What use—I said—to strive with Fate?  
Nay, here will I the end await,  
That still too slowly steals on me.

In mute farewell I cast my eyes  
Along the low horizon-line,  
And, glimmering on the twilight skies,  
Beheld the slender shaft arise  
That marked the Holy Virgin's shrine.

I staggered to my feet once more :  
For, ever since that day of shame,  
Each wayside cross I knelt before,  
A mother's mercy to implore  
On one who bore her blessed name.

Oh Virgin-Mother! had the prayer  
That rent my bosom touched thine own?  
Prone at thy feet I found her there,  
Her fingers locked, her fallen hair  
A shadow black upon the stone.

Within her stiff, unconscious hold,  
Half-hidden, lay a little child :—  
*My* child, my own, was still and cold,  
But when I raised the mantle's fold  
The helpless babe looked up and smiled.

The darkness dropped about us three,—  
But only two beheld the dawn :  
A withered leaf left on the tree,  
A bud but in the germ—and she,  
Our link of living Summer, gone!

'Twas long ago, that parting pain :  
And, gazing on her child, I seem  
To see my own lost lamb again :  
While momentarily, from heart and brain,  
Remembrance fades as fades a dream.

But in the sick, unquiet night,  
When dying winds cry at the door,  
The long gray plain, the leaden light,  
Swim dizzily upon my sight,  
And the dead past returns once more.

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## BACK-LOG STUDIES.—VII.

## I.

CAN you have a back-log in July? That depends upon circumstances. In northern New England it is considered a sign of summer when the housewives fill the fireplaces with branches of mountain laurel and, later, with the feathery stalks of the asparagus. This is often, too, the timid expression of a tender feeling, under Puritanic repression, which has not sufficient vent in the sweet-william and hollyhock at the front door. This is a yearning after beauty and ornamentation which has no other means of gratifying itself.

In the most rigid circumstances, the graceful nature of woman thus discloses itself in these mute expressions of an undeveloped taste. You may never doubt what the common flowers growing along the pathway to the front door mean to the maiden of many summers who tends them:—love and religion, and the weariness of an uneventful life. The sacredness of the Sabbath, the hidden memory of an unrevealed and unrequited affection, the slow years of gathering and wasting sweetness are in the smell of the pink and the sweet-clover. These sentimental plants breathe something of the longing of the maiden who sits in the Sunday evenings of summer on the lonesome front door-stone, singing the hymns of the saints, and perennial as the myrtle that grows thereby.

Yet not always in summer, even with the aid of unrequited love and devotional feeling, is it safe to let the fire go out on the hearth, in our latitude. I remember when the last almost total eclipse of the sun happened in August, what a bone-piercing chill came over the world. Perhaps the imagination had something to do with causing the chill from that temporary hiding of the sun to feel so much more penetrating than that from the coming on of night, which shortly followed. It was impossible not to experience a shudder as of the approach of the judgment day, when the shadows were flung upon the green lawn, and we all stood in the wan light looking unfamiliar to each other. The birds in the trees felt the spell. We could in fancy see those spectral camp-fires which men would build on the earth, if the sun should slow its fires down to about the brilliancy of the moon. It was a great relief to all of us to go into the house, and, before a blazing wood-fire, talk of the end of the world.

In New England it is scarcely ever safe to let the fire go out; it is best to bank it, for

it needs but the turn of a weather-vane at any hour to sweep the Atlantic rains over us, or to bring down the chill of Hudson's Bay. There are days when the steamship on the Atlantic glides calmly along under a full canvas, but its central fires must always be ready to make steam against head-winds and antagonistic waves. Even in our most smiling summer days one needs to have the materials of a cheerful fire at hand. It is only by this readiness for a change that one can preserve an equal mind. We are made provident and sagacious by the fickleness of our climate. We should be another sort of people if we could have that serene, unclouded trust in nature which the Egyptian has. The gravity and repose of the Eastern peoples is due to the unchanging aspect of the sky and the deliberation and regularity of the great climatic processes. Our literature, politics, religion, show the effect of unsettled weather. But they compare favorably with the Egyptian, for all that.

## II.

You cannot know, the Young Lady wrote, with what longing I look back to those winter days by the fire; though all the windows are open to this May morning, and the brown thrush is singing in the chestnut-tree, and I see everywhere that first, delicate flush of spring, which seems too evanescent to be color even, and amounts to little more than a suffusion of the atmosphere. I doubt, indeed, if the spring is exactly what it used to be, or if, as we get on in years [no one ever speaks of "getting on in years" till she is virtually settled in life], its promises and suggestions do not seem empty in comparison with the sympathies and responses of human friendship, and the stimulation of society. Sometimes nothing is so tiresome as a perfect day in a perfect season.

I only imperfectly understand this. The Parson says that woman is always most restless under the most favorable conditions, and that there is no state in which she is really happy except that of change. I suppose this is the truth taught in what has been called the "Myth of the Garden." Woman is perpetual revolution, and is that element in the world which continually destroys and recreates. She is the experimenter and the suggester of new combinations. She has no belief in any law of eternal fitness of things. She is never even content with any arrange-

ment of her own house. The only reason the Mistress could give, when she re-arranged her apartment, for hanging a picture in what seemed the most inappropriate place, was that it never had been there before. Woman has no respect for tradition, and because a thing is as it is, is sufficient reason for changing it. When she gets into law, as she has come into literature, we shall gain something in the destruction of all our vast and musty libraries of precedents, which now fetter our administration of individual justice. It is Mandeville's opinion that women are not so sentimental as men, and are not so easily touched with the unspoken poetry of nature; being less poetical and having less imagination, they are more fitted for practical affairs, and would make less failures in business. I have noticed the almost selfish passion for their flowers which old gardeners have, and their reluctance to part with a leaf or a blossom from their family. They love the flowers for themselves. A woman raises flowers for their use. She is destruction in a conservatory. She wants the flowers for her lover, for the sick, for the poor, for the Lord on Easter day, for the ornamentation of her house. She delights in the costly pleasure of sacrificing them. She never sees a flower but she has an intense but probably sinless desire to pick it.

It has been so from the first, though from the first she has been thwarted by the accidental superior strength of man. Whatever she has obtained has been by craft and by the same coaxing which the sun uses to draw the blossoms out of the apple-trees. I am not surprised to learn that she has become tired of indulgences, and wants some of the original rights. We are just beginning to find out the extent to which she has been denied and subjected, and especially her condition among the primitive and barbarous races. I have never seen it in a platform of grievances, but it is true that among the Fijians she is not, unless a better civilization has wrought a change in her behalf, permitted to eat people, even her own sex, at the feasts of the men; the dainty enjoyed by the men being considered too good to be wasted on women. Is anything wanting to this picture of the degradation of woman? By a refinement of cruelty, she receives no benefit whatever from the missionaries who are sent out by, what to her must seem a new name for Tantalus, the American Board.

I suppose the Young Lady expressed a nearly universal feeling in her regret at the breaking up of the winter-fireside company.

Society needs a certain seclusion and the sense of security. Spring opens the doors and the windows, and the noise and unrest of the world are let in. Even a winter thaw begets a desire to travel, and summer brings longings innumerable and disturbs the most tranquil souls. Nature is in fact a suggester of uneasiness, a promoter of pilgrimages, and of excursions of the fancy which never come to any satisfactory haven. The summer, in these latitudes, is a campaign of sentiment, and a season for the most part of restlessness and discontent. We grow now in hot-houses roses which in form and color are magnificent, and appear to be full of passion; yet one simple June rose of the open air has for the Young Lady, I doubt not, more sentiment and suggestion of love than a conservatory full of them in January. And this suggestion, leavened as it is with the inconstancy of nature, stimulated by the promises which are so often like the peach-bloom of the Judas tree, unsatisfying by reason of its vague possibilities, differs so essentially from the more limited and attainable and home-like emotion born of quiet intercourse by the winter fireside, that I do not wonder the Young Lady feels as if some spell had been broken by the transition of her life from in-doors to out-doors. Her secret, if secret she has, which I do not at all know, is shared by the birds and the new leaves and the blossoms on the fruit-trees. If we lived elsewhere, in that zone where the poets pretend always to dwell, we might be content, perhaps I should say drugged, by the sweet influences of an unchanging summer; but not living elsewhere, we can understand why the Young Lady probably now looks forward to the hearth-stone as the most assured center of enduring attachment.

If it should ever become the sad duty of this biographer to write of disappointed love, I am sure he would not have any sensational story to tell of the Young Lady. She is one of those women whose unostentatious lives are the chief blessing of humanity; who, with a sigh heard only by herself and no change in her sunny face, would put behind her all the memories of winter evenings and the promises of May mornings, and give her life to some ministration of human kindness, with an assiduity that would make her occupation appear like an election and a first choice. The disappointed man scowls and hates his race and threatens self-destruction, choosing oftener the flowing-bowl than the dagger, and becoming a reeling nuisance in the world. It would be much more manly

in him to become the secretary of a Dorcas society.

I suppose it is true that women work for others with less expectation of reward than men, and give themselves to labors of self-sacrifice with much less thought of self. At least this is true unless woman goes into some public performance, where notoriety has its attractions, and mounts some cause to ride it man-fashion, when I think she becomes just as eager for applause and just as willing that self-sacrifice should result in self-elevation as man. For her, usually, are not those unbought "presentations," which are forced upon firemen, philanthropists, legislators, railroad-men, and the superintendents of the moral instruction of the young. These are almost always pleasing and unexpected tributes to worth and modesty, and must be received with satisfaction when the public service rendered has not been with a view to procuring them. We should say that one ought to be most liable to receive a "testimonial," who, being a superintendent of any sort, did not superintend with a view to getting it. But "testimonials" have become so common that a modest man ought really to be afraid to do his simple duty, for fear his motives will be misconstrued. Yet there are instances of very worthy men who have had things publicly presented to them. It is the blessed age of gifts and the reward of private virtue. And the presentations have become so frequent that we wish there were a little more variety in them. There never was much sense in giving a gallant fellow a big speaking-trumpet to carry home to aid him in his intercourse with his family; and the festive ice-pitcher has become a too universal sign of absolute devotion to the public interest. The lack of one will soon be proof that a man is a knave. The legislative cane with the gold head, also, is getting to be recognized as the sign of the immaculate public servant, as the inscription on it testifies, and the steps of suspicion must ere long dog him who does not carry one. The "testimonial" business is in truth a little demoralizing, almost as much so as the "donation;" and the demoralization has extended even to our language, so that a perfectly respectable man is often obliged to see himself "made the recipient of" this and that. It would be much better, if testimonials must be, to give a man a barrel of flour or a keg of oysters, and let him eat himself at once back into the ranks of ordinary men.

### III.

We may have a testimonial class in time, a sort of nobility here in America, made so by popular gift, the members of which will all be able to show some stick or piece of plated ware or massive chain, "of which they have been the recipients." In time it may be a distinction not to belong to it, and it may come to be thought more blessed to give than to receive. For it must have been remarked that it is not always to the cleverest and the most amiable and modest man that the deputation comes with the inevitable ice-pitcher (and "salver to match"), which has in it the magic and subtle quality of making the hour in which it is received the proudest of one's life. There has not been discovered any method of rewarding all the deserving people and bringing their virtues into the prominence of notoriety. And, indeed, it would be an unreasonable world if there had, for its chief charm and sweetness lie in the excellences in it which are reluctantly disclosed; one of the chief pleasures of living is in the daily discovery of good traits, nobilities, and kindness both in those we have long known and in the chance passenger whose way happens for a day to lie with ours. The longer I live the more I am impressed with the excess of human kindness over human hatred, and the greater willingness to oblige than to disoblige that one meets at every turn. The selfishness in politics, the jealousy in letters, the bickering in art, the bitterness in theology, are all as nothing compared to the sweet charities, sacrifices, and deferences of private life. The people are few whom to know intimately is to dislike. Of course you want to hate somebody, if you can, just to keep your powers of discrimination bright, and to save yourself from becoming a mefe mush of good nature; but perhaps it is well to hate some historical person, who has been dead so long as to be indifferent to it. It is more comfortable to hate people we have never seen. I cannot but think that Judas Iscariot has been of great service to the world as a sort of buffer for moral indignation, which might have made a collision nearer home but for his utilized treachery. I used to know a venerable and most amiable gentleman and scholar, whose hospitable house was always overrun with way-side ministers, agents, and philanthropists, who loved their fellow-men better than they loved to work for their living; and he, I suspect, kept his moral balance even by indulgence in violent but



most distant dislikes. When I met him casually in the street, his first salutation was likely to be such as this:—"What a liar that Alison was! Don't you hate him?" And then would follow specifications of historical inaccuracy enough to make one's blood run cold. When he was thus discharged of his hatred by such a conductor, I presume he had not a spark left for those whose mission was partly to live upon him and other generous souls.

Mandeville and I were talking of the unknown people, one rainy night by the fire, while the Mistress was fitfully and interjectionally playing with the piano keys in an improvising mood. Mandeville has a good deal of sentiment about him, and without any effort talks so beautifully sometimes that I constantly regret I cannot report his language. He has besides that sympathy of presence—I believe it is called magnetism by those who regard the brain as only a sort of galvanic battery—which makes it a greater pleasure to see him think, if I may say so, than to hear some people talk.

It makes one homesick in this world to think that there are so many rare people he can never know; and so many excellent people that scarcely any one will know in fact. One discovers a friend by chance, and cannot but feel regret that twenty, or thirty years of life maybe, have been spent without the least knowledge of him. When he is once known, through him opening is made into another little world, into a circle of culture and loving hearts and enthusiasm in a dozen congenial pursuits, and prejudices perhaps. How instantly and easily the bachelor doubles his world when he marries, and enters into the unknown fellowship of the to him continually increasing company which is known in popular language as "all his wife's relations."

Near at hand daily, no doubt, are those worth knowing intimately, if one had the time and the opportunity. And when one travels he sees what a vast material there is for society and friendship, of which he can never avail himself. Car-load after car-load of summer travel goes by one at any railway station, out of which he is sure he could choose a score of life-long friends, if the conductor would introduce him. There are faces of refinement, of quick wit, of sympathetic kindness, interesting people, traveled people, entertaining people, as you would say in Boston "nice people you would admire to know," whom you constantly meet and pass without a sign of recognition, many of whom

are no doubt your long-lost brothers and sisters. You can see that they also have their worlds and their interests, and they probably know a great many "nice" people. The matter of personal liking and attachment is a good deal due to the mere fortune of association. More fast friendships and pleasant acquaintanceships are formed on the Atlantic steamships, between those who would have been only indifferent acquaintances elsewhere, than one would think possible on a voyage which naturally makes one as selfish as he is indifferent to his personal appearance. The Atlantic is the only power on earth I know that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

Mandeville remembers, and I think without detriment to himself, the glimpses he had in the White Mountains once of a young lady of whom his utmost efforts could only give him no further information than her name. Chance sight of her on a passing stage or amid a group on some mountain look-out was all he ever had, and he did not even know certainly whether she was the perfect beauty and the lovely character he thought her. He said he would have known her, however, at a great distance; there was in her form that ravishing mingling of grace and command of which we hear so much, and which turns out to be nearly all command after the "ceremony;" or perhaps it was something in the glance of her eye or the turn of her head, or very likely it was a sweet inherited reserve or hauteur that captivated him, that filled his days with the expectation of seeing her, and made him hasten to the hotel registers in the hope that her name was there recorded. Whatever it was, she interested him as one of the people he would like to know; and it piqued him that there was a life, rich in friendships no doubt, in tastes, in many noblenesses,—one of thousands of such—that must be absolutely nothing to him—nothing but a window into heaven momentarily opened and then closed. I have myself no idea that she was a countess *incognito*, or that she had descended from any greater heights than those where Mandeville saw her, but I have always regretted that she went her way so mysteriously and left no clew, and that we shall wear out the remainder of our days without her society. I have looked for her name, but always in vain, among the attendants at the rights' conventions, in the list of those good Americans presented at court, among those skeleton names that appear as the remains of beauty in the morning journals after a ball to the

wandering prince, in the reports of railway collisions and steamboat explosions. No news comes of her. And so imperfect are our means of communication in this world that for anything we know she may have left it long ago, by some private way.

#### IV.

The lasting regret that we cannot know more of the bright, sincere and genuine people of the world is increased by the fact that they are all different from each other. Was it not Madame de Sévigné who said she had loved several different women for several different qualities? Every real person—for there are persons as there are fruits that have no distinguishing flavor, mere gooseberries—has a distinct quality, and the finding it is always like the discovery of a new island to the voyager. The physical world we shall exhaust some day, having a written description of every foot of it to which we can turn; but we shall never get the different qualities of people into a biographical dictionary, and the making acquaintance with a human being will never cease to be an exciting experiment. We cannot even classify men so as to aid us much in our estimate of them. The efforts in this direction are ingenious but unsatisfactory. If I hear that a man is lymphatic or nervous-sanguine, I cannot tell therefrom whether I shall like and trust him. He may produce a phrenological chart showing that his knobby head is the home of all the virtues, and that the vicious tendencies are represented by holes in his cranium, and yet I cannot be sure that he will not be as disagreeable as if phrenology had not been invented. I feel sometimes that phrenology is the refuge of mediocrity. Its charts are almost as misleading concerning character as photographs. And photography may be described as the art which enables common-place mediocrity to look like genius. The heavy-jowled man with shallow cerebrum has only to incline his head so that the lying-instrument can select a favorable focus, to appear in the picture with the brow of a sage and the chin of a poet. Of all the arts for ministering to human vanity the photographic is the most useful, but it is a poor aid in the revelation of character. You shall learn more of a man's real nature by seeing him walk once up the broad aisle of his church to his pew on Sunday, than by studying his photograph for a month.

No, we do not get any certain standard of men by a chart of their temperaments; it

will hardly answer to select a wife by the color of her hair—though it be by nature as red as a cardinal's hat, she may be no more constant than if it were dyed. The farmer who shuns all the lymphatic beauties in his neighborhood and selects to wife the most nervous-sanguine, may find that she is unwilling to get up in the winter mornings and make the kitchen fire. Many a man, even in this scientific age which professes to label us all, has been cruelly deceived in this way. Neither the blondes nor the brunettes act according to the advertisement of their temperaments. The truth is that men refuse to come under the classifications of the pseudo-scientists, and all our new nomenclatures do not add much to our knowledge. You know what to expect—if the comparison will be pardoned—of a horse with certain points; but you wouldn't dare go on a journey with a man merely upon the strength of knowing that his temperament was the proper mixture of the sanguine and the phlegmatic. Science is not able to teach us concerning men as it teaches us of horses, though I am very far from saying that there are not traits of nobleness and of meanness, that run through families and can be calculated to appear in individuals with absolute certainty; one family will be trusty and another tricky all through its members for generations; noble strains and ignoble strains are perpetuated. When we hear that she has eloped with the stable-boy and married him, we are apt to remark—"Well, she was a Bogardus." And when we read that she has gone on a mission and has died, distinguishing herself by some extraordinary devotion to the heathen at Ujiji, we think it sufficient to say, "Yes, her mother married into the Smiths." But this knowledge comes of our experience of special families, and stands us in stead no further.

If we cannot classify men scientifically and reduce them under a kind of botanical order, as if they had a calculable vegetable development, neither can we gain much knowledge of them by comparison. It does not help me at all in my estimate of their characters to compare Mandeville with the Young Lady, or Our Next Door with the Parson. The wise man does not permit himself to set up even in his own mind any comparison of his friends. His friendship is capable of going to extremes with many people, evoked as it is by many qualities. When Mandeville goes into my garden in June I can usually find him in a particular bed of strawberries, but he does not speak dis-

respectfully of the others. When nature, says Mandeville, consents to put herself into any sort of strawberry, I have no criticisms to make, I am only glad that I have been created into the same world with such a delicious manifestation of the divine favor. If I left Mandeville alone in the garden long enough, I have no doubt he would impartially make an end of the fruit of all the beds, for his capacity in this direction is as all-embracing as it is in the matter of friendships. The Young Lady has also her favorite patch of berries. And the Parson, I am sorry to say, prefers to have them picked for him—the elect of the garden—and served in an orthodox manner. The strawberry has a sort of poetical precedence, and I presume that no fruit is jealous of it any more than any flower is jealous of the rose; but I remark the facility with which liking for it is transferred to the raspberry, and from the raspberry (not to make a tedious enumeration) to the melon, and from the melon to the grape, and the grape to the pear, and the pear to the apple. And we do not mar our enjoyment of each by comparisons.

Of course it would be a dull world if we could not criticise our friends, but the most unprofitable and unsatisfactory criticism is that by comparison. Criticism is not necessarily uncharitableness, but a wholesome exercise of our powers of analysis and discrimination. It is, however, a very idle exercise, leading to no results when we set the qualities of one over against the qualities of another, and disparage by contrast and not by independent judgment. And this method of procedure creates jealousies and heart-burnings innumerable.

Criticism by comparison is the refuge of incapables, and especially is this true in literature. It is a lazy way of disposing of a young poet to bluntly declare, without any sort of discrimination of his defects or excellencies, that he equals Tennyson, and that Scott never wrote anything finer. What is the justice of damning a meritorious novelist by comparing him with Dickens, and smothering him with thoughtless and good-natured eulogy? The poet and the novelist may be well enough, and probably have qualities and gifts of their own, which are worth the critic's attention if he has any time to bestow on them; and it is certainly unjust to subject them to a comparison with somebody else, merely because the critic will not take the trouble to ascertain what they are. If indeed the poet and novelist are mere imitators of a model and copyists of a

style, they may be dismissed with such commendation as we bestow upon the machines who pass their lives in making bad copies of the pictures of the great painters. But the critics of whom we speak do not intend depreciation but eulogy, when they say that the author they have in hand has the wit of Sidney Smith and the brilliancy of Macaulay. Probably he is not like either of them, and may have a genuine though modest virtue of his own; but these names will certainly kill him, and he will never be anybody in the popular estimation. The public finds out speedily that he is not Sidney Smith, and it resents the extravagant claim for him as if he were an impudent pretender. How many authors of fair ability to interest the world have we known in our own day who have been thus sky-rocketed into notoriety by the lazy indiscrimination of the critic-by-comparison, and then have sunk into a popular contempt as undeserved! I never see a young aspirant injudiciously compared to a great and resplendent name in literature, but I feel like saying, My poor fellow, your days are few and full of trouble, you begin life handicapped and you cannot possibly run a creditable race.

I think this sort of critical eulogy is more damaging even than that which kills by a different assumption, and one which is equally common, namely, that the author has not done what he probably never intended to do. It is well known that most of the trouble in life comes from our inability to compel other people to do what we think they ought, and it is true in criticism that we are unwilling to take a book for what it is, and credit the author with that. When the solemn critic, like a mastiff with a ladies' bonnet in his mouth, gets hold of a light piece of verse, or a graceful sketch which catches the humor of an hour for the entertainment of an hour, he tears it into a thousand shreds. It adds nothing to human knowledge, it solves none of the problems of life, it touches none of the questions of social science, it is not a philosophical treatise, and it is not a dozen things that it might have been. The critic cannot forgive the author for this disrespect to him. This isn't a rose, says the critic, taking up a pansy and rending it, it is not at all like a rose, and the author is either a pretentious idiot or an idiotic pretender. What business, indeed, has the author to send the critic a bunch of sweet-peas, when he knows that a cabbage would be preferred, something not showy but useful?

A good deal of this is what Mandeville said, and I am not sure that it is devoid of personal feeling. He published some years ago a little volume giving an account of a trip through the Great West, and a very entertaining book it was. But one of the heavy critics got hold of it and made Mandeville appear, even to himself, he confessed, like an ass, because there was nothing in the volume about geology or mining prospects, and very little to instruct the student of physical geography. With alternate sarcasm and ridicule he literally basted the author, till Mandeville said that he felt almost like a depraved scoundrel, and thought he should be held up to less execration if he had committed a neat and scientific murder.

But I confess that I have a good deal of sympathy with the critics. Consider what these public tasters have to endure! None of us, I fancy, would like to be compelled to read all that they read, or to take into our mouths, even with the privilege of speedily ejecting it with a grimace, all that they sip. The critics of the vintage, who pursue their calling in the dark vaults and amid mouldy casks, give their opinion for the most part only upon wine, upon juice that has matured and ripened into the development of quality. But what crude, unstrained, unfermented, even raw and drugged liquor must the literary taster put to his unwilling lips day after day!

#### WOMAN AS A SMUGGLER, AND WOMAN AS A DETECTIVE.

As a love of bargains is supposed to be characteristic of woman, it is not to be wondered at that she, more than her traveling *confrère*, man, is fretted by the high tariff which is so serious a drawback to her foreign economies; or that, owing to the shrewdness of the sex, their natural aversion to being outwitted, and the convenience of their dress, smuggling among women has become one of the accomplishments of travel.

To follow the fashions of a people so utterly unlike ourselves as the French seems weak indeed; nevertheless, such is the perfection of Parisian manufactures that the American woman who has money will have Parisian goods.

Bridal *trousseaux* are now brought from Paris at a less cost, even when the duties are paid, than what they can possibly be provided for here; while the money saved in supplies for one family, in the gay season of the watering-place or city, amply covers all expenses, even if the purchases are fairly "returned" and valued.

What a triumph, then, to a shrewd woman, when by preferment, influence, or stratagem a complete Parisian outfit finds its way from Paris to Fifth Avenue without a single tax or levy!

As it is, nearly every *modiste* conducting business on the parlor floor of her hired house either goes or sends abroad every summer; and one can easily conjecture that, with private buyers, small dealers, fashionable *modistes*, and steerage travelers, "searching passengers" is a work of no little importance and delicacy.

The generous deference always yielded to women gave them a sort of tacit protection long after the government knew that many valuables came into the country concealed in the drapery of feminine attire.

Nothing official, however, was suggested as a plan of defeat, until, in the month of June, 1861, after great deliberation between the Department at Washington and the Collector of the Port, four lady-examiners were appointed and designated as "Special Aids to the Revenue Service," with a remuneration of five hundred dollars a year. The plan was at once found efficacious, and, the duties having become more or less absorbing and important, the pay was soon increased to a *per diem* salary of two dollars and fifty cents; and on the first of January, 1867, two more "special aids" were appointed, making six in all, and the official name was then changed to that of "Inspectress."

As a further stimulant to a vigilance which the government acknowledged to be of the highest importance, it was arranged that the Inspectress should receive, in addition to her *per diem* pay, one quarter of the appraised value of every seizure she made.

At present, two of these female officials are stationed at Jersey City and Hoboken, for the Cunard, Bremen, Hamburg, and White Star lines. Two remain at piers forty-five and fifty, for the convenience of the French and Inman lines; one at piers forty-six and forty-seven, for the Williams and Guion and the National Steamers; and one at the Barge Office for independent steamers and the very frequent service of Castle Garden.



There are seven lines of steamers besides the French and those of the Cunard line, upon which duties are required of the lady examiners. Of these, the French and Cunard steamers, generally speaking, fetch and carry the *élite* of the traveling world. Invalids, however, often choose the steamers of the Williams and Guion line, as the family accommodations are excellent, and the state-rooms, which are off from the upper dining saloon, are light and commodious.

The National, the Glasgow, the German, the White Star, the Williams and Guion, and all of the Cunard steamers, except the Scotia and the Russia, accommodate steerage travelers. During the press of summer travel, however, from July to September, there are certain steamers of several lines that carry only cabin passengers; and at these times extra steamers are run every week by the Cunard line, as long as travel warrants.

It may be interesting here to state, that the steamers of the Inman line bring from six to eleven hundred passengers at a trip; the Glasgow less, the Williams and Guion less, the German from three to seven hundred, while the National often numbers on her passenger list as many as fourteen hundred persons.

Since the war in France, very respectable people of the upper classes in that country are found among the steerage passengers. They prefer their money to the extra comfort procured by state-room accommodations. It often happens, too, that, once *en voyage*, they are able to obtain the room of one of the lower officers, and having their little stock of coffee, tea, potted meats, and biscuit, they maintain themselves comfortably, and enjoy tolerable seclusion.

As soon as a steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook the Inspectresses concerned are notified, and officers are detailed by the superintendent of the Inspector's force at the barge office, to examine the baggage of the passengers. The steamer, having stopped a sufficient time at quarantine to receive a visit from the doctor, proceeds up the bay; the Cunard steamers, and those of the White Star and the Bremen and Hamburg lines, going to their docks at Jersey City, while nearly all the others drop anchor just abreast of the Battery in the North river. The baggage of the cabin passengers is removed before anything else, and placed in rows on the dock belonging to the vessel in question.

The passengers, being subsequently landed

by a small steamer, form in line, and present their "declarations," which in blank form have been provided previously by the purser of the steamer.

In these declarations they specify the contents of their trunks and boxes, generally designating it as "wearing apparel, etc."

Appended to this printed "Passengers' baggage declaration" is a notice specifying what is and what is not dutiable, with the condition on which baggage will be detained or confiscated; and this paper, being rendered into French, English, and Spanish, is intended to leave no loop-hole of escape. The declaration, proper, is prepared in the form of an oath, it being left discretionary with the revenue officer to strictly administer it.

The baggage declaration having been presented to the deputy surveyor in charge, he details an officer to examine the trunks, and if he finds anything dutiable, such as silks, or any fabrics in the piece, these are carried to the office on the dock, which, for the time being, becomes a Custom House. If a passenger denies having anything dutiable, the goods, if discovered, are confiscated. If, however, the traveler does not deny having taxable property, and the examiner can discover the secret, duties can be exacted, but under no circumstances can the goods be seized. This rule applies, also, to personal examination by the Inspectress.

The Custom House proper includes the Collector's office, the Naval office, the Surveyor's, and the Appraiser's office; and therefore to legalize a Custom House *pro tem.* upon the dock, an entry clerk from the Collector's office, a Naval office clerk, and an Appraiser from headquarters are with the Deputy surveyor on the dock.

The Appraiser's duty is to determine the specific quality and value of all dutiable articles found in the trunks; the Collector's entry clerk makes up the duties, and the Naval officer certifies the entry clerk's figures—a proceeding that reminds the uninitiated of the three boys who ran away on Sunday to go fishing, and only "Jim" got whipped, because the rest "helped Jim."

The entry clerk is the only official who is allowed to receive duties on the dock. On his return to the Custom House proper he makes up a regular entry, in the same form as the business importer, and pays the duties received thereon into the office of the cashier.

The steerage passengers on some of the lines are landed on the dock, their baggage deposited there also, and officers detailed



for the examination, in the same manner as that of the cabin passengers. After their "trunks," which are generally nondescript affairs of domestic make, have been "passed," these passengers are transferred, with their luggage, to a large barge in the service of the steamer, and taken to Castle Garden. For them, as also for the cabin passengers, an Inspectress remains on the dock, and near by has a room provided for the convenience of searching female passengers, as not a steamer arrives but that in her office, as well as in that on the other end of the dock, provided for the examination of men, it is found necessary to subject many to this sharp surveillance.

That the government is none too severe, is amply shown by the often amusing, but frequently very disagreeable experience of the official Inspectress. Her business demands keenness of sight, a certain intuitive knowledge of human nature, and a quiet courage underlying great civility of speech. It is a well-attested fact in the mental history of woman, that she who carries a dangerous secret steps with greatest consciousness; and hence it often happens that the studied caution of the female smuggler leads to her sure betrayal.

As for the nationality of female smugglers, German women are the most frequent breakers of the law. They even smuggle articles and fabrics that are worthless, and in the most ludicrous ways try to evade their tariff duties. Nevertheless, when discovered, they stolidly resign their confiscated treasures, and are by no means as mortified at having been caught smuggling as they are hurt by their financial losses.

Frenchwomen, on the contrary, are often overwhelmed with shame, and if they ever beg for their forfeited riches, pledge them all as *gages d'amour*. The Swedish woman cannot be made to see why her articles are *never* to be restored, but as she is no adept at smuggling, her experience is scarcely worth recounting. The Irish, however, quarrel bitterly in giving up their smugglings, and think the act of confiscation is nothing short of robbery. They neither yield their persons nor their hidden treasures until actually forced to do so.

But all these plain-spoken people are easy to get along with, compared to the American or English woman, who, by counterfeiting ill-health, excessive obesity, or a dashing extreme of *tournure*, *chignon*, etc., and by a haughty mien, attempts to deceive and overwhelm the modest Inspectress.

Not long since, from off one of the Inman steamers, there came a magnificent gray-haired Cuban lady. Her patrician air was charming, her dress was faultless, and, if she had been a trifle less unnaturally rotund, she might have passed without suspicion. She was invited into the office of the Inspectress, and an official diagnosis made of her condition. She was found suffering from four *point Aguille* shawls, two *point appliqué* sacques, and a *rotonde*, or round mantle of Chantilly lace of great value. Nor was this all. Festooned upon her hoop-skirts were seven hundred yards of narrow lace which careful hands passed days in untangling. In the plaits of her dress were pinned collars of an exceptional quality of point lace, which took no more room, when rolled, and pinned against the seams, than a cocoon does against a leaf.

One will see that the success of the lady examiner is obtained only by the quickened senses that come from cultivation; and in no department of our civil government could more harm result from the rotary system of our service.

Women are frequently smugglers of fine laces, but rarely of jewels. On the *Italy*, however, some valuable jewels were recently seized, having been found quilted into an underskirt. A quiet-looking *frau*, recently landed from Bremen, had, a double-quilted petticoat filled with Shetland shawls, caps, and stockings. Another on the *Westphalia* had a quantity of the finest silk bindings, two valuable watches, two silk dress patterns, two dozen silver spoons, a dozen silver forks, and eight pieces of silk galloon quilted into a skirt of serge. A companion on the same steamer had seventy-three bundles of sewing-silk and twenty-nine pairs of kid gloves secreted on her person;—scarcely concealed, however, as the foolish *Fräulein* had tied strong cords about her hips, and the smuggled articles were suspended in such a way that she was scarcely able to reach the dock.

The muff is a very ordinary cover for smuggled laces. An Englishwoman, recently landing from one of the Inman steamers, had the cotton removed from her muff, and its place filled with valuable laces. The muff was strapped to her person, where it stood for *embonpoint*.

In one petticoat of this lady were found gloves in quantity; in the facings of her dress, cigars; and in the voluminous gathers of a second petticoat were Meerschaum pipes in sections.

A Frenchwoman, extravagantly dressed, and moving about suspiciously, was invited

into the room of the Inspectress recently. Her petticoat proved to be nine yards of superior black velvet, one selvedge being gathered into a waist-band, which also held a dress pattern of Ponson silk. The facing of the velvet petticoat, which was put on with the nicest care, was well padded with Chantilly laces, cunningly run together; and the ruffle on the bottom of this imperial under-garment consisted of five rows of rich Chantilly flouncing, caught together, quite likely, in the hope that it would be taken for one piece. An immense seizure of English open-faced watches has recently been made, upon the person of a well-appearing American woman, who had them neatly incased in the tucks of a heavy flannel petticoat.

Sometimes the German women seek to evade the tariff dues in the most awkward manner; as, witness the stupidity of hanging nine watch-chains about one's neck, with a valuable watch at the end of each chain. Frau Stumpf said she had been told that watches were worn by the passengers, and the officers did not take them.

A desperate-looking woman, coming on one of the English steamers lately, on being examined exhibited an amusing spectacle, with a silver cake-basket lashed to each hip, and two huge dress patterns festooned as "filling," there and thereabouts. On being examined, this woman, in terrible rage, drew a knife on the Inspectress.

Some of the smuggling expedients are, of course, extremely amusing. A *spirituelle* little Frenchwoman had on her husband's red flannel drawers, and these were tied in puffs, here and there.

On being "unpacked," there came forth a Bohemian glass toilet set, two dozen salt-cellars, three dozen silver spoons, three dozen silver forks, several little articles of *bijouterie* in bronze and crystal, and some fine Swiss wood-carvings; all of which were put up in the softest tissue-paper and paper-shavings, that they might not strike against each other. When the little body was unloaded, no one laughed more heartily than she.

Neither good looks, gray hairs, nor natural complexions form criterions by which to judge of the honesty of steamer travelers, nowadays. Not long since a lady, arriving on one of the favorite French steamers, was observed to bring a small box from the steamer to the dock. From this she took a velvet sacque, putting in its place an ordinary-looking Paisley shawl, which was evidently worn, and which she had at first thrown

about her shoulders. Her trunks were examined, but nothing dutiable was discovered. After the officers had finished their duties, the lady traveler returned her sacque to the box, and again put on her shawl. She was then requested to show the sacque, which proved to be a costly and elegant Paris-made garment, having the "ticket" still appended to the lining. The lady was then invited into the office of the Inspectress, and on her person were found laces of great value sewed into the artificial rotundities of her figure, not to mention a silk dress pattern as drapery *en panier*. Inside of the very ordinary Paisley shawl, so carelessly thrown about her shoulders, was found an India shawl of a quality so uncommonly fine that it would have escaped the vigilance of anybody but one woman put upon the track of another.

Since the great demand for false hair, not a few attempts have been made by German women to smuggle the precious commodity into this land of braids and frizzes—quilting lengthwise among the paddings of their Bohemian stuff petticoats switches and curls in quantities. In addition to a valuable smuggle of these, a ponderous *Frau*, on the *Allemania* one day, exhibited to the Inspectress, after much skirmishing, four dozen silver forks and as many spoons, a quantity of zephyr wool, and five silk dress patterns stowed away in the voluminous breadths of a Bohemian petticoat.

Indeed, the petticoat is the German woman's favorite depository. It is at all times a thick, unwieldy stuff garment; patch after patch is added to it, till it becomes a piece of ugly mosaic-work. The cunning *Fraus* know how to utilize its peculiarities, and many a time, in ripping up the corner of a most irregular, practical-looking patch, it is found to be a cover for sewing-silks, gloves, laces, and even silver ware.

That the work of examining women smugglers and defeating their purposes by confiscation is successfully carried on, nobody doubts. Of those who, by means of favor at court, receive their Parisian novelties with no acknowledgment to the tariff, nothing being known, nothing can be said. That it is done is, perhaps, probable; yet that there are those who do their duty, unconstrained, may be inferred from the fact that forty-one thousand and thirteen dollars and ninety-one cents were collected, during 1871, upon passengers' baggage duly examined.

There was a time in the history of female smuggling when not one, but many of the

lady passengers would be found too ill to leave the steamer when she first touched dock. By this subterfuge, many a treasure found its way to shore without a levied duty, as the time selected for making little *sorties* when the Inspectors had finished examining baggage, and there were no keen-eyed "Special Aids" about.

By the help of a trifling *douceur* here and there the gentle invalid would find her way to the gates, and little or no notice would be taken of her departure, "be the same more or less."

Nowadays, however, the Government never leaves a steamer unguarded. On her first arrival in port, the two officers who are to discharge her cargo are placed aboard; these remain until sundown, when the Night Inspectors, formerly called Night Watchmen, take charge of the steamer, one being placed on the vessel, and the other on the dock near by.

These are relieved at midnight by two others, and they, in turn, are relieved at sunrise by the two discharging Inspectors. This surveillance is maintained until the steamer casts off her lines and swings out into the stream.

Upon the slightest suspicion of irregularity the government searches a steamer, when the Deputy Surveyor and as many Inspectors as he chooses to have detailed for the service faithfully explore every nook and

crevice of the suspected vessel. Smuggling upon the person, however, is the kind that requires the greatest vigilance; and if the dress of woman becomes much more intricate, or if her desires for foreign finery increase, the Government will have to open a school for the regular training of detectives.

The keenest senses are not a bit too keen for this service, nor is the most unflinching courage too severe; and these, even, are sometimes put to the test, as in a late instance where a man, disguised as a woman, caused the Inspectress to shrink from her duty, and dared the appealed-to officer to do his. But courage conquered bravado and exposed the crime. The individual in question was a heavy smuggler of diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, and under various disguises had successfully defied the government for a long time.

Such cases are, of course, exceptional, and for ordinary female smuggling the present system of examination by Inspectresses seems to be sufficient. The details run smoothly; the position is filled with faithfulness and good-nature; and the plan has been the means of saving large sums of money to the country. Great credit, meantime, is due to the Government officers of 1861, who assumed the responsibility of establishing this, now one of the most important branches of the Revenue Service.

## THE LAW OF THE HEART AND THE LAW OF THE STREET.

We hear a great deal nowadays about "laws." Not so much about the laws of Congress, for those everybody understands that cares to, except the men that make them; but rather about a different kind of law, that no one seems to understand exactly, and that every one seems, therefore, at liberty to talk about at all times and on all occasions. Subjects that are not generally understood are always excellent topics of conversation; they give the speaker a fine opportunity to retain the lead, they almost always insure him against contradiction, and they enable him, on a very small stock of knowledge, if his self-reliance be only sufficient, to acquire a great reputation for learning, brilliancy, and above all, profundity. Profundity is a great thing nowadays. "Our age is so shallow!"

The fact that so little is known about "laws," is, no doubt, the principal reason why so much is said about them. But there is an-

other reason, which may after all be quite as weighty. And that is, that "laws" explain everything. Our age—or should we say our youth?—is essentially an age of inquiry, and its inquiry is most commonly directed to causes. Like Trevellyn's thirty thousand Cornishmen we are forever wanting "to know the reason why?" And here it is that the "laws" come so conveniently to the aid of all learned oracles, when they are appealed to with vulgar persistency. "It is a law of nature, sir!" Who would dare to press an inquiry after that? Every other address or lecture begins: "It is one of the immutable laws of science, that—" etc. The laws of speech are in everybody's mouth; the laws of compensation in everybody's pocket; the laws of political economy cut down your wages and take the bread out of your mouth; the laws of trade explain your paying double prices, and the laws of development are rudely thrust in the face of every

man of more than ordinary homeliness. In fact, politely speaking, laws have grown to be a bore.

Yet it would be foolish to deny that the age is right in asking "the reason why." It is only wrong in allowing itself to be satisfied with a vague reference to "laws" as an answer to its inquiry; to be silenced with an explanation that does not really explain anything. Laws are, no doubt, excellent things; but they explain absolutely nothing. Indeed, if there is any one thing that needs explanation more than another, it is just precisely the "laws" themselves. You ask, for example, why people meeting in Broadway or the Avenue always pass to the right. Some sententious fellow quickly answers: It is the law of the street. You feel that you would make yourself ridiculous if you asked: Why is that the law? and of course you remain silent. But you nevertheless know that your question has not been answered; that you will have to ask again at the earliest opportunity. You remember a great many people that have asked you the same question, but you don't remember any one that could tell. Let us try.

Man is the only animal that walks erect. His upright posture tends to flatten and widen his chest, and compels him to carry his heart less near to the center of his trunk than other animals do; compels him to carry his heart emphatically on one side of his body. Moralists tell us that man is the only animal capable of distinguishing right from wrong. Physiologists tell us that he is the only animal that can distinguish right from left. Both faculties are frequently attributed to his heart. The moral faculty we will not discuss. But that the physical faculty of distinguishing between right and left is due to the position of the heart, does not admit of a moment's doubt.

The heart of man is not only emphatically more on one side of the body than the heart of any other animal, but it is also larger in proportion to his size and nearer to the surface. The size gives to the heart increased importance, while its position so near the surface renders it peculiarly liable to injury by violence, and to suffering from exposure. Hence the instinctive consciousness of the necessity to protect the heart. Against cold as against violence, the best, nay, in a state of absolute savagery, the *only* protection of the heart is the left arm, pressed against it for warmth, or held before it for protection. Hence among savages, or men in a state of barbarism, where clothing is deficient, and fighting abundant, the left arm of the men will be used passively, for protection; the right arm actively, for of-

fense or defence. Here is evidently a difference, due to the position of the heart.

In the lungs of a man a great fire is constantly burning, and at that fire man's blood is constantly warming itself. It goes from there in a great warm stream to the heart, which becomes consequently the warmest part of the body near to the surface. Thence follows that the warmest part of the surface of the body is that near to the region of the heart, and to this again is due the mother's instinctive impulse to protect her young from the cold by pressing it to the heart, and holding it there. Thus among females in a savage state the left arm is used principally, or largely, in pressing the young to their heart, or, as we should say of matrons in a more civilized condition of society, in holding the baby, while the right arm is used for all other purposes.

It is thus evident that in a savage state man inherits from both father and mother the tendency to employ the left arm more passively, the right arm more actively; and this inherited tendency is further developed by the same habits, until gradually unequal, or at least different use, leads to unequal or different development of the two arms and hands, the more active use of the right arm especially giving it greater strength and making it more obedient to control.

Man in a savage state lives in constant warfare. Every stranger is an enemy—to be attacked, if necessary; to be guarded against under all circumstances. When two strangers meet near enough to be obliged to pass one another, instinct teaches them to expose to one another's attack the side best suited to defence, and to keep free for untrammelled use the side, the arm, best suited for offense. The left side, though originally least suited to defence, owing to the exposed position of the heart, has, through that original weakness, acquired the faculty for defence most strongly. In utter savagery the bare left arm will be instinctively relied on for defence; in the first steps of progress in civilization the bare arm will be artificially protected; it will carry a shield, first for its own protection, and next, by gradual improvement and enlargement, for the protection of the entire body. It is evident that hostile or unknown savages, on passing one another, will each seek to present his left side, the side of defence, to his opponent—in other words, *will pass to the right*. And in this way has arisen, and has existed for untold thousands of years, what we to-day call the "law of the street," but which, as we have shown, could with equal justice be called



the "law of the heart," to wit: the practice of passing to the right.

When, therefore, our *jeunesse dorée*, in walking up Broadway near noon, in all the glory of glossy hats and *Jouvin* kids, with cane in hand and bud in button-hole, pass to the right as they lift their beavers and smile their *devoirs* to their fair lady friends, they may think, if they think at all, that it is a law of our highly advanced refinement and civilization which dictates to them what side to take. Whereas, alas! they are only unconsciously aping the warlike tricks of their grinning forefathers of the Kjoekkenmoedding, or the Mississippi mounds, in whose hands the cane was a club, who for a rose-bud wore a bunch of his enemies' teeth, whose smiled "good-afternoon" was a terrific war-whoop, and who passed to the right ten thousands of years ago, simply because he knew his left arm was best to parry with, and his right arm strongest to slay.

So deeply are what we think the refinements of our civilization rooted in the depths of barbarism! So thoroughly are the habits and practices of our daily life, in their most trivial-seeming details, the inevitable outgrowths of our physical structure! Yet are we forever seeking to rule and regulate, by law and statute, a thousand practices and habits, the meaning, the origin of which we do not even take the trouble to investigate!

We leave to our lady-readers the task of following out in detail the effect of the position of the heart upon our social laws and habits. To them we abandon the inquiry into the special curative virtues of what old Dr. Bock calls the "*left* sock of matron or maid." They may suggest "the reason why" "to wives and brides *left* arm is given," together with many other similar mysteries, concerning which we have no knowledge. We, for our part, will only pursue the law of the street into one of its seeming contradictions, which has perhaps already occurred to some of our readers.

In his progress from the Kjoekkenmoedding to Fifth Avenue, man, at some period of his career, annexed the horse to his domain. This noble animal at once became an inestimable auxiliary in progressive man's chief occupation: fighting. But as all men find, when they take to themselves auxiliaries, so savage man found that he had to change his style of fighting. Fighting on horseback was impossible without weapons of considerable size and reach. To strike or pierce an enemy by means of a long club or spear was impossible on horseback, unless the enemy was at the horseman's right. To strike an

opponent who was at the left of the horse, involved the necessity of striking across the horse and across one's own body, materially diminishing the force of the blow and the reach of the weapon. For the horseman to use his horse and his weapons to advantage, it was necessary that his antagonist should be on his right; in other words, that he, the rider, should pass to the left. Out of this circumstance grew the practice of mounted warriors always passing to the left of one another. The mounted warrior was in ancient times the only rider, horses never being ridden for any other purpose. But, as gradually men of peace, wealthy priests, clerks, and other civilians learned the use of horseback riding as a convenient mode of traveling, they, of course, took the practice of the road as they found it made by the men of war, and invariably passed to the left. And when, at last, here and there a carriage was substituted for the saddle-horse, the horses in the vehicle naturally followed the rule of horses out of vehicles, and likewise passed to the left; and thus grew up the seeming anomaly in the law of the road, that pedestrians pass to the right, and mounted men and vehicles pass to the left.

In most countries of Europe the latter practice still prevails, horsemen and carriages invariably passing to the left; and although we have changed the practice, as we shall see, yet we retain a reminiscence of it in the elementary rule of horsemanship: to hold the reins in the left, even if you have no use for your right. We see it, too, in the side-saddle, which, leaving the right side of the lady's palfrey free, enabled it to press close against the warrior's charger, and thus keep the lady covered by her protector's shield and his own mailed body.

The process by which the law of the road, as distinguished from the law of the street, underwent the change in this country, and reverted to the habit and practice of pedestrians: to pass to the right, is interesting, both in itself, and as an illustration of the nature of the changes that laws are constantly undergoing of themselves, as it were, by changed habits in the people that practice them.

It is well-known, though often forgotten, that the horse is not indigenous to America. Although the Spanish settlers in Central and South America found the horse, as often happens with auxiliaries, to be "the better half of man," so far as conquest was concerned, and therefore attached great value to it, and brought large numbers into the country; yet the original settlers in our part of the conti-



nent, not being mainly of the warrior class, and indeed occupied with other and far different kinds of conquest, brought but few horses here, and employed these almost exclusively in tilling their fields. Hence it was not until many years after the arrival of original settlers, that the use of horses for any other purpose but that of plowing became possible; and by that time the sense of the old English road-law had become lost, and, indeed, its very existence almost forgot-

ten. When, therefore, horses came to be more frequently seen upon the highways and in the streets of towns and villages, they naturally were made to follow the same rule as that applying to men, the latter never having changed or been forgotten, owing to its being a simple, inevitable outgrowth of our physical structure, and owing to the further fact, that, though *animam mutant*, we yet, in "running across the sea," have not changed the position of our hearts.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Christian Sabbath in Great Cities.

OF the importance of the observance of the Sabbath, in the vital economy of the American people, there is no longer any doubt. With all the periodical rest it brings us, we still find ourselves overworked; and the wrecks of paralysis are strewn around us on every hand. Without it, we should find ourselves despoiled of our most efficient and reliable safeguard in the dangers which beset the paths of business enterprise. As a matter of economy, therefore—as a conservative of health and life and the power to work—the Sabbath, observed strictly as a day of rest from secular labor, is of the utmost importance. We cannot afford to-day, and we shall never be able to afford, to give it up to labor, either in city or country. Experience has settled this point, and yielded upon every hand its testimonies to the wisdom of the divine institution. As a measure of social, moral, and physical health—as a measure of industrial economy—the ordination of a day of periodical rest like that which the Sabbath brings us would come legitimately within the scope of legislation. If we had no Sabbath, it would be the duty of the State to ordain one; and as we have it, it is equally the duty of the State to protect it, and confirm to the people the material and vital benefits which it is so well calculated to secure.

There are certain other facts connected with the observance of the Sabbath in America which are quite as well established as the one to which we have alluded, the most prominent of which is, that the high morality and spirituality of any community depends uniformly on its observance of the Sabbath. We do not believe there is a deeply religious community in America, of any name, that does not observe one day in seven as a day specially devoted to religion. The earnest Christian or Jewish workers everywhere are Sabbath-keepers, in their separate ways and days. It is very well to talk about an "every-day Christianity," and better to possess and practice it; but there certainly is precious little of it where the Sabbath is not observed. The religious faculties, sentiments, and susceptibilities, under all schemes and systems of religion, are the subjects of culture, and imperatively

need the periodical food and stimulus which come with Sabbath institutions and ministries. The prevalence and permanence of a pure Christianity in this country depend mainly on what can be done for them on Sunday. If the enemies of Christianity could wipe out the Sabbath, they would do more to destroy the power of the religion they condemn than all the Renans and Strausses have ever done or can do. They understand this, and their efforts will be directed to this end, through every specious protest, plea, and plan.

The most religious and earnest of the Catholic clergy of Europe lament the fact that the Sunday of their church and their several countries is a day of amusement. They see, and they publicly acknowledge, that without the English and American Sabbath they work for the spiritual benefit of their people at a sad disadvantage. It is this European Sabbath, or Sunday, which we are told is to come to America at last through her foreign population. We hope not. We would like to ask those who would rejoice in its advent, how much it has done for the countries where it exists. Go to Italy, France, Spain, Ireland—to any part of Germany, Catholic or Infidel, and find if possible any people so temperate, pure, chaste, truthful and benevolent as the Sabbath-keeping communities of America. It cannot be done. The theater, the horse-race, the ball, the cricket-ground, the lager-beer saloon, have nothing in them that can take the place of the institutions of religion. They are established and practiced in the interest of the animal, and not at all in the interest of the moral and intellectual side of humanity. They can neither build up nor purify. They minister only to thoughtlessness and brutality. So much, then, seems obvious: 1st. That we cannot do without Sunday as a day of physical and mental rest; 2d. That either as a consequence or a concomitant, moral and spiritual improvement goes always with the observance of Sunday as a religious day; and, 3d. That Sunday, as a day of amusement simply, is profitless to the better and nobler side of human nature and human life.

Now the questions relating to the opening of parks, libraries, reading-rooms, etc., in great cities on Sunday, are not moral or religious questions at all,—they are prudential, and are to be settled by experiment. It is to be remembered that there are large numbers of the young in all great cities who have no home. They sleep in little rooms, in which in winter they have no fire, and can never sit with comfort. They are without congenial society. They have not the *entrée* of other homes; and they must go somewhere, and really need to go somewhere. Christian courtesy does much to bring them into Christian association, and ought to do a thousand times more. The least it can do is to open all those doors which lead to pure influences and to the entertainment of the better side of human nature. A man who seeks the society of good books, or the society of those who love good books, or chooses to wander out for the one look at nature and the one feast of pure air which the week can give him, is not to be met by bar or ban. Whatever feeds the man and ignores or starves the brute is to be fostered as a Christian agency. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. That is not religion, but pagan slavery, which makes of Sunday a penance and a sacrifice. It is better that a man be in a library than alone all the time. It is better that he wander in the park than even feel the temptation to enter a drinking-saloon or a brothel. The Sunday horse-car is justified in that it takes thousands to church who could hardly go otherwise. The open library is justified in that it is a road which leads in a good direction. The roads devoted to Sunday amusement lead directly away from the Christian church. \* All pure ways are ways that tend upward, toward God and heaven.

#### The Literary Bureau Again.

SINCE our article last year upon this subject, there has come, with further experience upon the part of lecture committees and the public, a more thorough concurrence in the views therein expressed. The evils of the system are patent, viz.: that with the facilities which it affords to inferior talent, the average performances before the lyceums have been degraded, while the price to the public has been increased. Men and women have found employment who, but for the bureaus, could never have secured engagements on their own merits, while the better class of lecturers have simply added to their fees a sufficient sum to cover the increased expense. That which we declared to be inevitable in the nature of things, is a fact established. The bureaus themselves, or, at least, some of them, are as painfully conscious of this fact as the public, and would gladly change their system of operations. One of them, indeed, is undertaking to do so; and the quicker all of them do so the more certain will they be to save their business from wreck.

The radical defect of their system of operations exists in the fact that it is instituted and carried on in their own interest, exclusively. If lecturers or lecture

committees had called it into existence to meet an emergency, and it had been operated in their interest, there would have been no trouble; but it was established to serve the private ends of the brokers themselves, who have sought to monopolize the market, and to win a commission from every fee paid. Their lists of speakers, singers, readers, etc., have been multitudinous in numbers, and have embraced every grade of public performer whom it has been possible to place before a lyceum audience. There have been personal, mercenary motives at the bottom of it all, and the results have been natural and inevitable.

Yet there is still a field for the lecture bureau, and, as it is the only one in which it can have permanent success, we ought not to be accounted its enemy for pointing it out. There are at this time in England several literary gentlemen of eminence who propose to visit America at an early day as lecturers. We have had pleasure in referring some of these men to the lecture bureaus, as perhaps the only available agents for making their engagements for them. They are three thousand miles distant. They know nothing of the country or its ways. The lecture committees do not even know their address. It is better for all concerned that they commit themselves to accustomed agencies, and find their routes all prepared for them on their arrival. These lecturers can well afford to pay for a service which they cannot perform for themselves. Again, the better class of lecturers at home are often exceedingly busy men, who are willing to pay for the relief which comes to them from a similar service. Some of them are not business men at all,—are men who make very bungling work of their engagements, and who thrive better under guardianship. All work done for these men is perfectly legitimate. It is not with any work like this that we find fault. To run the lecture bureaus for the benefit of the lecture system is one thing; to run the system for the benefit of the bureaus is quite another. What we protest against is the attempt on the part of the bureaus to monopolize the whole business, to hold upon their lists every person who seeks audience with the public, whether worthy or unworthy, and to make something out of each. If they would consent to take none upon their lists whom they cannot recommend with entire good faith to the public patronage, if they would cease pertinaciously to thrust themselves between lecturers and lecture committees, if they would even do their business well when they undertake it, we should let them entirely alone; but in the past they have certainly sought to get all the business into their hands for their own benefit, and the complaints are many that their business has not been well done.

Already there is a reaction against their system and their operations. Many lecture committees would have nothing to do with a bureau if they could help it. They would very decidedly prefer to deal with the lecturers directly; and they do so always when

they can. This fact carries its own comment with it, and it is a comment which does not flatter the bureaus. We say all this without a particle of personal feeling or personal interest. We believe in the lecture proper as one of the most powerful civilizing influences of our time—one of the most powerful and beneficent which has been in operation during the last twenty years—and we protest against any agency that tends to degrade it to a mere entertainment, and to bring before the people those men and women who have no high purpose to serve and no inspiring or instructive word to say. We protest, too, against any system which tends to increase the price of the lecture to the people. We would like to see the public halls all over the country filled week after week, the winter season through, with earnest seekers for truth, and to see them worthily fed by men and women of their own choosing—not by those who cover the walls of the lecture bureaus with photographs of their personal charms, and beg for an opportunity at any price to display those charms in public. Men and women who cannot live without the agency of a bureau have no right to live by such an agency. They are a fraud upon the public, and a disgrace and damage to the institution on whose funds they live. Let it become a matter of pride and boast among the bureaus that they hold the name of no man or woman upon their lists whose voice is not an honor to them and to the lyceum—that no mountebank, no trifler, no third-rate artist of any sort, can by their influence or agency find access to the public—and the attitude of lecturers and lecture committees toward them would at once be changed; and we should be the first to bid them "God-speed," and to wish them a long and prosperous life.

#### Our President.

IN the good time coming—the golden age—the blessed thousand years—which all Christian people pray for and expect, we are to have, among the multitude of excellent things, our particular President. When will it be? And what will be his name? The time when can hardly be foretold; and it matters very little by what name we may call him; but we can tell even now what sort of a person he will be, and it is a comfort to think of the dignities and gracious amenities that will accompany his manly sway.

In the first place, he will be a gentleman, and will have the manners of a gentleman. No vulgar peculiarities will commend him to vulgar people. He will humiliate himself by no appeals to low taste for securing the popular approval and support. The dirty brood of office-seekers and contractors and jobbing mercenaries will stand abashed in his pure presence. Nay, he will be hedged about by a dignity that will protect him from the approach of those upon whom he can only look with loathing and contempt. Petty politicians will find in him no congenial society, and his councils will be those of statesmanship. The representatives of foreign governments will come

with all the high and gentle courtesies of which they may be masters, to pay him court, as the first gentleman in a nation of many millions. The people who have placed him in power will look up to him with affectionate pride as their model man; and as the highest product of American civilization.

Again, he will be a wise man, and wise particularly in statecraft, through a life of conscientious study and careful and familiar practice in positions that have naturally led to his final elevation. He will live in an age when the present low ideas of availability will have passed away, and when personal fitness will be the essential qualification for place. He will have been brought into competition with none but those of his own kind. No warrior burdened with laurels for great achievements in his awful profession, no literary chieftain though crowned King in his own peculiar realm, no demagogue fingering the strings of a thousand intrigues, no boor dazzling the populace with the shows of wealth and polluting the ballot-box with its gifts, will have degraded the contest which resulted in his election. He will have reached his seat because a wise nation believed him to be its wisest man.

He will be a man of honor too, a man who will sooner die than permit any good reason to exist for the suspicion that he will use the privileges of his place for the perpetuation of his power. He will be a "one term" man, who will never for an instant permit his personal prospects to influence him in the performance of public duty; and when that term shall expire, he will retire to a still higher elevation in the popular esteem and reverence, and will not sink into the humble and almost disgraceful obscurity to which so many of his unworthy predecessors have been condemned. He will represent in his faith and practice the religion on which his country's purity and prosperity rest; for in that grand day the cavils and questions and infidelities that disgrace our shallow age will have passed away, and the brain and heart of Christendom will be christianized. There will be reverence for worth in the popular heart, and a Christian nation will have none but a Christian ruler.

After St. Paul returned from his vision of those heavenly things which it was not lawful for him to speak about, the small affairs of the men around him, and the mean and vulgar ways of those with whom he associated and to whom he preached, must have been somewhat disgusting. So, after looking at the ideal president in "the good time coming," we confess to a spasm of pain as we contemplate the political conflict so closely impending. Is it to be a conflict of great principles of government, earnestly held by men equally wise? Is it to be a conflict between men equally pure and equally patriotic? Is it to be a conflict between statesmen who are brought forward because of wisdom acquired by long service of the State in other capacities? Is it to be a conflict between gentlemen mutually respecting one another? Is it to be a conflict in which the dominant desire shall be that the best man, the most honorable man, the

truest Christian, the wisest man, the purest and highest statesman, may win? Or, are considerations of personal and party advantage to be dominant? Is slander to be let loose? Is dirt to be thrown? Are the proprieties of society to be so outraged by personalities, that all decent men will learn to shun politics as they would shun exposure to a foul disease? There certainly is a better way than the one we walk in, and there are some at least who would be glad to find it. Let us try to find it.

#### Indirect Damages.

WE are none of us over-learned in the law, or overcharged with common-sense; but whatever of the latter we may possess we may practice without a license, and ask no favors of High Commissions or Boards of Arbitration. Tom Jones gets into a little dispute with his neighbor, John Brown, which is settled at last by his being unceremoniously knocked down and beaten. He is carried home to Mrs. Jones in a bruised and bloody condition; and Mrs. Jones, being a sensitive person, and in a situation that makes her peculiarly susceptible to untoward impressions, brings prematurely into the world a pair of twins. After this, she falls naturally into a weak and nervous state, that unfits her for doing the work of her family. Consequently upon this, Tom Jones becomes embarrassed in his affairs, and takes to drink and to idleness. The consequences of the mishap go on multiplying in various directions, until we can no longer follow the threads of second, third, and fourth causes; and the indirect or consequential damages widen like the waves from a dropping pebble, until the whole ocean of life responds to the original disturbance.

Meanwhile the law comes in and takes cognizance of Mr. Brown's violence. He is arrested by the police, and brought before a justice. The justice becomes convinced of the facts of the assault, and, with the statute in such case made and provided before him, sentences Mr. Brown to pay a fine of ten dollars, in default of which payment he is to be imprisoned—we will say—for thirty days. He pays the fine with a triumphal air, and walks out of court. Mr. Jones simply says: "This is all very well now, but I have still a claim for indirect or consequential damages, and these are not to be determined to-day, or this year, or this decade." Subsequently he prose-

cutes Mr. Brown for consequential damages, charging him:—

*First*, With the ruin of his wife's health, and the loss of her housewifely services.

*Second*, With the loss of the labor of two boys for a given period of years.

*Third*, With the cost of the liquor which his domestic trials have induced him to drink.

*Fourth*, With the value of the labor which his drinking habits have induced him to squander.

*Fifth*, With the loss of the satisfactions that come from the possession of a healthy and happy wife, and a pair of affectionate and industrious children.

*Sixth*, With the loss of his self-respect and the respect of the community.

*Seventh*—But there is no end of the list, and no possible footing-up of the figures in the column. It may amount to five thousand, or ten thousand, or twenty thousand dollars. Whatever the sum may be, Mr. Jones, in his scarred and silly old age, is told by the justice that he has no case, that no such thing as an estimate and statement of consequential damages are possible to a finite mind, and that he cannot recognize his claims. Perhaps it is not impertinent to state that Mr. Brown, who becomes very angry at learning what Mr. Jones is trying to do, would save his dignity by simply laughing at a claim which in the nature of the case can never be reduced to figures and never satisfied.

Now if Mr. Jones has sense enough left to comprehend the situation, and candor enough to acknowledge his error, there is no reason why he and Mr. Brown may not sit down and smoke many a pipe together in their old age, and be very good neighbors. And if any of Jones's friends should accuse him of backing down and surrendering, etc., they would simply show themselves the enemies of good neighborhood and common-sense. Jones undoubtedly had bad advisers, who ought to have known better than to put him up to so foolish a business; and the quicker he gets rid of them the better.

There is a principle underlying this homely illustrative case which governs large things as well as little. No diplomacy can change it, no pettifoggery or special pleading can subvert it. Consequential damages in all wrong-doing are simply incalculable, and beyond the cognizance of human tribunals of every sort.

#### THE OLD CABINET.

I SUPPOSE it will come to this:—attached to cards of invitation sent out a week or two in advance:

"Guests living on the East Side will order their carriages at 11 P.M. on account of rain at 11.30 P.M. As there will be only a slight shower on the West Side, carriages from that Side at convenience of guests."

And this to advertisements of concerts and the like:

"Performances will conclude at 10 P.M., allowing ample time for audience to reach home before the storm."

No more anxious watchings at windows, in those days—no more surprises, scamperings, huddlings

together as at picnics, in the sweet old shrieking fashion. Nobody who reads the newspaper will ever get caught in the rain.

Then, of course, when Mr. Leakin succeeds in securing general recognition for his Law of Periodicity, nothing will ever 'happen' at all. The word 'accident' will be marked obsolete in the dictionary, as so many other good words have been already marked. Things will take place, I suppose, in their regular sequence, as foreordained and foretold. Life will be a Morphy-Paulsen game of chess; except that we shall keep on pushing the men around, in a night-mareish sort of way, after 'checkmate in seventeen moves' has been announced.

It's all of a piece—weather probabilities; Leakin's Law; composition back-logs; cast-iron tree stumps: spring-fastenings to keep children from kicking off bed-clothes; canned vegetables; steam yachts on the Sea of Galilee; parlor skates; protoplasm.

Tomatoes in winter are as much out of place as sunlight in a theater. (If you were at the Nilsson *matinée* at Wallack's the other Saturday, when the shutters would fly open, every now and then, you know how ghastly that is!) Things must be in keeping. Tomatoes must be flanked by radishes, and fresh peas, and lettuce—with a scent of summer in the air. And besides tomatoes must be tomatoes, not a tantalizing semblance—a mixture of carpet rags, vinegar and bullets, just racy enough of the genuine dish to take off the keen edge of one's delight when, in due time, the first toothsome taste of the vegetable comes to you with the twitter of birds, and the touch of the cool-warm air upon your brow.

. . . Well, there is another side to all this.

The beauty of it is that spring is spring, no matter how it comes at last, or where—in the city, heralded by small boys calling "fans" between the acts of the opera; in the country by birds and flowers and flavor of garlic in the butter. Spring is spring, and will have its way.

And as to parlor skates, when I come to think of it!—The Professor made me go with him to the Rink one night last winter. He went down, he said, every evening, after Greek, for a half-hour's "fun." And the Professor's pretty daughter, she was going for the "fun," too,—seemed to be really excited about it. One might have thought, to look at her cheeks, it was to be a moonlight frolic on a frozen mill-pond. I didn't want to go at all; it seemed to me sacrilege, sliding around on rollers over pine boards, and calling it skating! It's bad enough to skate with real skates, under a corrugated roof and by gas-light; but this mockery!—No, I protested, I shall be true to the runners and bonfires of my boyhood!

But I went. I didn't go so far as to put the rollers on; I merely stood and looked.

Shade of Winthrop! Instead of the ring and scrape of steel upon the ice, there was a hollow rumble as of machinery; and over in one corner the Champion cutting chalk eagles on the floor!

If they had gone about it sadly and solemnly, like mourners at a funeral, it would not have been half so bad. It was their cheerfulness that was so pathetic. It seemed as if this great procession of youths and middle-aged that swayed and swung past me where I stood, were under the influence of a horrible enchantment.

In a moment, I said to myself, the little man in black, leaning over the balcony railing yonder, will drop his cane upon the floor below: the music will cease, the lights will go down, and, suddenly awakening from their dream, the skaters will shrink into the street and back to their homes in terror.

But even parlor skates do sometimes get loose, and one must kneel to fasten them while the other gently rests her hand on his shoulder for support. And here, too, the girls have to be taught; and rollers, like runners, are treacherous, and will slip—if he does not hold so tight—so tight!

O this great-hearted blessed humanity of ours, how it takes to itself, at last, every artificial custom and contrivance brought within its domain—just as nature resumes, with ivy and lichen and rust, every piece of human handiwork planted in her deep woods!

. . . I shouldn't wonder if there were times when Old Probabilities himself forgets his umbrella. And maybe he isn't so very old after all. Maybe to somebody—far off—the summer rain is dearer because Old Probabilities, in that formal scientific way of his, said that it was coming.

THE poet awoke the other morning and found himself famous.

That can occur literally to a man nowadays. His fame, carefully wrapped in the damp sheets of the newspaper, is carried around town and left at people's houses before breakfast. It is taken in with the morning milk. When the man himself puts on his hat and goes down the street, he sees eyes peering through his neighbor's blinds, the air thrills with whispers, he is conscious of side-glances and fingers pointed at him. He is famous.

It was just so with the poet. His book happened to be reviewed simultaneously by all the leading Dailies. Evidently the critics had been taken by surprise. The poet had not spoken till he was ready, and to very few of them was his name known at all. But their recognition of genius was for once prompt, hearty, and unanimous.

I smile while I confess that even to me the poet—my friend and crony—seems to-day something different from the same fellow of last week. To be sure I have said, all along, "The world will yet acknowledge him." But, now that the world has done precisely what I said it would do, a thin yet palpable barrier has sprung up between us. He is lifted away from me. It is like looking at him through the wrong end of an opera-glass—except that he is made larger, not smaller. He is within arm's reach, yet he seems a great way off.



I suppose the world's acknowledgment has made him no greater than he was. But there is a peculiar light in his large gray eyes that I believe I never noticed before. And his forehead—yes, that is a remarkable forehead certainly.

At the same time that I am sensible of this queer change in his presence, I find it difficult to realize what an infinite difference there is between us in worldly importance. There he sits now, in the old familiar way—this 'suddenly risen star in the literary heavens,' this 'extraordinary man' concerning whom the papers have been so eloquent. We hob-nob together as of yore. From our little discussions on art and other matters sometimes one and sometimes the other comes out victorious.

And as to the matter of that—we fought over this very poem, from beginning to end. A dozen times I carried my point against the poet. I can show you whole lines—and the critics have chosen some of them to illustrate the poet's most fortunate art—of which I may almost call myself the author. At least they would not have taken just that shape, had it not been for my doughty championship.

And yet I know that between my friend and me there is a deep gulf fixed. The world counts me no more even to him than if I had been born in the thirteenth century, or had never been born at all. We journey together in the horse-cars. The passengers poke each other in the ribs, and put heads together; but I am sure I have not the slightest part in causing the sensation. I think people have rather a contempt for me in a general way, as a hanger-on, and a go-between and a nobody. I fancy I hear it said, "How can this great soul find anything sympathetic in that exceedingly commonplace friend of his!" Nobody wants my autograph. The hairs of my head are in no special request. I do not receive invitations to address Philomathic Associations in neighboring villages. No letters come to me bearing the spontaneous outpourings of tender and emotional natures. And as for future generations—to which my friend's name and fame have already been confidently committed—I shudder when I think of their serene and icy indifference.

ALONG came Poor Pillicoddy in a paroxysm of delight. His eyes danced and twinkled, his round, dimpled cheeks were all aglow. Even his ears were red with excitement.

"Have you heard the news!" he shouted, clapping his hands in ecstasy.

"Not a word," I said, wondering whether at last fortune had really smiled upon Poor Pillicoddy.

"Why, what do you suppose! Little Pimpton's wife's uncle has died in Jamaica, and left all the Pimptons rich!"—and two big tears, starting from the corner of Poor Pillicoddy's eyes, carried the twinkle all the way down his round, red cheeks.

"Oh there goes Little Pimpton himself," he cried; and running up to the shoemaker, he gripped him by

the shoulder, and me by the arm, and dragged us both across the street to "Pillicoddy's Apothecary."

"It's my treat," said Poor Pillicoddy. "Shall it be ginger-pop or lemon-soda? Better say soda—with cream, on such a day"—smacking his lips unctuously at once over the lemon-soda with cream, and the golden happiness that had fallen upon his friend Little Pimpton.

The little shoemaker took it all very calmly—windfall, soda-water, and Pillicoddy. The West Indian legacy had been altogether unexpected. But his joy seemed tempered by a sense of his having deserved a fortune from somebody—and why should it not come as well from his wife's long-since-forgotten old uncle as from any other quarter. He was very glad to get it—but it was quite in the natural order of things, you know. It was Poor Pillicoddy who flung up his hat, and shed tears, and stood treat—lemon-soda with cream.

And that is always the way with Poor Pillicoddy. I might have known that the good news had nothing to do with him. Poor he has always been, and poor he will always remain. His best clothes are thread-bare, and shiny at the angles. His best dinner would be very far from a 'square meal' for most folks. He is always running around with subscription papers for other people, no worse off in this world's goods than himself. He walks his pegged boots down to the welt to win a pair of patent-leathers for his neighbor. He makes a joke of what he calls his own bad fortune, and is beside himself with joy when anybody else is in luck.

The only thing that grieves Poor Pillicoddy is the suggestion, from one who is aware of his ways, that charity begins at home; that even an old bachelor owes something to himself; that he really ought to devote a little more time to his own interests. Then, indeed, he is wounded and cast down.

"Oh, oh!" the poor fellow sobs, and the twinkle goes out of his eyes altogether and follows the old wet path down his cheeks, till tear and twinkle are alike lost in his frayed, white shirt collar. "Oh, oh! would you have me throw away my only happiness? I am too selfish—I can't do it, I can't do it,"—moans Poor Pillicoddy.

Two or three of these *Pansies*\* of Mrs. Whitney's have been cherished for so many years in the inmost treasure closet of the Old Cabinet, that somehow I have come to think of them as part and parcel of the Old Cabinet itself. Perhaps that is why I shrink now from talking about them and their fellows, although I know that no narrow proprietorship may bind them, any more than the ancient monks could bind the truth by clasp and chain.

And indeed I wish that all men might be aware of the charity, the faith, and the hope that is in them.

\* *Pansies*: "... for Thoughts." By Adeline D. T. Whitney. James R. Osgood & Co.

It is not the poetry of common things, for to this poet nothing that He has made is common or unclean; but it is the interpretation, the Gospel of things familiar.

Let us thank the Master that he has given these to us with those other Thoughts of his—uttered now and of old in word and flower and all blessed forms of beauty.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Origin of Lowest Organisms.

DR. BASTIAN's monograph on this subject is an interesting addition to the literature of spontaneous generation, as opposed to the doctrine of *omne vivum ex ovo*. The great advances in chemistry, especially in the synthesis of organic substance and the discovery of the equivalence and transformation of forces, have in part bridged over the gulf that formerly existed between inorganic and organic chemistry. The discovery by the microscope of organisms more simple in their organization, and lower in the scale than those formerly known, has in its turn destroyed to a certain extent the line of demarcation between merely organic and organized bodies. And finally the investigations of Darwin and others of the doctrine of the derivation of complex organic forms from those that were less complex has directed attention anew to the subject of the origin of life in the lowest organisms.

The monads of Dr. Bastian belong to this group, and are microscopic structureless specks of albuminoid substance, differing from inorganic motes only in that they possess the power of multiplication. When produced in certain organic solutions they can in addition coalesce together, and form amoeba-like cells. While the appearance of these cells is on all sides admitted, two theories are advanced regarding their origin. The first is that they have been produced from other similar cells, floating in the air. The second, which is supported by Dr. Bastian, is that they have been formed from the unorganized matter of the solution in a manner similar to that in which crystals are produced from their solutions. In the experiments made by Schwann and Pasteur, it was found that when the solution of organic matter was kept at a temperature of  $212^{\circ}$  for fifteen minutes and the upper part of the flask filled with air that had been passed through a red-hot tube, no living thing ever made its appearance in the vessel. This apparently conclusive experiment Dr. Bastian objects to, because in a number of instances the flasks burst, thus showing that the solutions had undergone change and were in addition submitted to abnormal pressures. To avoid these conditions, he placed the solutions with which he was experimenting in flasks, from which the air had been completely removed, and a vacuum substituted. Subjecting the flask and its contents to a temperature of  $300^{\circ}$  F. for four hours, he found that when the solutions were rich in organic matter multitudes of organized bodies appeared. Realizing the objections that might be urged against these experiments on the score of the use of organic substances,

Dr. Bastian substituted inorganic solutions, containing phosphate of soda with tartrate, phosphate, acetate and oxalate of ammonia. From these he obtained monads and other organic forms.

This at present is the condition of the controversy, and admitting that there is no error in the experiments of Dr. Bastian, it is evident that he presents the panspermists a pretty hard nut to crack. Meanwhile all who take an interest in the discussion must look forward with increased interest to the manner in which these results of Dr. Bastian are to be explained.

### The Roman Campagna.

AN attempt is to be made to restore its salubrity to the Campagna. In answer to the question, Why has it relapsed from the position it once held of being the district whence Ancient Rome drew her best soldiers to its present desolate and pest-stricken state? M. Colin replies, that marshy vapor has nothing whatever to do with it, for a fever of exactly the same type exists in Algeria, where there is neither water to exhale, nor vegetation to putrefy. In healthy countries, also, whenever extensive tracts of land are turned up, in making excavations for railways or other public works, miasmatic poison at once appears in its worst and most dangerous form. In conclusion, M. Colin expresses his belief that the "telluric poison" proceeds from the vegetative energy of the soil, and, when this is not taken up by plants, it is exhaled; and, passing into the air, becomes the malarial poison. The exhalation of this "*intoxication tellurique*" he proposes to prevent by the systematic scientific cultivation of the Campagna, and the *Lancet* expresses the hope that not only may the Ancient City become as healthy in July and August as in November and December, but that the unutilized energy of the inhabitants, which has so often expended itself in disaffection and revolution, may also be taken up and absorbed by appropriate means, and cease, like the "*intoxication tellurique*," to exercise any longer its noxious influence.

### The Unity of the Human Species.

IN the *Popular Science Monthly* Miss Youmans gives a translation of a lecture by M. Quatrefages on this subject. Viewing the question solely as a naturalist, and setting aside entirely the theological aspect of the matter, he concludes that all men belong to a single species. The data on which this opinion is founded may be briefly stated as follows:—

Man is separated from animals by the power of articulate speech, by the expression of ideas, both by

writing and by the fine arts. He also has a sentiment of good and evil, and a belief in a future life.

Having drawn the line of distinction between men and animals, M. Quatrefages proceeds to the question of difference of species and race. In discussing this he first directs attention to the great differences existing between the Newfoundland dog and the King Charles spaniel, and shows that though the differences are so great, nevertheless the animals interbreed and the offspring is fertile. To this class of differences permitting the production of fertile offspring the term race is applied. The difference indicated by species, on the contrary, generally will not permit the production of offspring, and, if it does, the offspring is not fertile. Of this latter condition an example is furnished by the mule, which is barren, never producing any offspring, since it is the result of the union of the horse and the ass, which, though they closely resemble each other, are still separated to such an extent as to belong to different species.

Having thus explained the signification of the terms race and species, the author then shows that the different races have in certain instances arisen from one race of a given species; and first he quotes the case of coffee, the history of which is well known, and all the varieties of which, whether Mocha, Java, Rio, or La Guyra, have originally come from the plant that grows on the shores of the Red Sea. Next he cites the instance of the turkey, originally carried to Europe from America, and now presenting many different races in both hemispheres. Rabbits, hares, horses, and dogs are likewise cited, all of which present many races which interbreed and produce fertile offspring.

Applying these facts to man, M. Quatrefages argues that since the different races from any part of the world interbreed and produce a fertile offspring they must of necessity all belong to the same species. He also concludes that the different races, as we know them, have all originated from the same race, which has been modified by its residence in different parts of the earth, and that the different races of men have arisen in the same manner as the different races of horses, dogs, and turkeys.

#### Paradoxes.

WATER thrown into a red-hot metallic vessel does not boil, as we should expect, but quietly gathers itself together, forming a more or less perfect sphere, and in that condition floats about gracefully on the hot surface as it slowly evaporates away. If at the same time a very vaporizable substance, as liquid sulphurous acid, is thrown in, the water may actually be frozen in the red-hot vessel.

Water boiled in a glass flask until the upper part of the vessel is entirely filled with steam, and then dexterously corked before air can gain admission and placed in cold water, recommences to boil. The boiling is produced by cold instead of heat, and the experiment is known as the culinary paradox.

If steam from water boiling at  $212^{\circ}$  is passed into

a solution of a salt in water, the temperature of the solution steadily rises, passing  $212^{\circ}$ , reaches the boiling point of the solution, and finally the latter also boils at a temperature as high and even higher than  $250^{\circ}$ , according to its nature. There we have the extraordinary result of obtaining a higher temperature, say  $250^{\circ}$ , from a lower one, viz.,  $212^{\circ}$ .

If there is anything in nature that possesses a positive character it is light. Yet the physicist may so reflect the light from a given source as to cause it to destroy itself and produce darkness. In like manner two sounds may be made to interfere with each other and either produce silence or increased intensity of sound, at the will of the operator.

#### Inhabitants of Mammoth Cave.

In addition to its eyeless fish, the Mammoth Cave furnishes a beetle which is totally blind; two varieties of eyeless spiders, one brown and the other white; a blind centipede with very long hairs, by which the creature guides itself, and a blind crawfish. Regarding the last of these Dr. Teilkampf remarks that "the eyes are rudimentary in the adults, but are larger in the young." Prof. Hazen caught a specimen "with the eyes well developed."

In reviewing these facts Mr. A. S. Packard says: "It seems difficult for one to imagine that our blind crawfish was created suddenly without the intervention of secondary laws, for there are the eyes *more perfect in the young than in the adult*, thus pointing back to ancestors unlike the species now existing. We can now understand why embryologists are anxiously studying the embryology of animals to see what organs or characteristics are inherited, and what originate *de novo*, thus building up genealogies, and forming almost a new department of science,—comparative embryology in its truest and widest sense."

#### The Birth of a Star.

On the night of the 12th of May, 1866, a star of between the first and second magnitude suddenly made its appearance in the constellation Corona Borealis. On the same and the succeeding night it was seen by many observers, all of whom noticed that it began almost from its first appearance to diminish in brightness, so that on the 16th of May, or four days afterwards, it was only of the fourth magnitude, and at the end of the month it had become a star of the ninth magnitude.

The spectrum of this newly-born star was examined by Mr. Higgins on the 14th and afterwards, and found to show the lines of hydrogen. This fact, taken in connection with the sudden appearance and rapid decline of the brightness of the star, led to the advance of the hypothesis that it had previously existed in the place where it was first seen, and that it became visible in consequence of some internal convulsion by which enormous quantities of hydrogen were evolved, which, in combining with some other elements, ignited on the surface of the star, and thus enveloped the whole body

suddenly in a sheet of flame. As the liberated hydrogen gas became exhausted, the flame gradually abated, and with the consequent cooling the photosphere became less vivid and the star returned to its original condition.

In opposition to this it is said that the spectrum given by the star was not that of burning but of luminous hydrogen. Robert Meyer and H. J. Klein have therefore expressed the opinion that the sudden blazing out of a star might be occasioned by the violent precipitation of some great mass, perhaps of a planet upon a fixed star, by which the momentum of the falling mass would be changed into molecular motion, or, in other words, into heat and light.

Though the fact of which we have been speaking is very wonderful in itself, the most extraordinary part still remains to be told. Light, it is true, moves with a velocity of 185,000 miles in a second; but since the nearest fixed star is about sixteen billions of miles distant from the earth, it takes three years for its light to reach us. The great physical convulsion which was observed in Corona in the year 1866 was therefore an event which had really taken place long before that period, at a time no doubt when spectrum analysis, to which we are indebted for the information we obtained on the subject, was yet almost unknown. (Schellen's *Spectrum Analysis*.)

#### Soap a Cause of Skin Disease.

"PRIME old Brown Windsor Soap" is said to be now manufactured almost entirely from "bone grease." In the preparation of this material bones of every description and in every stage of putrefactive decomposition are ground into a fine powder and submitted to the action of water boiling under pressure in a digester. The resulting mixture is then cooled, when the undissolved bone earth settles to the bottom, while fats or oils rise to the top, and between these rests a solution of the bone gelatine in water. Out of this gelatine solution by suitable processes a patent isinglass is manufactured for the preparation of the soups and jellies of the pastry-cook, while the oil or grease is saponified and converted into "Fine old Brown Windsor."

In the soap thus produced there remain fine particles of bone earth which, when the soap is rubbed on the face, as in shaving, lacerate or scratch the skin, and the wounds thus produced are, according to some, poisoned by noxious matters originally existing in the bones, and which all the processes of putrefaction, extraction at high temperature, and even saponification, have failed to destroy.

#### Education in Alsace.

THE ladies of Alsace have been making energetic efforts to give the rising generation of Alsacians a French education, and have established a system of teaching children gratuitously in private families. This form of patriotism has now drawn forth a document from the German authorities at Mulhausen,

VOL. IV.—24

protesting against the practice as being a violation of the new German regulations; moreover, the ladies are accused of the heinous crime of giving the children sweetmeats! So that when they afterwards attend the German communal schools, where a "stronger and more solid education awaits them," they arrive there "with confused heads and disordered stomachs, unable to learn or even to listen."

#### Strength of Building Materials.

*The Engineer* calls attention to the necessity for the experimental examination of this subject, and cites in illustration the case of the links of the chains of a suspension bridge which were recently tested by Mr. Kirkaldy. "These had large flat eyes, and in every case the iron tore asunder through the eye; and a very simple calculation proves that these links, which were designed by an eminent engineer, if strong enough in the eye, have no less than 18 per cent. too much iron in the body. When we consider the important part played by the chains of a suspension bridge, it will be seen that this error is one of enormous proportion, entailing great additional cost in the structure, and absolutely introducing an element in the shape of 18 per cent. extra weight, which it is highly desirable to avoid.

Not only should specimens intended to illustrate principles of construction be tested, as in the instance related above, but in the case of iron every bar should be also examined, for in the experiment of Mr. Kirkaldy it was found that many of the links made for the construction of the bridge in question were no better than common puddled bars, and the strength of the structure made of such material would be no greater than that of the weakest link.

The difficulty attending any attempt to obtain accurate results in all such measurements of absolute and relative strength of materials is illustrated by an incident which Mr. Kirkaldy relates, in which he was requested to test the tensile strength of a certain cast-iron bar, in which it was claimed that this strength had been increased 20 per cent. by a new process.

Two bars of equal dimensions were furnished, the one ordinary cast-iron, the other a bar made according to the new process; the ordinary bar was first put into the machine and broken; the force requisite to do this having been registered, the second bar was introduced. It stood the test which had broken the first, and when it had exceeded this by 20 per cent. the owners requested that the trial should cease; but Mr. Kirkaldy persisted, and the bar finally broke, when it was found that instead of its being a cast-iron bar it was made up of a wrought iron core with cast iron bars arranged around it. The discovery of the fraud of course defeated the plot, which was to obtain government aid.

#### Scientific Societies.

THE first scientific society was founded by Baptista Porta in 1560. It was called the "Academy of the

Secrets of Nature." The privacy of the meetings, and the general belief that its members employed the black art, led almost at once to its dissolution by order of the Pope.

In 1658 a scientific society was founded in Oxford, and was afterwards incorporated by the king as the "Royal Society for promoting Natural Knowledge." Its book of records for 1660 furnishes the following extracts:—

"June 5th. His Grace the Duke of Buckingham promised to bring into the Society a piece of an Unicorn's horn.

"June 14th. A circle was made with powder of unicorn's horn, and a spider set in the middle of it, but it immediately ran out several times repeated. The spider once made some stay upon the powder.

"June 26th. Dr. Ent, Dr. Clark, Dr. Goddard, and Dr. Whistler were appointed curators of the proposition to torment a man presently with the sympathetic powder.

"June 10th. The fresh hazell sticks were produced wherewith the diving experiment was tried and found wanting."

#### Dynamite.

THE basis of this modern explosive is nitro-glycerine, which is prepared by adding successive small quantities of glycerine to a mixture of one part of nitric to two of sulphuric acid. The mixture is kept cool during the operation, and when the process is finished, the mixture is poured into water, when an amber-colored fluid separates, to which the name of nitro-glycerine has been given.

The explosive properties of the fluid thus prepared are well known, and the fearful results it has produced at Aspinwall, San Francisco, Sydney and elsewhere, have been the subject of general comment. M. Nobel, in consequence of these accidents, began a series of experiments which led finally to the discovery of Dynamite, in which the dangers attending the use of nitro-glycerine are greatly reduced or entirely removed. In the improvement of M. Nobel, the nitro-glycerine is mingled with fine clean silica or sand in such proportion, as to form a substance having the appearance of moist coarse brown sugar. In this state it can only be exploded by a percussion or detonating fuse; but M. Guyot, a French chemist, has shown that the nitro-glycerine may soak out from the mixture with sand, and, saturating the paper of the cartridges and boxes, re-assume the state in which it is readily exploded by a blow.

#### Memoranda.

In a recent lecture before the American Institute, Professor Chandler remarked that "when the Croton water was first introduced into New York, it contained a considerable quantity of lime, derived from the mortar of the newly-constructed aqueduct. This prevented to a great extent the action of the water on the lead pipes, and it was stated at that time that

no lead was taken up by the Croton water, but, as the lime of the mortar became carbonated, the water ceased to dissolve it, and began to act on the lead pipes."

In the examination of the bones collected in the cave at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Professor Baird found that all the species represented have degenerated in size, and this modern degeneracy ranges from ten to twenty-five per cent.

The magneto-electric exploder of Breguet, from the simplicity of its construction and avoidance of the use of a voltaic battery, will probably soon displace all other methods now employed for discharging explosives in blasting and mining operations. The electric current is obtained by the sudden removal of the keeper of a permanent magnet, and is of sufficient power to have produced an explosion at Bordeaux from an instrument stationed at Paris.

The condition of the eye known as color blindness, in which a person loses the power of seeing certain colors, is explained by Professor Helmholtz on the hypothesis that in the retina or sensitive nervous coat of the eye there are nerve filaments possessed of the special duty of determining each color respectively. Such specialization of function is not extraordinary, and is similar to that found in the auditory nerve, which on entering the cochlea divides into a vast number of filaments, each of which is attuned to a given note.

Mr. Henry Fox Talbot has investigated the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum, and finds on one the following account of the birth and infancy of Sargina, who was a legislator, conqueror, and King of Babylon fourteen or fifteen centuries B. C.: "In a secret place my mother had brought me forth. She placed me in an ark of bulrushes; with bitumen she closed up the door. She threw me into the river, which did not enter into the ark. The river bore me up and brought me to the dwelling of a kind-hearted fisherman. He saved my life and brought me up as his own son." The similarity to the account of the infancy of Moses is very curious and suggestive.

Mr. Green, who has charge of the shad-breeding operations on the Hudson, expects to turn about three hundred millions of shad fry into the river this season.

One of the most marked of organic differences between the sexes is that of muscular action. No one who carefully watches the muscular acts of women will fail to perceive a tendency to do them with a sort of rush, with a superabundance and sudden exertion of force, rather than by the gradual application of the precise amount by which the end in view can be secured. (Dr. R. B. Carter.)

The Journal of the Quekett Microscopical Club announces fifteen Saturday afternoon excursions for the members; in addition to one whole day excursion, which is to close with the annual dinner. Such an



announcement shows us how the cause of science is advanced in England by the association of persons of similar tastes. At the last annual *soirée* of the club twelve hundred persons were present.

Coleridge, on being asked what was the use of a certain scientific discovery, replied, "What is the use of a new-born child?"

Convalescence from typhoid fever is long and tedious, and requires the utmost care in diet both as regards quantity and quality. A typhus convalescent, on the contrary, may be left almost entirely to the cook. I have suffered from both forms of fever since I entered the profession, and can bear personal testimony to the difference. The convalescence from typhus was one of the most enjoyable periods of my life; that from typhoid was bereft of a great part of the enjoyment which would otherwise have attended it by the discomfort caused by any indiscretion, and the constant feeling that care was needed to prevent a recurrence of such discomforts and possibly greater evils. (Dr. T. J. MacLagan.)

The successful treatment of a case of hydrophobia by chloral is reported in *The Lancet*.

The loss suffered by coal from exposure to the weather has been recently investigated by Dr. Varrentrap. A slow combustion takes place, with a loss of the volatile constituents, which varies with the character of the coal. Anthracite changes the least, cannel coal next, and bituminous coal the most. In one specimen the loss was 45 per cent. of gas-yielding quality, and 47 per cent. of heating power. Kept under cover the same coal lost in the same time only 24 per cent. of the first, and 12 per cent. of the second quality.

An electric probe for the discovery of foreign bodies in wounds was exhibited by M. Trouvé, at the last general assembly of the Scientific Association of France. The probe is hollow, and when brought in contact with the foreign substance the indicating apparatus is passed through it. As soon as the latter touches the object to be examined, the vibrator of an electro-magnet is set in operation, and by the character of its vibrations the surgeon may determine whether the foreign body is lead, iron, or copper.

Xylol, one of the coal-tar products, is now employed as a remedy in small-pox. It is given in the early stages in doses of ten or fifteen drops for adults. It is supposed to destroy the poison in the blood, and care is recommended in its use until its properties are more thoroughly understood.

By boiling wood-shavings under pressure with sulphuric acid and water, the cellulose of the wood is converted into sugar. This has been fermented and caused to yield a very pure brandy, free from all flavor or smell of turpentine. The proportions employed were twelve of shavings, one of sulphuric acid, and forty of water. The boiling continued for about twelve hours.—C. G. Zetterlund.

A fungus which grows on the calcareous rocks of Florida is said to possess narcotic properties, and to be used by the natives to some extent as a substitute for tobacco. (Dr. Isidor Wells.)

Woman's milk, when the food is insufficient, shows a diminution in the butter, casein, sugar and salts, while the albumen is increased. The change occurs in four or five days. (E. Decaisne.)

The decay of wood is generally supposed to be caused by the decomposition of the albumen contained in the sap, and from this decomposition results a poison which, being in juxtaposition with the heart, speedily induces decay in it. Another cause is a slow oxidation which attacks both the sap and the heart, but particularly the latter. By impregnating the wood with creosote both of these causes of decay are avoided, and the iron bolts and spikes employed in joining parts together are likewise preserved.

Professor Wanklyn states that filtration of water through beds or layers of porous material suffices to destroy any albuminoid dissolved in the water, converting it into ammonia.

Phosphuret of calcium has been recently employed in the construction of a signal light. The phosphuret is enclosed in a tin vessel having a gas jet attached. When it is thrown on the water it floats with the jet upwards. The water entering the bottom of the cylinder decomposes the phosphuret of calcium, and the phosphide of hydrogen gas, escaping from the jet, ignites spontaneously and burns in the air.

Paper pulp may be prepared by boiling clean wood-shavings or sawdust in solution of borax or potassa and an alkaline phosphate; benzole or naphtha being added as a solvent for the resin of the wood. After boiling for six hours the wood is treated with sulphide of calcium, and then bleached with chloride of lime or sulphurous acid.

Turner's vision, now the subject of so much discussion, and concerning which Dr. Liebreich has recently lectured, I explain in part as follows:—He often placed the sun in the center of the picture. If any one looks at the sun in this manner the eyes become suffused with moisture, the same vertical streakiness and yellow glare will be produced. (W. Mattieu Williams.)

Sunflowers are said to exhale an ozonized oxygen, and are therefore recommended for cultivation in malarious districts to destroy the malarial poison. They are, in addition, very useful plants, yielding about 40 per cent. of good oil from their seeds, and their leaves serve as fodder. A diet of sunflower seeds is said to increase the laying power of fowls.

The Oructor *Amphibolis*, or amphibious digger, constructed by Evans in 1804, was probably the first instance in which steam was employed for propulsion on land. The machine in question was constructed by the order of the Board of Health of Philadelphia, for the purpose of dredging, and Evans took the op-

portunity of practically carrying out his ideas of the application of steam as a means of locomotion, by constructing it in such a manner as to move itself by wheels on land and by a stern paddle on water.

In Flat Fishes, or Pleuronectidae, the eyes are on opposite sides of the head in the young, and on the same side afterwards. M. Mirart thinks the change is accomplished suddenly. M. Malm declares that it is slow.

The rattle of the rattlesnake is for the purpose of imitating the sound of the Cicada and other insects that form the food of many birds, and so attract the latter within the reach of the serpent. (Professor Shaler.)

Ants belonging to the species *Aphenogaster*, in storing seeds for food, bite off the radicle to prevent the germination of the seed. (Mr. J. T. Mogridge.)

Potash salts are essential to the assimilation of plants; without them starch is not formed in the chlorophyll granules, and the weight of the plant remains constant as in pure water. (Prof. Nobbe.)

The adoption of Savings-banks by the government in Great Britain is eminently successful. Under this system the depositors have in ten years increased from 639,000 to 2,000,000, and the amount of money deposited from £2,000,000 to £6,000,000.

Pulverized cod-liver oil is prepared by mixing the oil with white gelatine dissolved in water and syrup, to which enough powdered sugar is added to make a stiff paste, which is then granulated and preserved in closely-stoppered bottles.

Salt is so scarce a substance in some countries that it is used as money. In others it is so dear that only the rich can afford to use it. Hence the expression, "He eats salt," signifies that the person in question is wealthy.

Very high temperatures, as those of furnaces, may be determined by submitting some infusible substance as platinum, graphite, or fire-brick to their action, and then transferring the heated mass as quickly as possible to the ice calorimeter of Lavoisier. The average quantity of ice melted in two or three experiments, with the weight of the substance and the knowledge of its specific heat, furnish data from which the temperature may be calculated.

The use of compressed air for driving the boring and other machinery in mines is becoming very general in Germany. In addition to the other advantages gained by this device is the all-important one of improved ventilation.

Fibrin may be formed by suspending ropes of albumen of the egg in pure cold water; after some little time the change takes place spontaneously. (Dr. John Goodman.)

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Croquet.—II.

It has been said by an experienced croquet player that "one season on a croquet ground is more valuable for the study of the dispositions of the players than ten years of ordinary social intercourse;" and there is much truth in the remark. Nothing else will bring out in the same length of time so much of the ill-natured, selfish, grasping, fretful disposition as the losing position in a game of croquet. Some most estimable people in other respects cannot be unsuccessful in a game of croquet without exhibiting considerable temper. A person who can maintain good-nature through a half-dozen exciting games of croquet in which he is defeated, ought to command the respect of all croquet players at least.

Some persons think it very brilliant and cunning to cheat in croquet, and, if no one detects them, will frequently jump one or more bridges, or, in the case of ladies, accidentally drag their dresses over balls, thereby displacing them to their own advantage, or, while standing over a ball, hit it a sly rap with the mallet. The detection of such petty tricks, of course, lowers the perpetrators in the estimation of every chivalrous player.

Although there are many disputed points in the game of croquet that cannot be settled to the satis-

faction of all, and regarding which each player is justly entitled to a personal preference, one unnecessary cause of many blunders should be corrected at once by a little thought on the part of the players. On commencing a game, some pass to the left from the second bridge, and others to the right. It is evident that if all adopt the same course it is immaterial which that may be; but so long as players generally consider that there is no authority on the subject, there will never be a uniformity in playing. It is not true that there is no authorized course: every recognized authority decides that the playing shall be to the left.

As croquet each year becomes more universally popular, it is more important that there shall be a greater uniformity in the playing in various parts of the country, and hence it is the duty of every player to accommodate his playing, as far as possible, to either the established rules or the most popular custom.

The question of retaining or abolishing the "booby" is another bone of contention, for the decision of which there is no authority, although it seems that a person giving the matter a little thought cannot but favor the abolition of this custom, which appears to have no good reason for existing. Why should a ball, failing to make the first bridge, be treated otherwise

than if it had failed to make any other bridge in the course? and if there is no very decided advantage in it, is not the unnecessary complication of the game certainly a serious objection?

Two methods of play have been common in regard to the booby: one allowing the booby to be immediately taken up and played from the starting-spot at the next turn; the other requiring it to remain on the ground, but forbidding its use by the other players in croquet or Roquet croquet.

The first method gives a player the opportunity to exchange the first play for the last by intentionally missing the first bridge, which is often of great advantage to a good player.

In the second the booby is at a disadvantage, because, if out of position, he must take two turns to make the first bridge—being deprived of the use of the croquet; then, too, he can, if he chooses, play the "dog in the manger" by lying directly in the path of the other players, thus breaking up the regular beginning of the game;—in either case should all the players try the trick of playing booby, the game could not proceed. In view of all the objections, without any corresponding advantages, why not at once and forever ignore the whole idea of a booby, and consider the first bridge exactly like any other, and the ball, when once struck from the starting spot, as entirely in the game as it is after making one or more bridges?

In many sections this practice has been universally adopted, and it will extend rapidly wherever attention is called to it.

#### Some New Games.

THE wonderful popularity of croquet, and the fear that it would soon "play out," have induced many to strive to invent something new and equally salable to take its place. The game of Martell was the first that attracted any notice. Since that we have heard of musical croquet, autographic croquet, and numerous other variations of the old game; and more recently *Le Circle* has received considerable attention on account of its merits and persistent advertising. None of these, however, differ radically from croquet, or excel it in any way, so that croquet, having the advantage of age and popularity, will undoubtedly hold its own against them all. Social games are more interesting when all the players are expert, and oftentimes one or two learners detract very much from the general interest; therefore of two games the one more generally understood is the more interesting, the merits being equal.

One of the oldest amusements is "pitching quoits," which originally consisted in throwing heavy flat stones at a stake driven firmly into the ground, and the relative nearness of the stones to the stake decided the game.

This was improved by substituting flat disks of iron for the stones, and again by making a hole in each disk, thereby forming a ring, and the pitching of a ring

over the stake was a new and valuable point in the game. In all of these the quoits were heavy and the exercise too laborious for ladies.

Hence we have the game of Parlor Bowls for the house, in which the stake is represented by a white ball, and other differently colored balls are rolled at this as the quoits are pitched at the stake or hub—the movableness of the "hub" adding an interesting point to the game. Next came Ring Toss, in which there are several short stakes driven into the ground, and wire rings of a uniform size pitched at them. All rings that are thrown over any stake count in the score, but some stakes are much more valuable than others. The latest game in this line, and the one most popular at present, is Magic Hoops, in which wooden hoops, of various sizes and colors, are pitched at a post or stake some thirty inches high.

The box that contains the hoops is so constructed that when reversed the post can be secured into the bottom of it, thus forming a base for the support of the post either on the lawn or in the parlor. The various sizes of the hoops are designated by different colors, and the height of the post renders throwing the hoops successfully more difficult than it at first seems.

#### Lilies.

MANY new varieties of lilies have been introduced into the United States, or produced by our own florists, during the past few years.

With but few exceptions, they will flourish in any good garden soil under the simplest culture; but crude manure should not be allowed to come in contact with the bulbs, as it causes them to canker and rot. Mineral fertilizers are, however, very beneficial to them, and, under their influence, the stalks and flowers will double in height and size. Thoroughly decayed animal manure will benefit certain varieties. Some need a very rich soil to enable them to become fully developed; and it is well to mulch the ground lightly with a forkful of coarse manure. During the winter, leaves and straw should be spread over them, although most of the species are perfectly hardy.

These bulbs should not be taken up oftener than once in three or four years, as they do not thrive well if transplanted; while those whose roots shoot from the base of the bulb are bettered by yearly transplanting, and frequently will die out if suffered to remain long in one place.

Nearly thirty years ago the Japan Lily (*Lilium speciosum*) was a very rare and costly plant; now there are few gardens that do not possess several varieties of this very beautiful flower. They are raised by florists in great quantities, and are as hardy as our orange and scarlet lilies of the field. Every season brings new kinds, and the florists have produced double lilies which are very curious and form brilliant additions to our *parterres* and window gardens; but as yet the bulbs are scarce and high-priced.

Mr. Fortune, to whom we are indebted for many rare plants imported from China and Japan, has introduced a lily called *Lilium tigrinum Fortunei*, which is of a vigorous habit and bears very large clusters of flowers branching out in three successive series from the main stem, thus prolonging its season of flowering.

*Lilium tigrinum splendens* is a novelty introduced by Mr. Van Houtte, which is a gorgeous addition to the varieties of summer flowering bulbs.

Another novelty is called *Lilium præcox*, signifying early flowering. Its flowers are of the most perfect shape, with petals strongly recurved and prettily fringed, making it very conspicuous. It is snowy white in color, and is perfectly hardy, and easily propagated. It has not been offered for sale until this season, and is still very rare.

*Lilium auratum*, or Gold-banded Lily, caused a great excitement in floral circles when it made its *début*. It was the belle of the parterre and was styled the Queen of Lilies, and large sums were paid for small bulbs. It is very fragrant. Its petals are white, spotted with deep purplish chocolate dots, and through the center of each petal there is a plainly-defined yellow stripe. It is very common now, but none the less admirable.

A remarkable hybrid named *Lilium purite* has been obtained from a cross between *L. auratum*, or Gold-banded Lily, and *L. speciosum*. It partakes of the nature of both parents, possessing delicious fragrance, and is a decided acquisition.

*Lilium Leitchlinii* is a novelty of 1871. It has pale yellow petals which are sharply recurved, and deeply spotted with black.

*Lilium giganteum* is a native of Nepaul in the East Indies, and blooms in July. Its flowers are between five and seven inches in length, and grow from ten to thirty on one stem; they are very fragrant, and are of a greenish white on the exterior of the petal, and a pure white, splashed with purple on the inside. It is quite a hardy plant, but, like all bulbs in our northern climate, is much better for being covered with a layer of leaves, or stable litter, to protect it from the effects of alternate freezing and thawing.

All of the Japan Lilies increase very rapidly. They may be propagated by bulbets from the old bulbs, which should be removed every other autumn and planted separately, when they will often bloom by the second summer; they flourish most luxuriantly in a light, friable soil.

The Lily is a true cosmopolitan, and cares not whether it be planted in the gardens of the poor or the rich—everywhere lifting its stately head adorned with brilliant and often fragrant flowers. Under good cultivation many varieties will grow from four to five feet in height, and they can also be increased by seeds and scales.

In the latter process, the outer layer of scales is removed by inserting the point of a knife at the junction with the base of the bulb. The scales should then be planted in light sandy loam, covering them with

about two inches of earth. From a very large bulb two layers can be taken without material injury to it. These scales will not produce leaves until the second year; but they will form one or more perfect bulbs, exactly like the parent, and in the autumn the soil can be stirred up and the tiny bulbs taken out; or they may remain until another season, when they will show green stalks and leaves, and increase rapidly in size. All of the beautiful and rare lilies can be propagated in this manner, and, for high-priced bulbs, it is the most desirable method.

When desired, the scales can be removed in the autumn, after the parent bulb has bloomed, and should then be packed in layers, in dry moss or sand, and kept in a cool, damp cellar, until the following spring.

#### A Few Notes on the Fashions.

THE corselet and the corselet tunic are the prettiest novelties of the season. Some are made with shoulder-straps and some have short sleeves, but the most fashionable reach only to the arms, sharply defining the waist and bust. Corselet tunics of silk over muslin dresses, or even over silk of a different color, are very elegant and becoming.

It is a melancholy fact that street dresses are worn very much longer. As a result, rich black silks come home heavy with dust from even the shortest promenade.

A buff *batiste* trimmed with lace the same color, or with white cluny, makes a charming morning dress, and can be worn with propriety in the street. A very pretty suit complete, with parasol to match, can be purchased for eight dollars, which is, perhaps, the cheapest costume possible.

For *robes de chambre*, the "Watteau" and "Princesse" shapes are most charming. The "Princesse" is cut to the figure with side pieces at the back and plaits in front, and is left open at the throat;—one made of pink Danish alpaca, and trimmed with black velvet and lace is quite pretty. The Watteau is made with a large plait in the back, which flows into the skirt.

White dresses, richly embroidered and trimmed with Valenciennes, are much in vogue. They are made with basques, sacques, polonaises, and round waists. A plain white muslin dress with a blue or pink sash is thought by some to be the most charming dress for summer. But it is not expensive, and that, with some, is a terrible fault!

The latest steamers have brought over from Worth some Dolly Vardens made of Black Satin Foulard and ornamented with bright figures of roses and lilacs. They are very stylish when trimmed with black velvet and lace.

Bodices are worn more open at the neck, and the throat is outlined and relieved by a muslin ruffle instead of the trying linen collar. In fact the whole tendency of dress is toward softening and refining effects.

For horseback, the best dressers always prefer a

dark habit—yet mouse-color is very proper and becoming to the slight. The small low-crowned Englishman's hat is the most appropriate head-gear.

Bonnets are crowned and laden with flowers, long streamers of them falling down the back, and falls of lace and ribbons hide the spot from which the chignon is gracefully retiring. The chignon shrinks from month to month. Let us hope that by Fall a graceful Grecian knot, or a bunch of curls, will entirely replace the monstrous burden.

Silk stockings of beautiful tints to match dresses, with highly ornamental clocks at the ankles, and high-heeled slippers trimmed with immense rosettes are very fashionable. But they are ruinous in price—a single pair costing eight dollars. Ladies' boots cost as high as eighteen dollars a pair very frequently; slippers from three to ten; and rosettes—anything. We pay for boots and shoes exactly what we did during the war, when gold was 2.50.

The fashion of wearing watches, chatelaines, and chains at the belt is growing. Tiffany has pretty smelling bottles, purses, and watches adapted to this fashion. The Nuremberg ladies in the time of Albert Durer wore their scissors, thimbles, and other implements at the side in this way, and the goldsmiths and artisans of the day displayed much ingenuity in these chatelaines. These of modern make are scarcely as ornate and picturesque as were those of olden times. The fashion is a pretty and convenient one, and it seems a pity that it is not followed more generally.

For note-paper, the prettiest shade is a sort of sage green with the monogram in colors. The street and number, or, if residing in the country, the name of your place, and the town and State, should be neatly printed in the right-hand corner of the first page.

#### Summer Drinks.

ICE-WATER should be drunk but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue. This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effects.

Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it: Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft; grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices and squeeze them in a pitcher (a new clothes-pin will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better); pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly strainer, and put in the ice.

Travelers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick-headache and biliousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes.

Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more. Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour more, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid); then turn into jelly cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.

To prepare the drink: Put a spoonful of the jelly into a goblet of water, and let it stand about ten minutes; then stir it up and fill with pounded ice. Currants and raspberries made into "shrub" furnish a pleasant and cooling drink when mixed with ice-water. Pounded ice is also an agreeable addition to a saucer of strawberries, raspberries, or currants. Pound it until it is almost as fine as snow, and spread it over the berries. With fruit it is also an excellent substitute for cream.

Water ices are always acceptable. Those made of lemon, orange, currants, strawberries, raspberries, and pineapple, are much improved by adding the stiff beaten whites of four eggs to every two quarts of the liquid. Put it in just as it is turned into the freezer, and it will freeze in a foam.

#### The Poetry of the Table.

IN the first place, a starched and smoothly-ironed table-cloth—which, if neatly folded after every meal, will look well for several days. Then flowers and ferns in flat dishes, baskets, or small vases,—or else a tiny nosegay laid upon every napkin.

The salt must be pure and smooth. The butter should be moulded into criss-crossed diamonds, shells, or globes, with the paddles made for this purpose.

A few pretty dishes will make the plainest table glow;—a small bright-colored platter for pickles, horse-radish, or jelly; and butter-plates representing green leaves are also attractive.

A few pennies' worth of parsley or cress, mingled with small scraps of white paper daintily clipped, will cause a plain dish to assume the air of a French *entrée*. A platter of hash may be ornamented with an edging of toasted or fried bread cut into points; and a dish of mutton chops is much more impressive with the bones stacked as soldiers stack their guns, forming a pyramid in the center,—each bone adorned with a frill of cut paper. A few slices of lemon, mingled with sprigs of parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs, form a pretty garnish to many dishes; and nothing could be more appetizing than beef, veal, mutton, or lamb made into mince-meat, and pressed into form in a wine-glass, then fried in pork fat, with a sprig of green placed in the top of each little cone. The basket of fruit—peaches, pears, grapes or apples, oranges and grapes—should be tastefully arranged and trimmed with leaves and flowers. The bowl of salad should be ornamented with the scarlet and orange flowers of the tropeolum,—their piquant flavor adding zest to the lettuce, with which they can be eaten.



## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## Ward's "Shakespeare."

AFTER six years patient waiting, Ward's statue of Shakespeare has at last been set up in the Central Park; even now, not on the handsome pedestal designed for it by Wrey Mould, which has not yet been sent from Scotland, but, though on a temporary basis, yet in the spot where, for many years to come, it will stand, rousing in the mind of the passer pleasant thoughts of the gentle genius it commemorates, and admiration for the artist who has so nobly fashioned it.

We heartily wish it were higher praise than it is, to say that Ward is the first of American sculptors. Nor will we dwell upon the statement, for, if report of him be true, he is too manly, too modest, and too generous, to take pleasure in being praised at the expense of countrymen. We will make a wider inquest and ask who, among modern sculptors in France, in Germany or in Italy—we do not name England, for England has no sculptors—can be placed above him? In France they can make clever statuettes—the prettiest, most taking ornaments in the world for parlor or boudoir. The Louvre is set round with a small army of these—portrait-statues of all the great men of France—the great and the little great—but there is no Frenchman living who has proved that he can make a statue. The last fine statue made in France was the Voltaire of Houdon; since then, in spite of patronage public and private, in spite of commissions and competitions, no statue worth looking at twice is forthcoming. In Germany they do better, but they are so tied hand and foot there by classicism and conventionalism and all the nonsense of their stone ideal, that originality is of the rarest; Rauch, however, has done some strong work, and men of less name, such as Kiss and Dannecker, have made statues that are above the average, though in reality neither the Amazon nor the Ariadne can be allowed to have any real principle of life in it. Nothing in art can live or be the cause of life in others that does not grow out of the artist himself, and belong to his time and surroundings. And the works we have just mentioned are only a little above the average of works of their kind, as Thorwaldsen's works, and as the works of that immensely overrated man, Canova, were above the average work of the same kind, so that their performances lifted them above the dead level of their dull unartistic time, and like little wanton boys they swim on bladders these many summers in a sea of glory. But we hope our better feeling for true art, and our worthier conviction of its ends and aims, will stick fatal pins into their bladders before many years.

Italians might perhaps do something: witness Vel-la's "Napoleon" and Magni's "Reading Girl." But Italy's splendid past weighs her down and clips the wings of her men of genius, and Italians are too poor, too indifferent to art to encourage modern artists; and, if you find fault, have the ready answer that there

is more splendid art in Italy now left from the old time than they can take proper care of. So the sculptors there do not work for their countrymen, who never buy or never give remunerative prices—who reads Vasari knows 'tis an old trick, this higgling and beating down—but work for strangers, and "sculp," to use the American word that just suits the work, whatever style of stone doll suits the traveling American and English.

Thus it happens that Ward has not a large number of competitors for the first prize, and indeed we dare say never thought about the first prize at all! "To do his level best" he learned in his Western catechism, and he has always done that. He has done it in his "Indian," which is the first true ideal statue that has been produced in America, and much nearer to being a god than the "Young Mohawk" of the Belvedere. And now he has done his level best again, in the Shakespeare, which is so fine a piece of creative portraiture that it seems inevitable it must come to be acknowledged the ideal statue of the poet. Ward has almost met Jonson's wish and, in this figure for gentle Shakespeare cut, has drawn his wit as well in brass as he has hit his face.

The statue modeled here in New York, in Ward's workshop, was cast by Messrs. Wood & Co., in Philadelphia, where, as also at Chicopee in Massachusetts, there has been for some time as good casting done as can be done anywhere in the world.

It is considerably larger than life, and is in dress an accurate but not pedantic presentation of the manners of Shakespeare's own time. He is not dressing-gowned like the Houdon Voltaire, nor looks a clothes line on a windy day, like Roubiliac's posture-master in Poet's Corner, nor is he draped half-true, half-ideal, like the great lumbering new Dante in Santa Croce Square, in Florence. Ward was taught in a good school and learned of his master, Henry K. Brown, to seek for truth and to ensue it, and so his Shakespeare is in his habit as he lived, like Brown's fine "Washington," and Rauch's "Frederic." The poet stands in a position as free as possible from attitudinizing or self-consciousness, or affectation. There is a straightforward, manly simplicity in the way in which the sculptor has trusted to the natural beauty of the human figure crowned with such a head, that goes at once to the heart. We doubt if any reader and lover of Shakespeare who was at the Park on the day of the unavailing, and saw when, with a touch, the flag that enveloped the statue—our own, the most beautiful of the flags of the world—vanished and revealed what it had hid, who did not feel his heart stirred, and even the tears, if he would but confess it, stirred in their secret places. For it is as it were a real presence, and the closer we study the head—the front of Jove himself—the more beauty, and nobility, and expressiveness of all powers and capabilities we shall find in it. It makes all other portraits and

busts of Shakespeare look like the tired and cast-away efforts of students in a master's workshop, while above them, not disdainful, but strong, and sweet, and full of encouragement, rises the master's work to whose resemblance their febleness had so long aspired.

#### • Labor versus Capital.

In the discussion of this question the *Builder* states the case as follows. In our large manufactures the tendency of the scale to turn in favor of labor as against capital may be most plainly pointed out, and so long as competition is the principle that regulates trade this movement of the scale must go on; for it will be seen at once that the increased facility of obtaining information which modern science is daily yielding is mainly an advantage to the workman. It is his interest to communicate knowledge to his fellows, while it is the interest of the employer to keep it to himself. Let us take such an instance as the arrival of a large foreign order. Suppose that the Russian Government wishes to purchase 50,000 tons of rails. Every iron-master who catches scent of the commission will maintain the utmost possible silence. He will seek to make use of his knowledge in order to obtain the job. The fewer of his competitors who tender, and the less those who do tender know of the course of business adopted by the Russian Government as to inspection, mode of delivery, payment, and other details, the better will it be for his chances of securing the order. On the other hand, with the workman the case is diametrically opposite. "Here is our master," they will say, "with a heavy contract round his neck. He is no doubt under penalties as to time. It is a good opportunity for obtaining an increase of wages." The more fully knowledge is spread among the producers of labor, the more united and effective will be their action. And it is evident that, from year to year, it will be more and more difficult for the masters to obtain exclusive information, and more and more easy for the men to communicate intelligence. It is hard to see how the continuance of the competitive system among manufacturers can fail to involve them in constantly-increasing difficulties. Unless something in the nature of a vend or syndicate be introduced into the great trades, our manufacturing industry contains within its bosom the elements of its own destruction.

#### Charles Dudley Warner's "Saunterings."\*

THIS is a delightful book. Racy, graphic, varied, tender, droll, all at once and all in turn, Mr. Warner's sketches of travel are as peculiarly his own as are his chapters on Gardening, or his "Back-Log Studies." Everything he describes is lit, and everything he says is kindled, by that subtle, elusive, indescribable sparkle of which only the true humorist knows the secret. Much more goes into the making

of genuine humor than the world usually reckons. The thing commonly called humor, and laughed over, is no more like the true article than pin-wheels are like Northern Lights. True humor is quiet, under-toned, and sad. Beneath all its fun is a pathos of great tenderness: supporting and lightening all its burden is the never-failing sense of the grotesque, the unexpected, the laughable; it has poetic sensitiveness side by side with prosaic detail; and hard matter of fact underlying all its dreams.

Many humorists whose claims to be so called have never been disputed, have lacked this essential element of tenderness or pathos. The world is very quick to laugh, despite its sins and aches, and adopts its court jesters quite too easily. This is especially true in America, where a man needs only to hit on some new silliness of spelling, to be heralded far and near as a wit, and to make a fortune out of an almanac. There ought to be another name for this class of amusers; they might be called Ticklers, since all they do is to make men laugh for a minute or two. The true humorist does much more than that. His sayings abide with us: we like him best when we are sad. Who ever saw the day too dark to read beloved Charles Lamb in? Who that has known sorrow will read Warner's story of the sweet Sorrento maiden, Fiametta, without lingering over its last sentences?

"I could not say whether, after all, she was altogether to be pitied in the holy isolation of her grief, which I am sure sanctified her, and in some sort made her life complete. For I take it that life, even in this sunny Sorrento, is not alone a matter of time."

And this is the same man who, in this same book, gives the following definition of Columbus: "Columbus was evidently a person who liked to sail about, and didn't care much for consequences."

Good as the book is, we are not sure that the preface is not the best part of it. It is droll from beginning to end, and it is more than five pages long,—a most audacious boldness for a preface; but the boldness of its length is eclipsed by the boldness of its subject. Herein is illustrated the absoluteness of resource of the true humorist. Let us ask the witliest man of our acquaintance what he thinks of Christopher Columbus! What should we get? But Warner has written five pages chiefly about that well-known discoverer, and without mentioning a fact of his history, has set him in a new light forever. The Italians in Boston, it seems, had been firing off guns in his honor about the time that this preface was written. "There is something almost heroic," says Mr. Warner, "in the idea of firing off guns for a man who has been stone dead for about four centuries." Then the question comes up naturally, whether we ought, after all, to be so very grateful to Columbus. He was a "well-meaning man," says the quiet preface, "and if he did not discover a perfect continent, he found the only one that was left." But "the Indians never thanked him, for one party. The Africans had small ground to be

\* J. R. Osgood & Co.

gratified for the market he opened for them. Here are two continents that had no use for him." Then, by a direct chain of consequences, beginning with the potato in Ireland, and ending in Tweed, we are reminded that Columbus is responsible for New York; and we are left, at last, full of ingratitude and laughter at the very mention of the great voyager's name.

We said that the true humorist must have poetic sensitiveness. It is easy to select phrases and sentences from this book to establish Mr. Warner's claim to this quality. Witness the following, taken at hazard:

"We stood awhile together to see how jocund day ran hither and thither along the mountain-tops, until the light was all abroad; and then silently turned downward as one goes from a mount of devotion."

"The color holds, too, toward sundown, and seems to be poured like something solid into the streets of the city" (Munich).

"I never go down to search for stones on the beach; I like to believe that there are great treasures there which I might find."

"The use of Vesuvius, after all, is to furnish us a background for the violet light at sundown, when the villages at its foot gleam like a silver fringe."

"The sun is flooding them (olive trees in Sorrento) with waves of light, which I think a person delicately enough organized could hear beat."

Mr. Warner has another characteristic which belongs also to the poet rather than to the realist, although the realist believes that he possesses it and that poets do not. It is the faculty of drawing a picture by a single phrase, a concentrated graphicness; one illustration of such a quality as this is worth pages of analysis or assertion. What minutiae of description of a Paris "Sergent de Ville" could equal this touch—"A Jesuit turned soldier." What essay on French cookery outdoes the sentence—"In time you tire of odds and ends which destroy your hunger without exactly satisfying you!" Or what praise of English beef surpasses this: "The cuts of roast beef, fat and lean, had qualities that indicate to me some moral elevation in the cattle." The women of Bruges, he says, "flit about in black cloaks, as numerous as the rooks at Oxford, and very much like them." And the Dutchman in Holland is so fond of his one enemy, the water, that "when he can afford it he builds him a fantastic summer-house over a stagnant pool or a slimy canal, in one corner of his garden."

Who that has anxiously sought his dinner in a tureen of German soup, will not shout with delight over this *résumé* of its actual and probable ingredients:

"It looked like a terrapin soup, but was not. Every dive of the spoon into its dark liquid brought up a different object—a junk of unmistakable pork, meat of the color of roast hare, what seemed to be the neck of a goose, something in strings that resembled the rags of a silk dress, shreds of cabbage, and

what I am quite willing to take my oath was a bit of Astrachan fur."

And why did we none of us ever say before of that dreadful Klatzen brod, which we all bought and ate, that "the color is a faded black, as if it had been left for some time in a country store, and the weight is just about that of pig-iron."

And let us all who kiss and have to be kissed, meditate well on the subtlety of the following sentences:

"I know there is a prejudice with us against kissing between men; but it is only a question of taste; and the experience of anybody will tell him that the theory that this sort of salutation must necessarily be desirable between opposite sexes, is a delusion."

The story of Theodoric's tomb, which the Roman Catholics stripped, and of which Mr. Warner says, "I do not know that any dead person has lived in it since,"—the tale of the Empress Placidia, who sat in her sepulchre, a placid mummy on a cypress-wood chair, for eleven hundred years, until one day some children took in a candle and set her on fire and she was burned up,—"a warning to all children not to play with a dead and dry Empress,"—the picture of the atmosphere of Sorrento, where one cannot tell sea from sky, and sees "white sails climbing up, and fishing-boats at secure anchor, riding apparently like balloons in the hazy air;"—the inimitable chapter on "the Price of Oranges," which is valueless for purposes of tariff, but has the ring and spell of the garden of the Hesperides;—the sketch of Saint Antonino, protector of pigs;—of Capri and the Blue Grotto, whose blueness "depends upon the time of the day, the sun, the clouds, and something upon the person who enters it. It is frightfully blue to some;"—the sweet Fiametta's story;—and the Myth of the Sirens;—all these are delightful; and so, skimming and skipping, and lingering and "sauntering," we have come to the end of the book, and lay it down with a laugh which is half sigh, and a sigh which is gay rather than sad, and more than all, is tender; and we say as we put the compact little volume into our carpet-bag for the summer's journeying, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

#### Celia Thaxter.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER has not been much known outside the circle of readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. But for many years her name has been the signature of some of the very sweetest and most graceful and most spontaneous song which has been printed in America. This little volume (*Poems*: By Celia Thaxter; Hurd & Houghton) contains most of her contributions to the *Atlantic*, and a few of her poems for children which have appeared in the *Young Folks*.

There is not much opportunity for analysis, in speaking of these poems; and there is almost no possibility of description. Is not this also true of all the subtle songs of birds in meadow and wood? How slippant and preposterous seem the syllabic attempts which some enthusiastic naturalists have made to re-

produce in print the song of the Bob-o-Link, for instance, or of the Lark!

Mrs. Thaxter's early life was passed on a singularly isolated island on the New England coast, and her whole heart is wedded to the sea. Every song she sings has the under-tow in it. Every picture she sees has the horizon line of one who has looked out perpetually over far waters. She is next of kin to all lonely winged things which dwell among waves and rocks; gulls are her boon comrades, and sand-pipers are her brothers. Perhaps no poem in the book is more characteristic than one called "The Sand-piper," of which we give the first and last stanzas.

"Across the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sand-piper and I,  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered drift-wood bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit,  
One little sand-piper and I.

"Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sand-piper, and I?"

This poem of "The Sand-piper," although we have selected it as a distinguishingly characteristic one, does not, perhaps, do full justice to Mrs. Thaxter's fineness of descriptive phrase. Witness this stanza, the opening one in the "Wreck of the Pocahontas:"—

"I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,  
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;  
They shone like a glorious clustered flower—  
Ten golden and five red."

And this from a description of morning-glories, in the poem called "Before Sunrise:"

"O bells of triumph! delicate trumpets thrown  
Heavenward and earthward, turned east, west, north, south,  
In lavish beauty,—who through you has blown  
This sweet cheer of the morning, with calm mouth?"

Or these closing stanzas of "A Thanksgiving:"—

"Into thy calm eyes, O Nature, I look  
And rejoice;  
Prayerful, I add my one note to  
The Infinite voice:  
As shining and singing and sparkling  
Glides on the glad day,  
And eastward the swift-rolling planet  
Wheels into the gray."

We hope that Mrs. Thaxter will hereafter sing songs of a wider range. She has not once yet struck her highest note. The quality of these proves that, and we shall hold this dainty and tiny volume merely as a melodious and graceful hostage.

"LUCRETIVS."

THIS is an era of classic translation. Example is very contagious in literary undertaking. It seems,

however, that the present translator of *Lucretius* was before any one of his American peers in projecting and commencing his task.

The publishers' part in this book is highly prepossessing. They present us a well-favored volume without and within. If we pause, however, to study the portals by which we enter the palace of the translator's work (and Florence of the Middle Ages taught us that doors also may be a true product of art), we are a little damped and disheartened. The dedication reads as follows:

"To H. A. J. Munro, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to whom all admirers of *Lucretius* owe a debt of gratitude for his labors in the emendation of the text and the interpretation of *their* author, this work is respectfully inscribed by the translator."

A lucky throw of the eyes may possibly show at once to one reader in ten that "*their*" has "admirers" for its antecedent, (implying such possession as admirers can claim in the author admired,) but to the nine readers remaining, "*their*" will seem a negligent slip for "*its*," referring to the "text." Mr. Johnson might have said "to whom all admirers of *Lucretius* owe a debt of gratitude for his labors in the emendation of their author's text and in the interpretation of the poem," and avoided the unfortunate ambiguity.

The introduction is not destitute of value, but it is curiously made up of long quotations from Professor Munro and from Professor Sellars, so inserted as to render it sometimes quite impossible to determine where they severally begin, where they are interrupted by the translator himself, where they end, and to which writer they belong.

We turn over to the Notes, and find the greater part of them credited by the translator to other writers than himself. It is Mr. Johnson himself, however, who quotes Milton's line,

"The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave,"

so as to make it jingle after this fashion:

"The womb of Nature and perhaps her tomb."

When we commence reading the text of the translator, however, we are bound to admit that the ill auguries thus gathered are to a considerable degree falsified. The famous invocation of Venus with which the poem of *Lucretius* begins, and of which Mr. Lowell has pronounced the characteristically extravagant opinion that it is "the one sunburst of purely poetic inspiration" in the Latin language, is really rendered with remarkable fidelity and even with such felicity, too, as may come to a versifier from fidelity in following a poet. The translator misses the pregnant meaning of the poet, when he renders

"Whose presence fills  
All things beneath the gliding signs of heaven,"

for "Who dost throng with life," etc.

English verse by Charles Frederic Johnson, with Introduction and Notes. New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co.

\* *Lucretius; or, The Nature of Things*. Translated into

The liquid Latin vocable *genitalis* is rather clumsily represented by the prosaic "fecundating" ("procreative" would have been happier), and "goddess divine," (elsewhere repeated), seems prodigal of divinity; but the whole passage is very conscientiously and not unsatisfactorily translated. We may as well add, that

"On the true form and nature of all things"

is an extremely displeasing expansion of the Lucretian phrase of three words, *de rerum natura*; as also is "and bound" an awkward verse-filler in

"O'erpowered and bound by Love's eternal wound."

*Calliope, Heraclitus, Cybele, Dict[e]an, Curetes*, are apparently mispronounced by the translator, though his theory of the mechanism of blank verse renders it a doubtful point to decide.

"Now, Memmius, as I approach my theme, may you"—

"Bring forth the shining grain, the herb luxuriant, and"—

are examples of the freedom with which he treats his measure—extreme examples, we acknowledge.

Good's metrical version is highly conventional in execution, but it is perhaps more agreeable reading as well as more scholar-like than Mr. Johnson's work. It is bound in the same volume with Watson's prose version (to which must in candor be given the preference over both its competitors) in Bohn's library of classic translation.

If the reader, however, can forgive mechanical versification that employs devices such as "pov'rt'y," "I'm," "can't," "they've," "I've," "more'er," "directeress," "propriate," etc., and can forgive also the traits of defective finish in scholarship that we have exemplified, we can promise him, on the whole, a fair appreciation of the verse of Lucretius from the study of Mr. Johnson's translation. The book is well worth reading, if only for the better understanding of Tennyson's *Lucretius*.

#### New Volume of Lange's Commentary.

THE new volume of Lange's *Commentary*, just issued by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is occupied with the First and Second Books of Kings, and will be welcomed not only by reason of its intrinsic value, but because there is no other commentary on those books, of first-rate merit, accessible to English students. This volume has been translated and edited by the Rev. Dr. E. Harwood, of New Haven, and the Rev. W. G. Sumner, of Morristown, New Jersey. The editors have not hesitated to bring their strong American common sense to bear upon the occasional obscurities and even absurdities into which the best and most learned German scholars will sometimes fall, and which the excellent Dr. Bahr (who is the German editor of the present volume) has not wholly escaped. The second half of the volume, especially, owes much to the diligent and faithful

scholarship of Mr. Sumner, who has added not a little to the German text, enlarging, correcting, and sometimes confuting the comment of the original. Certainly the volume is not inferior in merit to any that have preceded it; while the subject with which it is occupied gives it special interest and value. It helps well on towards completion a great literary enterprise, by which the book-shelves of many a ministerial library have been made heavier and richer; and answers the often-repeated question of not a few discouraged students of the Bible—"What can we find to help us in the explanation of the Old Testament?" We hope for the best results from that increased interest in and intelligent appreciation of the books of the Old Testament, which such a work as this of Lange is so well suited to promote.

#### Dean Stanley's New Volume.

THE peculiarities of Dean Stanley's style of treating the historical subjects which he discusses, are so well known that it is unnecessary to indicate them. The picturesque vividness of his narrative, the breadth and comprehensiveness of his view, the candor—or, as it has seemed to some, the latitudinarian indifference—of his admiration and sympathy, have made his lectures on the history of the Jewish Church and on the history of the Eastern Church more popularly interesting and attractive than it seemed possible for ecclesiastical history to become. Especially in his treatment of the Jewish history, the vividness with which he brings out the human element, in distinction from the divine, has been to some a surprise and a delight, to others a surprise and an offense. To make sacred history like any other history has seemed sometimes to be a dangerous leveling downwards, until it suggested the necessity for making all history seem sacred. To recognize the human in the divine is surely not less necessary than to recognize the divine in the human. And the students of church history owe much to the genius and the devoutness of a writer who, with no sacrifice of reverence, can make his books as real, and fresh, and full of human nature as the most vivid pages of the ablest of secular historians.

When, therefore, it was understood that Dean Stanley had ventured to give before a Scotch audience a series of lectures on the history of the Scottish Church, the importance and interest of the announcement were immediately appreciated. But it is only after a careful reading of the volume in which Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have given the lectures to the American public that one appreciates the difficulty and even the danger of the undertaking. To tell the truth with such unimpassioned candor as Dean Stanley is apt to exhibit, in his treatment of matters of church history, is not easy in a country where almost every listener is a more or less intensely prejudiced theologian, and probably a more or less bitter partisan. To treat of the Church of Scotland in such a loose and vague way that there is room in the lectures for a



kind word for David Hume, for instance, and a place among religious teachers, of a certain sort, for Robert Burns, would seem even to some outside of Scotland a little startling. It is not surprising, therefore, that the lectures have already aroused sharp criticism and denunciation. Indeed it is safe to say that lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland which would not be denounced by somebody would have no possible significance or value. And probably Dean Stanley has escaped with the least possible obloquy, and that from those whose obloquy was, on the whole, least to be dreaded.

But whether the book be approved or censured, it must prove fascinating both to friend and foe. Under the genial sunshine of the writer's charity, and his warm appreciation of the good which he discovers at the bottom of so many evil things, we have found our share of anti-Scottish prejudice (which is the misfortune of so many to whom Providence has denied a birthright in the land of the heather and the thistle) insensibly disappearing. It would seem, indeed, that no disinterested reader of this book could fail to have a grateful and affectionate regard for the great people in whose history so much of the presence of the Spirit of Christ has been manifested, in forms sometimes grotesque and awkward, it is true, but often wonderfully simple, tender, and heroic.

#### Maurice's "Sermons on the Lord's Prayer."

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have brought out, in a little volume of great beauty, a new edition of the sermons on the Lord's Prayer, by the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, whose recent death, while still in the vigor of his mental and moral power, has been deeply felt by a large circle of admirers, and we may even say disciples. For, though Mr. Maurice was as far as possible from being a teacher of positive and dogmatic theology or philosophy, he was the most conspicuous master of a school of religious thought in which many devout and earnest souls were thankful to sit at his feet as learners. Perhaps no man in England made such an impression of personal excellence and Christ-likeness upon those who were privileged to know him, or breathed through his writings a spirit so reverent for truth, so tolerant and tender toward error, so earnest for all good, so profoundly and purely hostile to all evil. Many a reader who has not assented to the conclusions of his thought, has owed to him more than could be well expressed of obligation for the purity and holiness of his spirit. It is manifest that what such a man would have to say by way of comment on our Lord's Prayer would be as far as possible from the dry and hackneyed literalism of some of our scholastic commentators, would be fresh and practical, devout and helpful, — a book for the study, indeed, but, hardly less, a book for the closet too.

Perhaps this volume, with which the publishers have chosen to introduce Mr. Maurice anew to American readers, is, on the whole, the best one that they could

have taken; although some of his later works, — and especially the noble volume of lectures on "Social Morality," which was almost his latest work, — indicate a more robust and vigorous thought than the writings of his earlier years. But whoever reads with reverent and sympathetic spirit these sermons on the Lord's Prayer will hardly be content to stop without a wider knowledge of their author. Some slight effort is perhaps needed to fall into the almost rhythmic movement of Mr. Maurice's style; but when it is once appreciated there will be found in it a peculiar fascination.

There is prefixed to the sermons the admirable criticism on Mr. Maurice and the affectionate tribute to his worth, which appeared, at the time of his death, in the columns of the London *Spectator*. So good an example of commemorative biography has not appeared, to our knowledge, for a long time.

#### "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ."

ANOTHER instance of the disintegration of the Unitarian denomination (which is upon all sides so evident) is just now afforded by the appearance of a volume from one who is still counted among Unitarian ministers, but whose doctrinal position, so far as the volume defines it, should entitle him to full and fraternal recognition from his orthodox brethren. The Reverend Edmund H. Sears is already favorably known as a writer on theological and religious questions, whose works have been characterized not so much by controversial intensity as by a reverent and honest spirit of inquiry after truth. And as it is always true that to such a spirit the truth will readiest disclose itself, so it has been true in this instance. There are few intelligent Christian ministers of any denomination (save possibly of one wing of the denomination to which Mr. Sears himself belongs!) who would speak of his little volume on *Regeneration*, published many years ago, in terms of anything but respect and commendation. And so there are few Christian men, anywhere, who would not be the better for the volume, which is now published. (*The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ*: Boston; Noyes, Holmes & Co.) Consider, for example, such a sentence as this from a Unitarian writer, and see how little that word *Unitarian* may mean: "The Divine Incarnation in the Lord Jesus Christ, we conclude to be the distinguishing doctrine of the Johannean theology." Or, better still, this paragraph from the close of Chapter VII. (Part III.): "What we want in Christ we always find in him. When we want nothing we find nothing. When we want little we find little. When we want much we find much. But when we want everything, and get reduced to complete nakedness and beggary, we find in him God's complete treasure-house, out of which come gold and jewels and garments to clothe us, wavy in the richness and the glory of the Lord."

#### The New Life of John Wesley.

It would seem that we are now sufficiently remote from the lifetime of John Wesley to consider, with

temperate fairness and with comprehensive breadth, the extraordinary work of which he is the recognized author. And, no doubt, it is better that the story of his life should be told by one who is his intense and devoted disciple, rather than by one disqualified, by a lack of sympathy, to appreciate the genius and the excellence of the great Methodist. But of course there was danger that discipleship might become partisanship, and intensity narrowness; and that sympathy might bring the writer so close to the subject of the biography that the character of his hero should not always be seen in its proper proportions.

This danger has not been entirely escaped by the author of the latest, and in many important respects the best of the lives of Wesley. (*The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.*, by the Rev. L. Tyerman. In three volumes. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers.) He begins his introduction with the somewhat startling conundrum, "Is it not a truth that Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ?" And, lest the reader should give it up hopelessly at the outset, he follows with a dozen pages of statistics by which we may be helped to an affirmative answer. Nor are there wanting other evidences that the author is more Wesleyan than Wesley, and is somewhat less capable of appreciating the occasional reactionary conservatism of the man than his zealous and aggressive radicalism. There is also a defective sense of humor, which is a somewhat serious disqualification for the writer even of a religious biography; and in regard to which the quotation of a single sentence will illustrate the justice of our criticism. On page 336 (Vol. I.) we are informed that "Charles Wesley alternated with his brother, though he preached far more at Bristol than in London. *Ever and anon he composed one of his grand funereal hymns, and not unfrequently met with amusing adventures.*" The non-sequitur of the sentence in italics is extremely delightful.

But, notwithstanding the defects to which we have alluded, and certain other infelicities of style which are sufficiently obvious, the great diligence and research with which the author has gathered his materials, and the honesty and skill with which he has used them, will give the book a great and permanent value. The story of the labors and experiences of the great Methodist is told with a fullness of detail which, though it is minute, is seldom wearisome. And the second volume brings us to the sixty-fourth year of his laborious and useful life. The whole work is deeply interesting; and no one who cares to study the present tendencies of Methodism—tendencies of extraordinary importance and significance—can afford to do without what must always be the standard life of its great founder. We cannot doubt that it will have a wide popularity. The orderly arrangement of the chapters and the promise of a complete index at the close of the third volume are worthy of all commendation.

#### Figuer's "To-Morrow of Death."

"BUT man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost *and where is he?*" It is the wall that has been plained in all tongues and by all peoples, since life entered the world and with it death. Pagan Catullus pierced with a sweet cry the space that mocked him with emptiness. And almost two thousand years later the Christian Laureate sang—

"Oh, Christ! that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be."

Every generation calls on its beloved dead to speak, and still their lips are dumb. There is something so pathetic in this loyalty to a vanished love, something so tragic in the loneliness that *must* have knowledge of the hereafter, that all gentle souls must needs look with tolerance on every reverent effort toward the comprehension of the future life, whether it call itself Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, or by whatever fantastical title. *The To-morrow of Death*\* is one more attempt, futile as it seems to us, to penetrate the impenetrable. It is of that large class of books so melodramatic in attitude, so rash in statement, and so self-conscious, that sharp and brilliant criticism upon them is easily written. And yet it is so honest and earnest, the author has so evidently yearned to believe for his soul's peace, and so evidently hopes to bring belief to other baffled souls, that we cannot find it in us to laugh at his vagaries. His theory of the future existence is, that while bad souls are re-incarnated until, by repentance and uprightness, they are fit for the spiritual state, good souls rise at death to the planetary ether, some eighty miles above the earth. There these superhuman essences advance in knowledge and goodness until they are fit to enter the sun, where they become "pure spirit," and dwell in the visible presence of God. They communicate with their friends on earth by means of dreams and impressions. The rays of the sun are fructifying emanations from these perfect existences, to which we owe the germs of all animal life. The many steps by which the author mounts to his conclusions are too involved and too various to be set down here. His data he takes chiefly from astronomy, of which he is a loving student. His deductions he takes wholly from his own very remarkable mental processes.

Always readable and often eloquent, these speculations, which Monsieur Figuer with fond paternal blindness calls demonstrations, fill a dainty volume of four hundred pages. It is a book thoroughly French, yet neither material, infidel, nor irreverent. And if it fall far short of the author's daring hope, at least that aim was noble which sought, in his own words, "to consecrate the idea of God, without neglecting the Universe of Nature."

\* By Louis Figuer, author of *Primitive Man, Earth and Sea*, etc., translated from the French by S. R. Crocker. Roberts Brothers.

"Dana's Corals and Coral Islands."

No voyage since the world-revealing cruise of the *Santa Maria* has had so great an influence on the development of human knowledge as the voyage of the *Beagle*, forty years ago. It was then that the theory which has given such a stimulus to scientific thought began to shape itself in Mr. Darwin's mind. It was then that he laid the foundation of that wide comprehension of natural phenomena which has given him such an influence over the minds of modern naturalists. One of the first fruits of the cruise was the solution of the vexed problem of the formation and physical history of coral islands and coral reefs. Soon after the return of the *Beagle*, and before the results of the voyage were made known, the American Exploring Expedition, under Capt. Wilkes, set sail. A chance newspaper paragraph, containing a statement of Mr. Darwin's theory of reef-formation, fell into the hands of the Scientific Corps of the Expedition while at Sydney, Australia. This paragraph, remarks the naturalist of the party, Prof. Dana, "threw a flood of light over the subject, and called forth feelings of peculiar satisfaction, and of gratefulness to Mr. Darwin, which still come up afresh when the subject of coral islands is mentioned." It gave the right clew for Prof. Dana's subsequent investigations, which, from their wider range, enabled him to speak of Mr. Darwin's theory "as established with more positiveness than he himself in his philosophic carefulness had been ready to adopt." After twenty years of seclusion in the few libraries fortunate enough to possess the Expedition reports, Prof. Dana's original observations and discoveries, supplemented by the results of later laborers in the same field, have been given to the public in a beautiful volume, popular in style without sacrifice of scientific accuracy, and handsomely illustrated without overpassing in price the ordinary student's means. (*Corals and Coral Islands*: Dodd & Mead.)

Describing first the coral-making organisms and their products, taking care to correct the popular error that coral-rock is the result of labor, Prof. Dana describes the characteristics of reef-forming corals, the causes influencing their growth and distribution in latitude and in depth, and their rates of growth. Then he studies the structure of coral reefs and islands, generally and specially; the causes modifying their form and growth; their geographical distribution; the history of coral regions, as shown in the evidences of change of level; and closes with sundry geological conclusions in regard to the formation of ancient limestones.

Four very different kinds of organisms are instrumental in coral-making: Polyps, which contribute most to modern reefs; Hydroids, some of which form the very common and often large corals called Milloporos; Bryozoans, which produce delicate corals, sometimes branching and moss-like, sometimes in

broad plates, thick masses and thin incrustations, and which in former and more abundant ages formed a large part of extensive beds of limestone; and certain kinds of sea-weeds. The first three classes belong to the animal kingdom. The common garden aster gives a good idea of the form and color of a polyp when expanded. Not all polyps are reef-makers. Many of the more beautiful forms—pre-eminently certain Alcyonoids—contribute but little to the material of coral reefs, though they add largely to the beauties of the coral landscape. They embrace some of the gayest and most delicate of coral shrubs. Almost all are flexible, and wave with the motion of the water. Not only are these polyps of handsome tints, but the whole shrubs are usually of a brilliant orange, yellow, scarlet, crimson, or purple shade. Dun colors also occur, as ash-gray, and dark brown, and almost black. Some kinds are too flexible to stand erect, and hang from the coral ledges, or in the coral caves, in gorgeous clusters of scarlet, yellow, and crimson. Species of this order are widely distributed, and occur at various depths down to thousands of feet. The reef-making corals, on the contrary, have a narrow range both in latitude and depth, requiring a temperature of 70° and upward, and a depth not exceeding one hundred feet.

Prof. Dana notices the prevalence of very erroneous ideas respecting the appearance of coral-beds. The submerged reef is not, as often thought, an extended mass of coral, alive uniformly over its upper surface, and gradually enlarging upward through this living growth. "Coral plantation and coral field are far more appropriate appellations," he says, "than coral garden, and convey a juster impression of the surface of a growing reef. Like a spot of wild land, covered in some parts, even over acres, with varied shrubbery, in other parts bearing only occasional tufts of vegetation in barren plains of sand; here a clump of saplings, there a carpet of variously-colored flowers in these barren fields—such is the coral plantation." Large areas bear nothing; others are thickly overgrown. Coral *débris* and shells fill up the intervals between the coral patches and the cavities among the living tufts, and in this manner produce the reef deposits. While the quick-growing madreporos add sometimes three inches a year to their slender branches, Prof. Dana estimates that the maximum rate of upward progress for an entire reef cannot exceed five feet in a thousand years; and to secure continuous growth there must be a submergence of the reef at a rate not greater than that, or the corals will be drowned out. As there are many living reefs two thousand feet or more in thickness, the minimum time required for their growth can be easily estimated. The extent of some of these reefs is something marvelous: New Caledonia has one four hundred miles long, while the great barrier reef of Australia has an extent equal to our entire Atlantic coast.

## ETCHINGS.



"LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS."